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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The November Bookman will be a Galsworthy Number, and will contain a special article on John Galsworthy and his work by Richard Curle.

At the dinner during the Borrow Centenary celebrations at Norwich in July last, Mr. Herbert Jenkins read a letter he had received from that "Prince of Borrovians," Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton. Borrow's fame has grown enormously since Mr. Watts-Dunton's first article on him appeared in the *Athenæum*, in 1881, but "some years before his death he was, I assure you, so far forgotten," wrote Mr. Watts-Dunton, "that his first famous book, 'The Bible in Spain,' was taken to be the work of an author long since dead." On one occasion, the letter goes on, Mr. Watts-Dunton spoke of Borrow in a brilliant gathering, including Browning, Swinburne, Russell Lowell, Fanny Kemble, and told of how he had walked with him in Richmond Park the previous Sunday. His narration was received with a curious silence, and when he called on Russell Lowell a few days later he learned that he had been suspected of drawing the long-bow and pretending to have walked in Richmond Park with a man who was long since dead. The fact was that the failure of "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye," entirely soured Borrow; "he especially shunned all literary men," and passed so out of their knowledge that they no longer thought of him as a living contemporary. "It is largely due to Mr. Watts-Dunton's spade work," as Mr. Jenkins remarked, "that Borrow is now coming into his own."

The Norwich Public Library "Readers' Guide," for July last (which is sold for a penny) contains articles on George Borrow, by Geo. A. Stephen, and

by Edward Pearke, and a full and conveniently classified bibliography, including some items not to be found in the only other published bibliography, which is that in Mr. Edward Thomas's "Life of Borrow."

The George Borrow Celebration Souvenir, from which we reproduce two of Miss Nichols' interesting etchings, is published by Messrs. Jarrold & Sons, and a few copies of it are still obtainable at half-a-crown each.

The satirical art of Mr. Bernard Shaw finds ample scope for whimsical utterance in the new Fable Play which fills half the evening bill at the St. James's Theatre. If the main object of the play is to induce laughter, loud and prolonged, there can be no doubt about its success; the magnanimous Lion himself, delightfully played, is out-roared nightly by his audience. If, on the other hand, this unconventional fable is intended to jolt the conventional outlook on what may be termed religious values, it is equally successful in this respect, and those whose susceptibilities are most severely shaken by the jolt will be the first to confess to having experienced, between their irrepressible outbursts of laughter, an invigorating mental stimulus. Androcles is presented as a Greek tailor, the meekest and gentlest of Christians—he is really most exasperatingly meek. There is much broad pantomime in the play, but there is also much shrewd characterization. The human weaknesses of Androcles' fellow martyrs, as opposed to their divine faith, are exploited with true Shavian brilliance and ruthlessness. It is a play that, always hovering daringly between the sublime and the ridiculous, sets people laughing and wincing in turn; it uplifts at one moment and prostrates the next. In a word, it is Shaw. The critics were in doubt about it, apparently, on the first night and some of the press notices were a little bewildering, but the public has taken to "Androcles and the Lion" wholeheartedly and the theatre is crowded nightly.

Photo by Reginald Haines.

Sir Frederick Treves.

"The Country of the Ring and the Book," by Sir Frederick Treves, which Messrs. Cassell are publishing, contains a full and connected account of the Franceschini tragedy of 1697–9 and of all the circumstances that led up to the murder of Pompilia Franceschini, with others, in the Via Vittoria in Rome. "In this narrative," says Sir Frederick, "certain points are made clear which have been, up to the present, obscure. For example, Pompilia's wedding is supposed to have taken place in December and to have been secret. The entry of the marriage has been discovered, from which it appears that it took place in September, after the usual publication of the banns and other formalities. The method of escape of Pompilia and the priest from Arexxo by 'the hill of the Torrione' is explained. The details of the flight of the two are given from one posting station to another all along the road." The various places connected with the story are identified, described, and illustrated by photographs, and the book concludes with a précis or abstract of the poem, showing how the various characters in the story presented themselves to Robert Browning.

We reproduced last month a portrait of George Bernard Shaw, at the Fabian Summer School. Mr. A. C. Fifield asks us to mention that this portrait is the frontispiece to Mr. Shaw's "Socialism and Superior Brains," which was published by Mr. Fifield for the Fabian Society in 1910.

We are not going to discuss the Library Censorship; there has been so much on that subject already in our daily and weekly contemporaries that probably everybody who cares to know anything about it knows by now as much as he wants to know. There is something to be said on both sides, and those concerned have been saying it pretty fully. For different reasons we sympathise with the banners and the banned, though we are disposed to put in a mild protest against the naïve idea which prevails

in some quarters that a really serious and thoughtful novelist must needs deal frankly with sexual matters that are common knowledge to every adult and reasonably sophisticated reader. Nobody wishes to hamper the great novelist by forcing him to write only for the young person, but when he is depicting life for mature human beings it is not necessary for him to analyse in bold terms those thoughts, feelings, emotions, of which practically all but young persons know as much as, sometimes more than, himself. The great novelist has always assumed a certain amount of knowledge in his readers, and always will. There is a fine art of saying things by leaving them unsaid; and no art is really involved in the teaching of one's grandmother how to suck eggs.

Arthur, Count Gobineau,
whose brilliant study, "The Renaissance" (Heinemann), is reviewed in this Number.

Students of Bergson's philosophy will welcome Mr. Darcy B. Kitchin's general sketch and summary of it, which is intended as an introduction to the original works and their English translations. The book has just been published by Messrs. George Allen, and its scope is sufficiently indicated in its title: "Bergson for Beginners."

Miss M. E. F. Irwin, whose first book, "How Many Miles to Babylon?" was recently published by Messrs. Constable, is one of our youngest novelists. Niece to the late S. T. Irwin, for thirty-five years a master at Clifton College, and a cousin of the famous Dr. Jowett, of Balliol, she may be said to have grown up in a literary atmosphere. She was educated in England and on the Continent, and definitely took up the study of literature at Oxford. Her work shows that she possesses a real feeling for romance and gifts of imagination and style that should carry her far in the career upon which she has so successfully started. We congratulate her on the very favourable reception that has been accorded to "How Many Miles to Babylon?" both by the critics and the reading public.

Mr. A. G. Gardiner,
whose new book, "Pillars of Society," Messrs. Nisbet are publishing this month.

Two important and very interesting biographies that Mr. John Murray is publishing this month are "The Life and Letters of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough," by Mr. Stuart J. Reid, with an introduction by the Duke of Marlborough; and "Life and Letters of Lady Hester Stanhope," by her niece, the Duchess of Cleveland. Mr. Reid founds his study of the character and career of the great Duchess on unpublished letters and papers at Blenheim, and gives much more agreeable impressions of both the Duchess and the Duke than Swift and Macaulay have given us. The illustrations consist chiefly of unpublished pictures and tapestries at Blenheim. The other volume tells for the first time fully and authentically the romantic life-story of William Pitt's remarkable niece. Few great ladies outside fiction had a more extraordinary, more curiously interesting career than had the Lady

Miss M. E. F. Irwin.

Canon Anthony C. Deane,
whose "In my Study" will be published shortly by Messrs. Nisbet.

Photo by C. Naudin, Kensington.

Miss E. Hamilton Moore,
whose new novel, "The Rut," is to be published by Mr. Erskine Macdonald.

Hester Stanhope. Her "Life and Letters" were originally printed by the late Duchess of Cleveland for private circulation only, but it has been rightly decided now to issue the book to the world at large.

The same firm is publishing this month two new volumes of short stories by distinguished authors who have done much excellent work in that kind—"Loot," by Horace Annesley Vachell, and "Odd Ten-Minute Stories," by Algernon Blackwood.

"The King Called Love," a new novel by Mrs. May Aldington, will be published this month by Messrs. Heath, Cranton & Ouseley. Mrs. Aldington's earlier books, "Meg of the Salt Pans," and "Love Letters that Caused a Divorce," met with a very considerable success both here and in America.

Professor F. S. Boas will deliver the opening lecture of the 30th session of the Elizabethan Literary Society, at King's College, on Wednesday, October 8th, at 8 p.m. His subject will be "Romance and Politics in the late Books of the 'Faërie Queene.'" Succeeding lecturers will include the President, Sir Sidney Lee, who will deal with "Shakespeare and Utopia"; Mr. A. H. Bullen and Professor Thomas Seccombe. All interested in Elizabethan literature are cordially welcomed to these monthly meetings, full particulars of which may be had on application to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. Otto Sallmann, 4, Caithness Road, West Kensington. Members will meet weekly on and after Wednesday, October 15th, to read Florio's famous translation of the Essays of Montaigne, and the Plays of Ben Jonson. A large accession of strength is promised to the society now that it has removed from its old headquarters at Toynbee Hall to a more central home in London.

Photo by Guy Allen, Rye.

Mrs. May Aldington.

Messrs. Herbert and Daniel are publishing shortly a volume of poems, "Love in a Mist," by the Hon. Mrs. Neville Lytton. Initial capital letters have been specially designed for the poems by Mr. Neville Lytton, whose portrait of the author is reproduced as a frontispiece. Mrs. Lytton is the daughter of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, and a great-granddaughter of Byron.

"Somebody's Luggage," a new humorous novel by Mr. F. J. Randall (author of "Love and the Ironmonger" and "The Bermondsey Twins"), will be published next month by Mr. John Lane.

Mr. Rathmell Wilson's new volume, "Another Book of the Sirens," will be published in November by Mr. Elkin Mathews.

When Mr. Alfred Williams's first volume, "Songs of Wiltshire," made its appearance it met with an instant and generous chorus of praise, and its author was enthusiastically interviewed and paragraphed into fame as "the hammerman poet," by reason of his occupation in the railway shops at Swindon, where he is still employed. There were not wanting those who hinted that the ready acceptance of his poetry owed something to the picturesque fact that the poet was also a hammerman; be that as it may, Mr. Williams has since published two other books that have realised the expectations raised by his first, and Mr. Erskine Macdonald is this autumn publishing his fourth, "Cor Cordium,"

which is a sequence of love poems that are mainly autobiographical.

"Gentleman Jack," a story of love and adventure, by Mr. H. A. Hinkson, will be published by the S.P.C.K. this autumn.

There is to be an Exhibition this month at the Dudley Galleries of the later and more matured work of Miss Daphne Allen, the remarkable child-artist whose new book, "The Birth of the Opal," we review on another page. Miss Allen is the daughter of Mr. Hugh Allen, of the famous publishing house of Messrs. George Allen & Co.

Photo by J. Russell & Sons.

Mrs. H. de Vere Stacpoole,
whose new novel, "London," Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing this autumn.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell, whose new novel, "The Devil's Garden," we review elsewhere, has never been interviewed by the newspapers, except in connection with this book, and the only personal article that has ever been published about him was written by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer. "Mr. Maxwell suggests just a little the ruling classes of this country," wrote Mr. Hueffer, "those pleasant beings who are without 'side,' without the necessity for the grim struggle at the outset of life—that grim struggle that lends to so many men who have 'arrived' traces of bitterness, traces of the iron that has entered into, that has seared, their souls. But Mr. Maxwell's books have always been genial, even when they have been tragic. He seems to have 'arrived' so easily that he seems to have been always 'there.' . . . As far as we know, he does not beat any drum, whether of politics or of public questions. We have not heard of his being a reformer of any kind; we have not seen him taking the middle of the floor in a drawing-room or twisting the conversation into his own channels to suit his own ends. He is, in fact, an observer."

Photo by H. Walter Barnett

Mr. J. G. Wilson.
Editor of "The Odd Volume."

The new number of "The Odd Volume," which is issued for the benefit of the Book Trades Provident Association, will be published early this month. The chief item of interest will be a reproduction in four colours of an excellent and quite unknown portrait of Charles Dickens painted by Mat Morgan, about the year 1866. Morgan was himself a remarkable personality; he was editor of "The Tomahawk" up to 1869, and died as lately as 1890 in America. Amongst other coloured pictures in the book will be contributions by Charles Belcher, Miss Jessie King, J. H. Fergusson and Horace Taylor, while there will be essays, stories and poems by G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, Arthur Ransome, Jeffery Farnol, Ian Hay, Keble Howard, Philip Guedalla and Harry Lauder. "The Odd Volume," has now been published for six years, during the last five of which it has been brought out by its present editor, Mr. J. G. Wilson, of Messrs. Jones and Evans. Over £1,500 has been added to the funds of the Provident Association by the sale of this excellent annual.

We regret that by an error in Messrs. Ward, Lock & Co.'s "Bookseller's Diary" last month it was announced that the editor of "Bible Steps," was Evelyn Goode. This volume has been edited by Harry

Golding, who should also have been mentioned as the editor of the same firm's "Little Wonder Books," and of their admirable and popular annual, "The Wonder Book."

Mrs. Walter Tibbits, who has accepted a commission from Mr. Eveleigh Nash to write a book on "The Mysteries of Asia," has just sailed with Major Tibbits for India, en route to Thibet.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing to-morrow a volume of fifty caricatures by Max Beerbohm; and on the same day will issue Mr. John Masefield's new poem, "The Daffodil Fields," and the second volume in the Collected Works of Mr. Edmund Gosse.

Mr. Tickner Edwardes.
whose new novel, "Tansy," Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing.

A correspondent, from South London, sends us the following interesting communication:

To the Editor of THE BOOKMAN:

SIR, Mr. Dixon Scott in his article on Mr. Bernard Shaw refers to the latter as having "strayed into one of the meetings of the myriad societies of that day, a body calling itself, for some no doubt adequate reason, the Zeletical Society."

Apparently Mr. Scott was unable to discover the "adequate reason;" and this is not surprising, as the actual name of the body in question was the Zetetical Society—a zetetic being, according to the erudite individual who unearthed and suggested the title, a seeker after truth. The name must, however, have been adopted with a due regard to modesty, since my impression is that the majority of the members, with the confidence of youth, were firmly convinced that they had already found the truth and that their mission in life was to disseminate it.

I have before me a programme of the Society for the winter session 1880–1, and observe that it includes a lecture by Mr. Sidney Webb on the elementary subject of "The Ethics of Existence." Mr. Shaw's name does not appear, so his advent must have been later; but I well remember his first speech. A lecture had been delivered by some specialist on "Art," and for once the members seemed nonplussed; and there was a painful silence until a tall, slim young man came to the rescue and aroused the greatest enthusiasm by a brilliant and fluent discourse, which left the impression (to quote what he subsequently said of Mr. Webb, as recorded by Mr. Dixon Scott) that "he knew all about the subject of the debate; knew more than the lecturer; had read everything that had ever been written on the subject; and remembered all the facts that bore on it." He may, for aught I know, have been "nervous, unready and sensitive" and "suffered agonies," but, if so, no one would have suspected it from his placid countenance and smooth delivery.

Yours, &c.

ONE OF THE ORIGINAL MEMBERS.

The sermon on George Borrow that Dr. Beeching, Dean of Norwich, preached in Norwich Cathedral during the centenary celebrations is issued by Messrs. Jarrold & Sons in pamphlet form.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

October 1st to November 1st, 1913.

Messrs. George Allen & Co.

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BENSON, E. F.—Winter Sports in Switzerland. With 24 Plates in Colour by C. Fleming-Williams, and 47 reproductions from photographs by Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond. 15s. net.
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Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

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Mr. B. T. Batsford.

FAULDING, G. M.—Fairies. 2s. net.
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WARWICK DEEPING.

As with every serious student of life, Warwick Deeping's modesty of bearing proclaims that simplicity of spirit which stamps the artist of purpose. Youthful in appearance, bronzed by the sun (for he is an apostle of the open air and a gardening enthusiast who insists upon running personally his acre and quarter of Hastings loam), it is hard to realise that one who is yet in the early 'thirties, and so slow and careful a worker, should have compassed such a wide range of social life as is betokened by seventeen volumes.

Curiously enough, though by all the laws of heredity (there have been three generations of medical men in the Deeping family), and by his electing to start his career as a doctor, the scientific spirit should have dominated his view point, it has failed to weaken his faith in the spiritual side of things. This is as it should be in a writer of such distinction in the field of romance—in one who is before all else a romancist. It was an overwhelming sense of romance that led Warwick Deeping first into print with his now famous "Uther and Igraine," a volume which though published some years ago is still alive and selling. Acclaimed on this side as revealing a new romanticist of highest promise, "Uther and Igraine" was so highly spoken of in the United States, particularly by *The Outlook*, that an edition of 8,000 volumes was exhausted in a few months.

Son of an Essex man, the late Dr. George Deeping, J.P., his father's practice at Southend first provided Warwick Deeping with the inspirational source for his study of life—an excellent field, for the character of the Essex countryman has a stolid quality which has been quickened by his contact with the urban. Young Deeping whetted his powers of observation not only on the natives, but on the London crowds who swarmed into Southend in the more primitive travel-days of twenty years ago, and remembers vividly the constant locking and unlocking of the station gates to cope with the rough good-humoured Bank-holiday crowds. He still remembers too, with interest, his father engaging as locum-tenens, one who is better known to-day as the brilliant writer, Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Warwick Deeping.**

A plot to Warwick Deeping is a product of evolution. Igdrasil the Tree of Life has a harvest that ripens slowly and the ripe pods thereon crackle and burst none too often for the weary watcher. That may explain why Romance is a better god to worship—for his gifts are more generous and there are fewer barren days between. In the alembic of fancy some incident out of a rich series of experiences will suddenly assume a concrete shape taking on the colour of romance—that sense of colour which stands to the writer as the palette to the artist. The drab details of reality take on the hues of fantasy.

Talk to Warwick Deeping about his schooldays and you will find a gallant student keener to tell you of the human rather than of the pedantic side. From Merchant Taylor's School, he gravitated to Trinity College, Cambridge. Of that period—what Pater might term "the white nights" of a man's youth—this novelist has the sunniest recollections. To a shy, eager, sport-loving personality the sense of freedom afforded in that haunt of learning and gay spirits came with a heightened flavour—even paying debts brings its own sense of responsibility. Deeping found at Cambridge the breadth of intellectuality and that large leisure which is so essential for the study of life in the raw. Evidently, too, it imbued him with the Platonic spirit as regards the perfect citizen—the man who is perfectly attuned mentally, manually, and physically, for among Deeping's hobbies are numbered: motoring, metal-working, carpentry, cycling, tennis, and golf.

When a phrase becomes a commonplace it is added to the sum of everyday truths. That is why one is not ashamed to repeat the phrase about a sound body being the sign of a sound mind. For one whole year Warwick Deeping grappled with his profession as a medicine-man, after having duly walked the wards of the Middlesex Hospital. But the love of literature was luring him the while, and even in so prosaic an atmosphere as Soho, where most of his hospital practice was gained, not even the sordid atmosphere of the slums and the crude bestiality of its suffering served to blot out the blue sky that hung like a banner over the magic pavilion of Romance.

So unique an experience—so grave an adventure may have left its mark upon the novelist's mind. It is the fortune of the literary artist with a soul that he can never be wholly impersonal. His attitude towards life unconsciously colours the treatment he metes out to his creations, and if he have a heart of grace he can never leave them like the blind puppets of Fate, butchered to make a novelist's bread. It is a calm and large philosophy that reigns throughout Deeping's work, never the jejune sentiments of a joy-at-any-price man, but the grim invincible faith in the inherent nobility of man. Moulded for good or ill, his characters follow their Socratic dæmon with mercilessly logical steps—carrying their Fate in their own weaknesses, but always that Fate is soundly motived and forgiveable in the most despicable of his men and women. Even the Devil is given his due. In "Fox Farm" for example, choosing, as an unconventional plot, the story of Jesse Falconer and his wife Kate, two incompatibles, as the jumping-off place for a trial of temperaments, he accords to the woman, who by implied action is guilty of the greatest breach of the marriage law, the justification of her own nature. These people dare and do the unconventional thing because he has invested them with a philosophy of their own, sometimes utilitarian, sometimes anarchistic, but never merely a label. And it is never the sentimental reason that drives them into action. Let those who suspect a sentimentalist in Warwick Deeping, read a few chapters of this book, especially that dealing with Falconer's blindness, and they will find the virile grip of a shrewd but imaginative man grappling with the dull mechanics of life. This part of the novelist's equipment is explained by his really scientific knowledge of psychology, a knowledge which never palls by being merely academic, but has all that sympathetic insight one expects in a lover of men. The passage describing the colours suggested to the blind Jesse by the various voices he heard is as accurate in its observation as Ribot would have wished, minus the tedious jargon of the text-book. "We are the slaves of our secretions and our excretions, and good living may be more a question of Bile than the Bible" is exemplary of an attitude that must be a salve for pseudo-sentimentality.

There is one aspect of Warwick Deeping's work that calls for note. I mention it because criticism mostly is a personal adventure. It is his love of nature. To the country-lover doomed temporarily to the prison of a city flat, a dose of Deeping might aptly be termed "country excursions by proxy." Some novelists use their scenery as a stage-manager might a set of wings and a backcloth, as mere picturesque adjuncts to glorify the movements of their characters. Deeping uses Nature as the background for the motives of his characters. Nature impinges its mood beneficently or menacingly on the minds of his creatures. Igraine, in her darkest despair, recalls her courage with the Dawn. Jesse Falconer, blinded by the hand of Fate, with an emptied world blinking Life into a negation, is recalled to the joy of life when his timorous hand clutches on a rose.

John Wolfe ("Sincerity"), an Anglicised Dr. Stockman with a larger stock of sanity than the Norwegian zealot, finds a cooling balm in Mother Earth. And in his very latest novel "The White Gate," his heroine finds in Bordighera that balm for a hurt mind that no medicine may give. Wagner, the strenuous artist, seeking a mode of expression, had to create Music Drama. Amid the hurtling echoes of human conflict he caught the diapason of motif that ran like music through all sentient life. Whether it was the Maeterlinckean dialogue of the second degree, or the subconcious chords that sound through all human emotion, matters not—there at last he had gained the great secret. We must allow the artist his impersonality, so I am not going to saddle this novelist with the accusation of being a Pantheist. But it would seem that Warwick Deeping finds the subconscious demon that actuates men and women in Nature itself. In this he most nearly approaches Nature Drama. This at least is my impression, for none of the Deeping characters come away from their contact with Nature without being affected thereby. Nature will out. And it is so too, with human nature. I suspect that his characters start out with good intentions at the gestation of his plot, but they soon become the prey of circumstances. Indeed, Warwick Deeping has confessed as much himself and says he is sometimes powerless over their career. The quarrel I have with "The Lame Englishman" may be a sentimental one—it has no happy end. The bitter pathos of this brave little short-legged Englishman's end is pitiable, though I own to feeling its inevitability just as one does that of the final tragedy in the Œdipus. One feels that here human nature has conquered—and not the novelist.

In justice to Warwick Deeping's work, it seemed fitter to render some account of his personality and aims. But the last man to tell you about these is Deeping. When you try to draw him upon either of these subjects there always follows a deep incisive silence—a little shade of tedium passes across his face. Like Barrie and Masefield he is shyest when he comes to self. He has no purpose nor aims for exploitation. He is well content to listen at the Gates of Life and speak of what he sees and hears, clothing his record in that imaginative beauty which every real optimist cherishes. Common realism has not touched him nor has he bowed the knee to the Baal of sensationalism. A certain buoyancy of spirit and delightful naïveté endears him to many friends as witness, the dedications to his novels. Further than this there exists no other indication of either his gospel or outlook. "Humanity," he says, in his new novel, "The White Gate," "heals itself by being human." He, himself, is satisfied to be human; he has no affectations; no pose; he studies human nature because he is interested in it, and he writes of it because he finds pleasure in doing so. There is no need to pretend to any powers when one actually possesses them, and Mr. Warwick Deeping is no pretender. "The White Gate" is one of the cleverest and most interesting of his books, it is a strong and poignant story, and he has done nothing more finely sympathetic than his study in the character of its heroine, Constance Brent.

R. L.

ST. JOHN LUCAS.

ONE does not readily call to mind many living authors who are so versatile as Mr. St. John Lucas, or who have put their versatility to such excellent use. There are, of course, Mr. Galsworthy, playwright, novelist, and poet, and Mr. Masefield, poet, playwright, critic and novelist; but there can be few others. And even the two writers whom I have just named are—at least in the popular estimation—less "various" than Mr. Lucas. There is always something of the social reformer either lurking or standing boldly forth in the plays and novels of Mr. Galsworthy; and, until at any rate quite recently, it was pre-eminently with the sea and with the mercantile marine that the name of Mr. Masefield was associated. But Mr. Lucas is not so easily to be labelled, even in a rough and ready fashion. Novelist and writer of short stories, poet, critic of French and Italian poetry, Mr. Lucas has successfully invaded all these different provinces of literature in turn, and yet it would be hard to say at the present time along which path he will ultimately elect to make his main advance.

Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Mr. St. John Lucas.**

It must not be inferred from this remark that Mr. Lucas' work is lacking in distinction and personality. The contrary, indeed, is the case. Without ever obtruding himself obviously upon his readers he contrives by subtle touches, by his choice of subjects and of characters, by his style of writing, to convey a pretty distinct idea of his own history and predilections. One need not go beyond his books to realise, for example, that much of his inspiration has been derived from his years at Oxford.

> "O bride arrayed in rose and gold,
> O daughter of a thousand Springs,
> O dear, grey city, where of old
> I snared awhile joy's wayward wings."

These lines from one of the volume of Poems which Mr. Lucas published in 1904 epitomise the passionate allegiance which he is constantly expressing for his old University. It is from Oxford that all the young men who figure in his early novel "The Absurd Repentance" hail; and, again, it is to Oxford that several of the leading characters in "The First Round" duly proceed. Now and again Mr. Lucas' reflections may induce a reference to "the Universities," but for him clearly Oxford is a place which stands apart by itself. And it must be acknowledged that he has made an admirable use of that training which is imposed upon those who pass through the school of *Lit. Hum.* The more obvious expression of the enduring impression made upon him by his studies of Greek and Latin authors is to be seen in the frequency with which Mr. Lucas alludes to a passage from Theocritus or Catullus, Lucretius or Homer. Indeed, at the risk of appearing somewhat paradoxical, I might almost say that for a short time he got too much good out of his classical studies. Even though it be granted that "The Absurd Repentance" is throughout conceived upon farcical lines, yet the literary conversation of Max and his friends verges upon the precocious, and one feels that the book would have been better if its author had not been so carried away by recollections of the conversations of joyously intellectual undergraduates. But "The Absurd Repentance" was, after all, one of Mr. Lucas' earliest productions. His Plato and Theocritus may (and, in fact, do) bear recent thumbmarks, but he has realised that no imaginative writer can subsist solely upon pyrotechnic displays of academical learning. To the scholastic influence of Oxford has now been added the influence of the world, of a delight in French and Italian literature, in pictures and in music, in beautiful scenery and in the psychology of living human beings. The gulf which separates "The Absurd Repentance" from "The First Round" is immense. This latter novel, first published in 1909, not only shows a marked technical superiority — a superiority which is the more remarkable that during much of the intervening period Mr. Lucas was practising Law and was, therefore, unable to devote himself exclusively to writing—but shows also how very much wider and deeper his interests had come to be. Its success was immediate and thoroughly deserved. The sympathy of Mr. Lucas with the feelings of different types of the "human boy" is exceptionally close. The highly-strung, proud, and self-sufficient Denis Yorke, the saturnine and precocious Lenwood, the brilliant and original Tellier, the heroically massive and bovine Arbuthnot, are all admirably drawn and go to make up one of the most essentially accurate accounts that have yet been given of public school life. Nor as the characters grow up does the story fall away. Denis in a local

solicitor's office, toiling away in deference to his father's wishes: Denis in revolt and plunged into the midst of the artistic world of Chelsea; the charm of his little playmate, Rosalind Duroy, now become the beautiful young girl who gives herself body and soul to the painter of genius, Grimshaw, a man whom she could never marry; the love for Denis of the artist's model, Topsy; the final determination of Denis to sacrifice a great opportunity of advancement in his musical career in order to go back to the father who has misunderstood him and whom he has equally misunderstood;—all these episodes are treated in a manner which shows Mr. Lucas as a close observer of mankind and as a writer who is not afraid of the logical conclusions of his own imaginative premises.

But the association of Mr. Lucas with his writings comes out, perhaps, even more clearly in his books other than his novels. Of partially French descent, Mr. Lucas was naturally attracted towards the language, arts and life of that country. His edition of Ronsard and the anthology of French verse which he made for the Oxford University Press are both works which reveal him as possessing a measure of French scholarship which he certainly did not acquire altogether at Haileybury or at University College, Oxford. His introduction to the latter volume is especially masterly, for although it is compressed within a comparatively small compass it contrives to embody a reference to everything which is really essential, and contains often some refreshing piece of candid and original criticism. His kindred anthology of Italian verse is, perhaps, not quite so successful, and he will himself tell you quite candidly that, with the exception of Dante and one or two others, the Italian poets are not, in his estimation, nearly so charming as the French. If, however, his love for Italian poetry is qualified, the influence of the country upon him in other ways is very great.

There are few parts of the country through which he has not tramped, and fewer still of its wonderful pictures which he has not seen. His love of pictures, in fact, it was which first drew him to Italy, and his knowledge of the old Masters is constantly apparent. The humbug of pretentious but ignorant art-critics has provided him with the subject of more than one short story, and, if one may judge from his most recent collection, "The Lady of The Canaries," this vein is by no means exhausted. It is a picture which has inspired what, in my judgment, is by far his best short story—"the Brandon Leonardo" which is included in the volume just referred to above. Did or did not the dead genius Merstham steal the Brandon Leonardo and leave a wonderful copy in its place? That is the problem which we are asked to solve. The fundamental plot of the story is simplicity itself, but it is led up to and worked out (short of the answer to the problem being actually given) in a way which leaves nothing to be desired.

As a poet, Mr. Lucas has as yet attempted nothing on a great scale, and his output has not been large, but some of his lyrics and ballads have the genuine poetical ring about them, and they are characterised by sincerity and directness. His address to "The Woodland God" in the volume of poems already mentioned is a good example at once of his skill and of a train of thought which is often present in him in one form or another:

"God of the garden of dreams,
Mystical, voiceless, unviewed
By the casual eye; by the rude
Incantation of men from thy streams
And holy, inviolate woods
Never evoked; dim lord
Of the country of unspun thought,
Of the nobler knowledge unwrought
In the web of the written word;
Almoner, giver of goods
Known but to mortals who prize
More than the obvious wealth
Of music that Nature flings
Wide, as from God-given strings
A poet his verse, the notes
That slowly and subtly rise
Ghost-like, creeping by stealth
Into the ear, till at last
Sonorous, grand as the blast
Of a myriad trumpet throats
They rush, they soar, they are hurled
From the length and the breadth of the world—
Speak! Art thou fled as they fled
The others, the hapless Gods,
Giant Necessity's rods,
That are lost, irredeemable, dead?"

And again there is a true lyrical daintiness in this stanza upon Oxford:

"And pearl-hued from the pearly foam
Of morning mist, I see arise
The sloping shoulders of the dome,
The sharp spire's filmy traceries."

Mr. Lucas' verse, like his prose, is marked by a careful attention to form, and with a notice of this all-pervading characteristic of his work these rather rambling remarks may be brought to a close. That disregard for structure and cohesion which Mr. H. G. Wells and many other writers of the present day display is impossible to a man who has studied Maupassant and the best French authors as carefully as Mr. Lucas has done. Without a strict regard for structure and cohesion the short story is not to be achieved, and though, perhaps, "The First Round" is the best thing that he has yet done, it is to his short stories that I personally look as the form of writing in which Mr. Lucas is most likely to establish a great reputation. In this species of composition we are far behind the French, but if Mr. Lucas can continue to write tales up to the standard of "The Brandon Leonardo" we shall soon be in a fair way towards drawing level with them. That short stories are not a "paying proposition" will not, one may be sure, influence so conscientious a workman, and one can only hope that his inclination will lead him where his artistic opportunity is greatest.

M. H. H. Macartney.

THE READER.

GEORGE BORROW.

By Thomas Seccombe.

I.

THE knowledge and faith of George Borrow has grown almost incredibly within the memory of men still living, and still in the youth of old age. Like fame of all kinds it is an airy fabric, the fabric that dreams are made of, and such fabrics are often blown about and scattered as rapidly as a cloud is dissolved by the sun and the wind. Yet the growth of the belief and the insertion of the Borrow clause in the literary creed of the modern bookman has proved an amusing thing to watch.

I have no sort of claim to be one of the old guard where Borrow is concerned. I can testify to the fact that one could be an omnivorous reader and subsist more or less in literary circles during the eighties and nineties of the last century without knowing anything at all about George Borrow. Almost the only person I knew at all well who manifested a deep interest in Borrow in my college days was Professor Tait, of Manchester. At his instance I read "The Bible in Spain," and liked it uncommonly, but my faith in Borrow was still rather in its infancy, for when I went on to "The Romany Rye," in complete ignorance of its relationship to "Lavengro," I found it too much for my enthusiasm. I did just dip into "Lavengro," but the only result was the discovery that gipsies and philology bored me rather easily. I hardened my heart against Borrow, and was rather sceptical about the professors of enthusiasm; he seemed to me an affected writer, and his claims to sovereign scholarship annoyed me. It was the editor of The Bookman, Sir William Robertson Nicoll, who really converted me to George Borrow. He had, I presume, just been reading Professor Knapp's prodigious Life, and he had conceived the brilliant idea of extricating the Isopel Berners episode, which is the kernel of the whole screed of Borrovian autobiography, and making an integral volume of it. Seeing that I was young and docile, and for want of anybody better at the moment, he asked me to undertake it. I was easily hypnotised by his prophetic enthusiasm about Borrow, and no doubt feigned a far deeper conversion than I momentarily felt. That year I took a holiday at Harrogate, and as I was one sunny afternoon bicycling back to my rooms from the neighbouring village of Blubberhouses, my machine ran away with me down one of the frightfully steep hills in that vicinity, and I had a bad spill, resulting in water on the knee and a round fortnight in bed. During that fortnight I read practically nothing but Borrow and about Borrow. Biography seems to be the indispensable key nowadays to literary fame, and it must always be remembered that it was the Transatlantic professor or monomaniac, William Knapp, that "massive sleuth-hound," as Mr. Thomas calls him, who first inserted the key in the lock where Borrow was concerned. It is hardly a libel to say that Knapp was a dead hand at a life where literature is concerned. But he was one of the most intrepid biographers that ever lived. He thought nothing of making bricks without straw. His dauntlessness was amazing; he marched slap-bang through the usual phalanx of outraged relatives. He got together an atmosphere of wonderment and curiosity. He put back George Borrow—the forgotten, discredited, vague Borrow of 1881 and after—upon the pedestal that he had occupied half a century before when the "Bible in Spain" first dawned upon a delighted world. The faults of Knapp were obvious to everyone. But his book was a gold mine. The Borrovian pie was opened, so to speak, the birds began to sing, and the first piper was "Isopel Berners." I wrote the Introduction, which serves well still as an introduction to beginners in the cult of Borrow, with the enthusiasm of the convert and the eagerness of the disciple. Knapp's Life was food and drink to me. It was great for a Norfolk man to hear such good things about Norwich and to know that Borrow came from East Dereham and went to the same school as Nelson. I knew the road from Lynn to East Dereham well from the lips of a school-fellow at a dame's school, who ran away regularly once a term,

George Borrow.
From a painting by Henry Wyndham Phillips.
Reproduced by permission of Mr. John Murray.

Photo by H. T. Cave, East Dereham. **The Birthplace of George Borrow.**
From "Life of Borrow," by Herbert Jenkins. By permission of Mr. John Murray.

and in his frantic attempts to get back home to Swaffham generally managed to get as far as East Dereham. At East Dereham he was intercepted and brought back, in sackcloth and ashes, to the academy in Stonegate Street. If you have escaped being steam-rollered flat by the orthodox upper middle-class public school education of to-day the fashion is to claim Celtic origin. We were all neolithic once, I presume. This, at any rate, has been George Borrow's fate. The Celts have claimed him as their own. He himself was well satisfied to be a Norfolk dumpling, and always spoke of himself as English by breeding, birth and lineage. "Isopel Berners" was a complete success from my point of view, as, apart from the well-earned fifteen guineas which it brought its compiler, it immersed me deep in the Borrovian lake, it made me a collector of information regarding George Borrow, who was very soon to become the cynosure of every collector of biographical bric-à-brac. Borrovian knowledge and interest was relatively so scarce in the nineties that on these exceedingly easy terms I began, and have hardly even yet quite ceased, to be regarded as an authority on Borrovian subjects, and was much in request as a writer of notices, articles, and centenary memorials. Within a brief dozen years and, quite imperceptibly, how things have changed! Essays, newspaper cuttings, magazine articles, introductions, studies, full-length portraits and standard biographies in library editions have tumbled over one another. In the last century it was enough to interpret Knapp. But now people have been collecting diligently, and many little additions have been made. The biographers have specialised in the several pockets of Borrow's career. Mr. Walling, in his biography, the first biography *en titre*, I think, to follow Knapp, has specialised upon Borrow's Cornish relations and the journey to visit his Cornish kinsmen near Liskeard in December, 1853. Mr. Jenkins, in his very elaborate and conscientious narrative, has excavated deeply in the records and has thrown much additional light upon all the circumstances attending Borrow's missionary journeys in Spain and Russia. In this, of course, he was greatly helped by the publication of the precise text of Borrow's letters from these countries to the Bible Society. Then came Mr. Edward Thomas, who spoke up well for Borrow's work as interpreter of the gipsies and of the Welsh. His life interprets Borrow's writings as they should, I think, be interpreted—as a very puzzling and difficult but essentially fathomable autobiography. Borrow is to me one of the greatest and most veracious of mirror-workers. His life, as I make it out, is presented to us in four panels, each as unlike the others as it is possible to be, in size, shape, texture, and surface. The scale varies as much as that of the various series of Ordnance maps—now twenty-five inches to the mile, now five miles to the inch. The colours upon the palette are artfully changed, details are

Jarrold & Sons. **The Erpingham Gate and the Grammar School, Norwich.**
We pass through the Erpingham Gate direct to the Cathedral, the Grammar School being on our left. Here it is on our right. Facing the school is a statue of Lord Nelson, who was at school here about 1768-70. Borrow was at school here 1816-18.
From "George Borrow and his Circle," by C. K. Shorter (Hodder & Stoughton).

sometimes obtruded, at others significantly hidden. A casual glance obscures rather than reveals the fact that, whether he is writing of his early life and struggles ("Lavengro," chaps. 1–58), of one vivid Bohemian episode of his early manhood ("Lavengro" 59 onwards, and "Romany Rye,"), of the crowning triumph of his mature manhood ("Bible in Spain,"), or a vacation tour during the autumn of a disappointed life ("Wild Wales"), Borrow was always working upon the same model, with the same desperate and conscientious zeal, with the same extraordinary gusto and vigour, with the same genius, the same bias, the same limitations. Mr. Thomas has mastered and interpreted this autobiographical script wonderfully. He has penetrated, as no one else has, Borrow's sourness towards his own craft, his despair of expressing what he had next his heart, his melancholy, his misanthropy, and his at times profound hypochondria.

National Portrait Gallery. **George Borrow.**

From a portrait by his brother, John Thomas Borrow, taken in early youth when his hair was black.

From "George Borrow and his Circle," by C. K. Shorter.

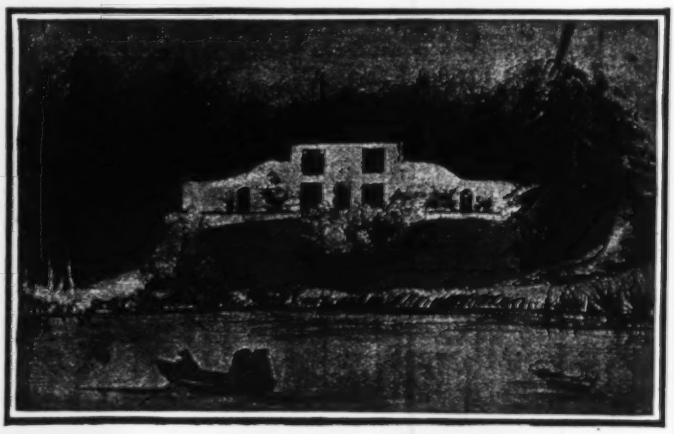
The present year was destined from the beginning of created things to be memorable in the story of Borrow's life after death. In 1913 Borrow's fame had become so contagious that it penetrated even to Norfolk. You would find it difficult probably to find two more unliterary capitals to-day than Norwich or Ipswich—where in the "White Horse" I have had much converse with a well-informed Suffolk man who had never even heard of Mr. Pickwick. But in July of this year the city of Norwich held a most elaborate celebration of the native of East Dereham, whose ambition it once was to repose under the shadow of its ancient cathedral. The Dean of Norwich preached a Borrow sermon, and promises to give us a contribution on Borrow to the English Men of Letters series—which I hope at some future date to have the pleasure of reviewing for THE BOOKMAN. In the meantime, Mr. Clement Shorter has given us a book on "Borrow and His Circle," in which he shows himself to be a Borrow collector of a diligence and success worthy to be associated with that of his great predecessor, Dr. Knapp.

Borrow himself, I believe, divided biographies into two kinds—one a record of the facts of a life, the other a picture of a character, the portrait of a man's soul. Like Knapp, Mr. Shorter confines himself mainly to the collection and record of biographical data—to a large extent documents. He has a brief for documents, and believes in them to the exclusion of everything else. The faith in documents may be a sound one or the reverse. It depends entirely upon two postulates. The documents must concern a person of first-rate interest and they must be interesting in themselves. There is no question either about their application or interest here. Mr. Shorter has been most fortunate in his quest, his documents are of primary interest, and he has used them deftly, with discretion and without dulness. The letters of Borrow to his wife, his dearest Carreta (Spanish, it appears, for Carrosse), are extremely interesting in themselves, and they throw much light both upon Borrow's married life and upon some of his later travels, in Hungary (1844), in Ireland, and in Scotland, in 1858 or thereabouts.

Here, for instance, is a very interesting and, so far as I know, quite new description of Borrow as he appeared in the mid-fifties to a pawky citizen of Orkney:

"In the evening Geo. Petrie called with 'Bible Borrow.' He is a man about sixty [really fifty-three] upwards of six feet in height, and of an athletic, though somewhat gaunt, frame. His hair is pure white though a bit thin on the top, his features high and handsome, and his complexion ruddy and healthy. He was dressed in black, his surtout was old, his shoes very muddy. He spoke in a loud tone of voice, knows Gaelic and Irish well, quoted Ian Lom, Duncan Ban McIntyre, etc., is publishing an account of Welsh, Irish and Gaelic bards. He travelled—on foot principally—from Inverness to Thurso, and is going on to-morrow to Zetland. He walked lately through the upper part of Badenoch, Lochaber, and the adjacent counties, and through Mull, which he greatly admired. . . . In his rambles he associated exclusively with the lower classes, and when I offered to give him letters of introduction to Wm. F. Skene, Robert Chambers, Joseph Robertson, etc., he declined to accept them. His mother died

lately, and he was travelling, he said, to divert and throw off his melancholy. He talked very freely on all subjects that one broached, but not with precision, and he appeared to me to be an amiable man and a gentleman, but, withal, something of a projector, if not an adventurer. He is certainly eccentric. I asked him to take wine, etc., and he declined. He said he was bred at the High School of Edinburgh, and that he was there in 1813, and mentioned that he was partly educated in Ireland, and that by birth and descent he is an Englishman."



Oulton Cottage from the Broad.

Showing the summer-house on the left, from a sketch by Henrietta MacOubrey. Here Borrow lived when "Lavengro," and "The Romany Rye" were published.

From "George Borrow and his Circle," by C. K. Shorter.

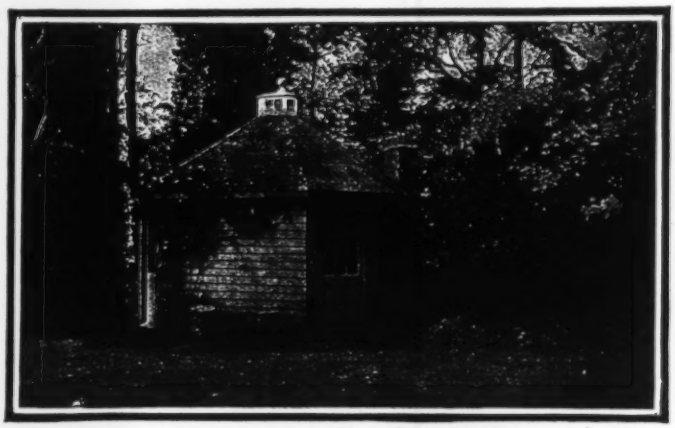
And here, again, is a very interesting beginning to a long letter, here cited in full for the first time, written to Mrs. Borrow from the neighbourhood of Tokay, in the heart of Hungary, and dated July 8th, 1844—that is to say, seven years before the publication of "Lavengro":

"Debreczen.

"MY DARLING CARRETA,—I write to you from Debreczen, a town in the heart of Hungary, where I have been for the last fortnight with the exception of three days, during which I was making a journey to Tokay, which is about forty miles distant. My reason for staying here so long was my liking the place where I have experienced every kind of hospitality; almost all the people in these parts are Protestants, and they are so fond of the very name of Englishman that when one arrives they scarcely know how to make enough of him; it is well the place is so remote that very few are ever seen here, perhaps not oftener than once in ten years, for if some of our scamps and swell mob were once to find their way there the good people of Hungary would soon cease to have much respect for the English in general; as it is, they think that they are all men of honour and accomplished gentlemen whom it becomes them to receive well in order that they may receive from them lessons in civilization. I wonder what they would think if they were to meet such fellows as Squarem and others whom I could mention. I find my knowledge of languages here of great use, and the people are astonished to hear me speak French, Italian, German, Russian and occasionally Gypsy. I have already met with several gypsies; those who live abroad in the wildernesses are quite black; the more civilized wander about as musicians, playing on the fiddle, at which they are very expert; they speak the same language as those in England, with slight variations, and upon the whole they understand one very well. Amongst other places I have been to Tokay, where I drank some of the wine: I am endeavouring to bring two or three bottles to England, for I thought of my mother and yourself and Hen, and I have got a little wooden case made; it is very sweet, and of pale straw colour. Whether I shall be able to manage it I do not know; however, I shall make the attempt. At Tokay the wine is only two shillings the bottle, and I have a great desire that you should taste some of it. I sincerely hope that we shall soon all meet together in health and peace. I shall be glad enough to get home, but since I came so far it is well to see as much as possible. Would you think it, the Bishop of Debreczen came to see me the other day and escorted me about the town, followed by all the professors of the college; this was done merely because I was an Englishman and a Protestant, for here they are almost all of the Reformed religion and full of love and enthusiasm for it. . . ."

II.

Mr. Shorter manages to compress an amazing amount into his four hundred and twenty pages, for he gives us many new letters, many citations from old sources and much about the people with whom Borrow was at one time or another in contact such as the Gurneys, Thurtell, Hasfeld, Haggart, Haydon, Phillips, Taylor, Hake, Ford, FitzGerald and the like (including much that is irrelevant about Lady Morgan and the number of Lives of that lady which adorn his library), but he does not give us much about his own adventures in Borrovian fields, and apart from one or two emphatic but unsupported statements he tells us practically nothing about his own opinions on Borrovian subjects of controversy. He has indeed given us much new material of value, and he has welded this into a lively and vigorous texture; but he has fused little, he has hardly reacted at all upon his material, he has not given any ply of his own to the biography which he rehandles without substantially remodelling or revising at all. He allows his style at times to degenerate into great obscurity—to give one instance only out of many that I have observed, take the following: "With what distrust as we learn again and again in 'Lavengro' did Captain Borrow follow his son's inclination towards language, and especially the Irish language, in his early years, although seeing that



The Summer House, Oulton, as it is To-day.

Which, when compared with Mrs. MacOubrey's sketch, shows that it has been reroofed and probably rebuilt altogether.

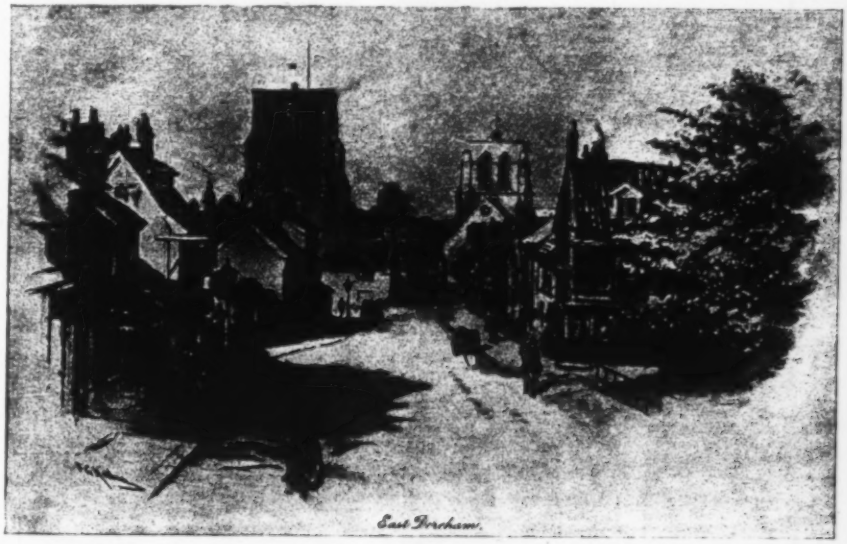
From "George Borrow and his Circle," by C. K. Shorter.

Tretherwick, the home of the Borrows of Cornwall.

Reproduced by Mr. Murray's permission from "The Life of George Borrow," by Herbert Jenkins.

East Dereham, where Borrow was born.

Reproduced by permission of Mr. Murray from his definitive edition of "The Romany Rye."



The Swan Inn, Stafford ("My Inn— A very large building with an archway."

Reproduced by permission of Mr. Murray from the definitive edition of "The Romany Rye."

Sir John Bowring in 1826.
From a portrait by John King, now in the National Portrait Gallery.

he was well grounded in Latin." When he encounters any point of controversy, however small, he is perhaps deliberately extremely ambiguous. For instance, it is very hard to make out exactly what he believes about Borrow's relations with Thurtell, and, again, though he denounces the village gossip he does not make it in the least plain what he himself believes as to the circumstances attending Borrow's last moments. Considering the value he attaches to documentation he leaves much to be desired in his own references. He seldom discriminates between new material of his own and material collected by his predecessors. The book would have gained greatly, and its value would have been augmented in every way by a more enlightened generosity in acknowledging and distributing, with care, in preface or notes (after the French fashion) the respective obligations which must have been heavy in the aggregate, to the chief previous writers on the subject, and particularly, of course, to the indispensable Dr. Knapp. Apart from documents in elucidation or expansion of points already known, he has, so far as I can ascertain, added very little to the outline of Borrow's external career. Nothing will have to be rewritten. George Borrow was born at Dereham on July 5th, 1803. The event took place in the house of his maternal grandfather at Dumpling Green, a farm-hamlet, twelve furlongs from Dereham Church. The best account of his father is given by Mr. Herbert Jenkins, and Mr. Shorter does not explain how this worthy got his commission, rather an important step. There is a good account of Borrow's mother, and of the house where he lived with her so long in Willow Lane, Norwich, and of Norwich Grammar School and its famous alumni, also some new details of Borrow's elder brother — in the details of father and elder brother there is always to me much reminiscent of Sterne and Lamb. The details of Ambrose Smith and David Haggart are very interesting. A few weeks ago I visited Yetholm, the capital of the Border Gipsies, celebrated by Borrow in his "Romano Lavo-Lil." No encampment survives, but I was the recipient of not a few of those suspicious oblique glances which are such strong evidence of gipsy blood. Most Norfolk people can tell you a good deal about the Gurneys, and Mr. Shorter must often have come across the name when he was at school at Downham. Then we have the oft-told tale of the Grammar School, the Taylors, the Kerrisons and the Martineaus. A characteristic trait is recorded on page 86, where we are told that Borrow in later life believed himself to be plagued to death by autograph-hunters. Borrow was by the zeal and self-denial of his father, himself of the humblest descent, articled to a substantial attorney in Norwich, but wasted the time he should have devoted to learning his profession to acquiring Irish, Welsh, German and Scandinavian languages. He had an enormous appetite for foreign vocabularies, and an almost delirious enthusiasm for northern ballads—often of very indifferent merit.

John P. Hasfeld in 1835.
From a portrait by an unknown artist formerly belonging to George Borrow.

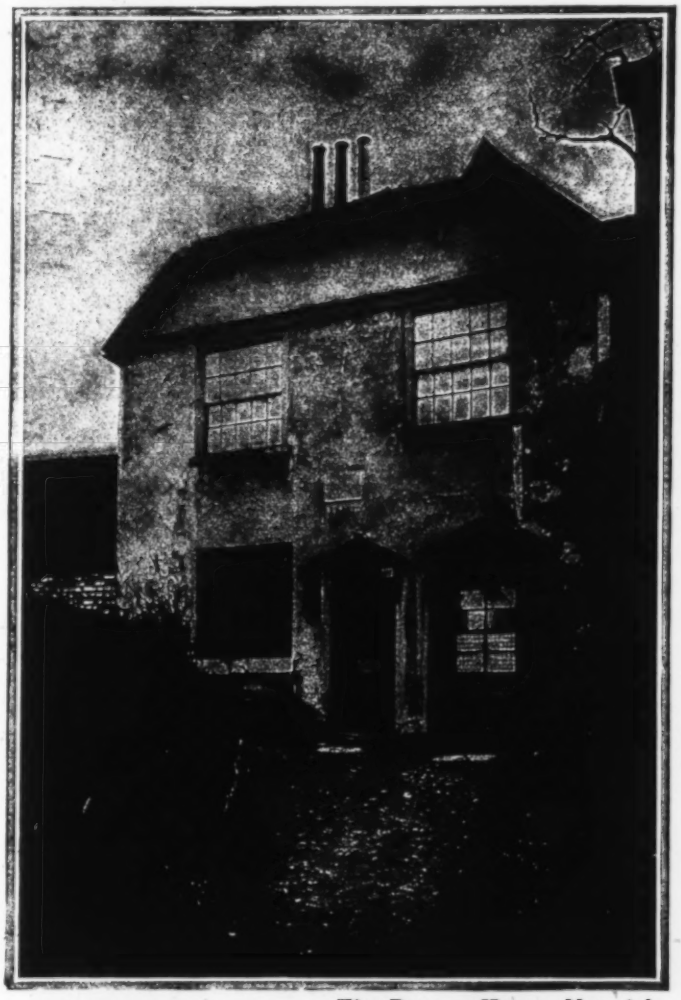
An entirely erroneous belief in the marketable value of Danish ballads, Welsh triads, Russian folk-songs and the like, in rococo English translations, after the Bowring pattern, led Borrow to exchange an attorney's office for a garret in Grub Street. His immediate ambition was something between Goldsmith's and Chatterton's. He was to produce outlandish ballads, Homeric odes, epics, plays; he was, at all hazards, to write something grand —" to be stared at, lifted on people's shoulders." He found his Griffith in Sir Richard Phillips, the radical alderman and philanthropic sweater, under whose tender mercies he rapidly developed a suicidal tendency, until in May, 1825, a windfall of £20 enabled him to break his chain and escape to the highway, and the dingle and the picturesque group of moochers and gipsies enshrined for ever in the pages of "Lavengro." The central portion of this marvellous composition is occupied by the Dingle episode, in which Lavengro (the "Word-master," Borrow's gipsy name for himself) is revealed

William Taylor.
From a portrait by J. Thomson, painted in the year 1811, and engraved in Robbards's "Life of Taylor."

Sir Richard Phillips.
From a portrait by James Saxon, painted in 1828, now in the National Portrait Gallery.

Four Friends of Borrow's early years.
From "George Borrow and his Circle" by C. K. Shorter. (Hodder & Stoughton).

to us in conflict with "the flaming Tinman," and in colloquy with his Romany friend, Jasper Petulengro, with a subtle papistical propagandist, "the man in black," with the typical gipsy chi, Ursula, and with the peerless Isopel Berners. His account of his relations with her we take to be strictly and almost literally accurate. He was powerfully attracted by the magnanimity of spirit no less than by the physical charm of this Brynhildic damsel, tall, straight and blonde, with loose-flowing flaxen hair, and with a carriage, especially of the neck and shoulders, which reminded the postilion of a certain marchioness of his acquaintance. But Borrow was of a cold temperament, a despiser and mistruster of young women, whom he regarded primarily as invaluable repositories of nursery-lore, folk-song, tradition and similar toys, about which his male friends were apt to be reticent. The attraction was so strong that he had serious thoughts of emigrating with "the beauteous Queen of the Dingle," but he dallied with the idea with characteristic waywardness until it was too late. He sought to postpone awkward decisions, to divert himself and amuse Isopel by making his charmer learn Armenian — the language which he happened at the time to be studying. Isopel bore with it for some time, but the imposition of the verb "to love" in Armenian convinced her that the Word-master was not only insane, but also inhuman. Love-making and Armenian do not go well together, and Belle could not feel that the man who proposed to conjugate the verb "to love" in Armenian was master of his intentions in plain English. It was even so. The man of tongues lacked speech wherewith to make manifest his passion; the vocabulary of the Word-master was insufficient to convince the workhouse girl of one of the plainest meanings a man can well have. When the distracted Borrow had reached the decision that it was high time to give over his "mocking and scoffing," and returned with this resolve to the Dingle, Isopel Berners had quitted it, never to return. She ran away to the nearest sea-port, and took ship to America. Lavengro, with some anguish, steeled his heart against following her. The scene of these transactions was a wooded glen or dingle a few miles from Willenhall, in Staffordshire, where Lavengro and Isopel were encamped in their respective tents, having as their neighbours the gipsy clan of which Jasper was the chief. Upon the whole the Dingle chapters are perhaps the most brilliant and the most enduring that Borrow ever achieved. Their interest is greatly enhanced by the fact that they are probably a naked transcript from actual fact, for Borrow was a poor hand at invention. He rarely, if ever, invented a character. His surest source of inspiration was the unadorned truth.



The Borrow House, Norwich.

The house is situated in Borrow's Court, formerly King's Court, Willow Lane, St. Giles's, Norwich, and here Borrow lived at intervals from 1816 to his marriage in 1839. His mother lived here for thirty-three years until 1851; his father died here, and is buried in the neighbouring churchyard of St. Giles's.

From "George Borrow and his Circle," by C. K. Shorter.

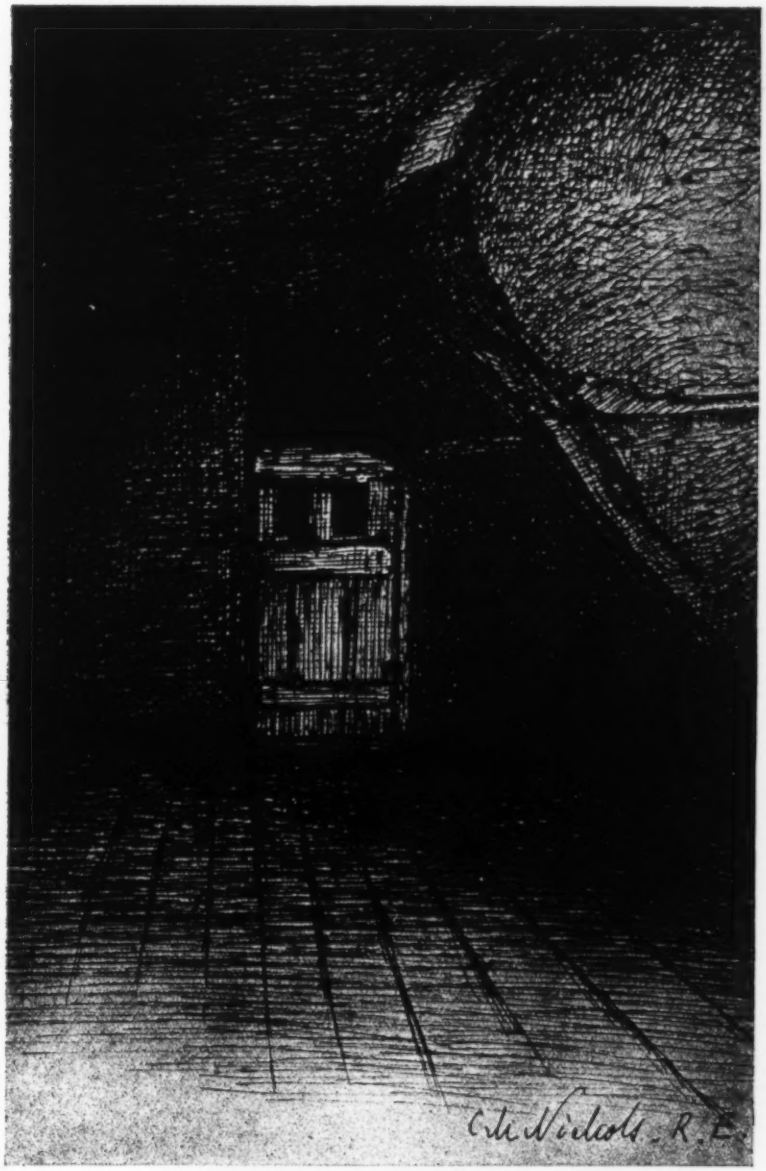
After the experience of a summer in the open, Borrow, who was now twenty-two, relapsed into the indifferent versification of Danish ballads and Welsh bards, was severely fleeced in obscure journeyings in Southern Europe, and so gained some experience for future use, vainly sought a post, on the strength of his linguistic attainments, as an assistant in the British Museum Library, and was reduced to writing reactionary political leaders for a Norwich paper; he was, in fact, waiting, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up, or, in his own graphic phrase, "digging holes in the sand and filling them up again."

His deliverance was effected in rather a singular manner. About 1832 he became acquainted with the Skeppers of Oulton Hall, in that splendid stretch of country which borders on the river Waveney. By Mrs. Clarke (afterwards Mrs. Borrow, the widowed sister of the owner of the Hall) he was introduced to the Rev. Francis Cunningham, rector of Pakefield, a fine type of the Evangelical clergyman of a past generation, who had married the sister of Joseph John Gurney. It seemed to this good man that Borrow's gift of tongues might well be employed in the service of the Bible Society, of which the famous Norfolk Quaker was an

influential member. The hour of the former would-be martyr to infidelity had now come; he was taken into the regular service of the Society upon an average salary of £250, in addition to expenses, and was employed as editor, translator, and colporteur of Bibles in strange lands. The labours of the next eight years of his life were as fruitful and honourable as those of the preceding eight had been desultory and obscure. His first commission was to go to St. Petersburg, and there edit and superintend the printing of a version done by a Russian scholar from the New Testament into Manchu. Borrow acquired the language and performed his task with an almost incredible expedition. He also learned Russian, and in the summer of 1835 proposed to the Society that he should himself distribute the work which he had seen through the press, upon the confines of the Far East. This scheme was scotched by the refusal of the Russian Government to grant him the necessary authorization and passports. But Borrow's energies were transferred to a project which scarcely, if at all, less deserves the epithet Quixotic. It was to disseminate a Castilian translation of the Vulgate (made by Father Scio at Valencia between 1790 and 1793) in Spain and Portugal. To disperse Bibles in Papua or in Park Lane were, it might be argued, an enterprise fully as hopeful as to scatter them in Galicia or La Mancha. But this is neither here nor there, and the stimulus that was lacking in other directions was abundantly supplied to the Society and their emissary by the fact that, according to the *regla quinta* of the old Index, all Spanish versions of the Bible, or of any part of it, were absolutely forbidden, and that, as a necessary consequence, the Bible was a book as unfamiliar in Spain as it was held to be dangerous and revolutionary. Spain was to Borrow what the Harley Ministry was to Swift. It seemed to develop in him an almost superhuman activity and power; and, fond of cant as Borrow's employers too often were, it is infinitely to their credit that they not only tolerated, but even applauded the unconventional epistles which he wrote to them of his exploits during his three long journeys in Spain, which, with two brief intervals, occupied him from November, 1835, down to April, 1840. These letters, not unadorned, however, but greatly enriched by notes from his diaries, made up "The Bible in Spain," which was published by John Murray on December 10, 1842, when "El Gitano," as the enthusiastic Ford dubbed, the author, literally woke up to find himself famous. His experience for a season was that of "the man Sterne"; he dined with peers, ambassadors, and bishops, and like Major Pendennis, was particularly complacent with bishops. We might here for a moment compare his position to that of Johnson in 1763. He had gone down in the arena and fought his wild beasts, and had come up triumphant, as Johnson had done after the Dictionary. He still had difficulties to meet, and debts to face, for he had gradually become estranged from "the sub-committee," and the Bible Society suddenly found that "no sphere remained open in which his services could be utilised." Fortunately, he had provided for his future, not by obtaining a pension, but by marrying, in April, 1840, an old ally of his, Mary Clarke, a widow with a good jointure (over £400 a year), a skilful hand at dumplings and treacle posset, and "an excellent woman of business." He was now fifteen years older than when he had "lost" Isopel. The motives which prompted this scorner of matrimony to marry a woman seven or eight years his senior were similar, it may be surmised, to those which actuated Disraeli on his marriage. The compact was based upon convenience and mutual esteem, and there is no reason to doubt that it conduced not only to Borrow's comfort and security, but also to his happiness. There were no children. The "daughter" whose accomplishments Borrow celebrated in the exordium to "Wild Wales," was his stepdaughter, Henrietta Clarke. He seemed now in an enviable position, with a small but agreeable freehold on the banks of Oulton Broad, able to indulge in "idleness and the pride of literature" to his heart's content. If he had had a "Club" or a Boswell about him, he might still have been tolerably happy. But he was not a Clubbable man, Borrow! Nevertheless it was during the years that followed that, like Johnson, he achieved his best title

The Devil's Bridge.

From the drawing by A. S. Hartrick.
Reproduced by Mr. Murray's permission from the definitive edition of "Wild Wales."



From an etching by C. M. Nichols, R.E.

Staircase Doorway to Attic in Borrow's House at Norwich.

Reproduced from the "Souvenir of the George Borrow Celebration," by James Hooper.
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to fame, the wondrous five volumes of autobiography so capriciously planned and so strangely entitled: "Lavengro — Romany Rye." The stimulus in his case was largely, we believe, if not mainly, pecuniary. "Money is our best friend," he wrote to his wife in 1844. He wanted a purse of his own to travel and give dinners with, for the edge of episcopal hospitality was already wearing off. He desired, too, no doubt, to put a coping-stone to his fame. Already, in January, 1843, he wrote to his publishers that he had begun upon a Robinson Borrow, and Murray, Ford, and other friends threw up their caps. The publishers may have well seen a veritable gold mine in prospect. One has only to imagine the fervent curiosity which the personal element in "The Bible in Spain," so suggestive of mystery and romance, must have excited in the reading public of 1843, to perceive that any such anticipation was fully warranted by the facts of the case. Here was a book which bore upon its title-page its passport to Sunday reading as a good, serious missionary work; but for which it was manifest, as the surprised and delighted reader proceeded, that not Bishop Heber or the good Schwartz, but Mendoza and Lesage had been taken as models. May not people well have wondered (the good, pious English folk, to whom "luck" was a scandal, as the Bible Society's secretary wrote to Borrow) what manner of man this muleteer-missionary might be? The incongruity was only heightened by familiarity with Borrow's Pharaoh-like visage, abundant grey hair, and tall blonde Scandinavian figure, which reminded those who came under his spell of those roving Northmen of the days of simple mediaeval devotion, who were wont to signalize their conversion from heathen darkness by a Mediterranean venture, combining the characters of a piratical cruise and a pious pilgrimage. But if publisher and client were justified in believing that they had discovered an autobiographical El Dorado, they were, none the less, to be sadly undeceived.

Death-Mask of George Borrow.

Copyright: Messrs. Jarrold & Sons.

To whatever cause the disappointment may be attributed, it was certainly not due to any lack of pains on the part of Don Jorge. The labour which he bestowed upon his Life was immense, quite disproportionate to his previous efforts. "The Gypsies in Spain," for instance, was built up upon already existing jottings, extracts, and notes very loosely thrown together; while "The Bible in Spain" itself was, in regard to its composition, nothing more than an *olla podrida* of journalized letters. But he wrote "Lavengro," as it were, with his life's blood. It cost him the same agony that parts of "David Copperfield" cost Dickens, while he had none of Dickens' trained fluency or descriptive powers. His lack of ease in writing often gives a wrong impression of insincerity or artificiality. Most of his apostrophes, even the most strained, are expressions of genuine feeling, which he could not accommodate to the Gil Blas style of the bulk of his narrative. His determination to be original and to tell the truth, to avoid all padding and second-hand ideas, kept him on the rack; yet he persevered, working hard at the Life, with intervals of discouragement, for six years and upwards. "Lavengro" eventually appeared in three volumes, after many transformations of title, in February, 1851, and was received not merely with coldness and unconcern, but with hostile carping and even derision. To understand the extent to which Borrow ran counter to the prejudices of the Bright and Cobden age, which rejected the gospel of Carlyle, is to fathom the mystery of "early Victorian." A further stumbling-block was the peculiar "dryness" of Borrow's style. Borrow could respond to the thrill of natural beauty. He could enjoy and find utterance for his mood when it came upon him, just as he could enjoy a tankard of ale or linger to gaze upon a sympathetic face; but he refused to pamper such feelings; he refused to become the creature of poetic ecstasy; he refused to identify an author with a bearded nun; he refused to indulge in the fashionable debauch of dilettante melancholy. Borrow again told his hearers nothing about the Great Wall of China, or the Fair of Nijni-Novgorod. You will find very little of the Eastern exotic in his work. Yet in it he is at his best—especially in the Dingle, in the open air, among the gipsies, with Jasper, Pakomovna, Tawno, Ursula, The Man in Black, and Belle Berners, gossips in colloquies of the greenwood, unrivalled since the heyday of the Forest of Arden.

Borrow was always contemplating the continuation and completion of his personal record, but his methods were so deliberate that the lifetime of a Methusela would have been needed to complete his autobiography. After completing the span comprised in "Lavengro—Romany

Rye," he waited another ten years before issuing his record of his Welsh tour of six weeks. He wrote it on almost the same gigantic scale as in "The Romany Rye," but in a more genial and domestic mood. His sympathy for the country, its people and language, enabled him to create a feeling for "Wild Wales" as worthy as it was unfamiliar to the English of the early 'sixties. Not much new light is thrown upon the migration of Borrow to London, though we have an interesting new description of him on Westminster Bridge (Borrow was a great haunter of Thames and its bridges) in 1873. In 1865 his stepdaughter, the "Old Hen" of his letters, married William MacOubrey, and migrated to Belfast. Early in 1869 Mrs. Borrow died aged seventy-three. Borrow's existence was sadly broken. Some four or five years he lingered on in London, cheered at times by walks and talks with Gordon Hake and Watts Danton; and he then returned to Oulton—a most friendless and disillusioned man.

He bore his age badly did the dour old traveller, who had yet somehow never had his due share of exploration. In physical exercise, especially swimming, he had occasional flashes of exhilaration; he breathed again some of the old oxygen of the Bible in Spain. But he suffered terribly from the gloom of a muddled existence, and his step-daughter, though she meant well, was too literary and too little of a housewife and a manager to make him even comfortable. Cowell gives a most depressing description of the severance of his old interests. There was something of the tired berserker about his last years, though the legend of his solitude, unkemptness and uncared-for-ness has probably been exaggerated. His letters to Mrs. MacOubrey range down to 1877. Borrow died four years later. Mentally, if not physically, he had become a complete recluse in his later years. He was buried in Brompton, and very little that was formerly his remains to-day as he left it, with the exception of his works.

Mr. Shorter says somewhere in this book that if Dr. Aldis Wright had written Borrow's life there would have been no second biography. Why he says this I cannot think. The more biographies the better in a sense, so far as the curiosity about Borrow and, therefore, the stimulation of his celebrity, is concerned. Unless, therefore, Dr. Wright had discovered some artificial means of quenching all further curiosity as to Borrow I hardly see how Mr. Shorter's prediction would have been fulfilled. It can hardly be expected that he would have discovered half as much about Borrow as Dr. Knapp, a perfect monomaniac, who devoted his life and lavished his money by handfuls in pursuit of the phantom Don George. But even if he had found as much, new documents, new discoveries, new materials would still have remained for the Wallings, the Jenkinses, the Thomas's, the Shorters, and the Beechings of a later age.

Professor Cowell deprecated the idea of a biography of Borrow at all. "Surely it is best that Borrow should remain a name," and in a sense he was right. "The Romany Rye" gave us of his best, and his best is almost all autobiographical. Explicit biography only serves to dull the romance of the mysterious word-master. Biography nearly always tends in the end, it is my belief, to dull the edge of literature.

Borrow, however, does not stand exclusively for literature. His prose style is peculiar and inimitable, but it is not a good pattern; he is not a model stylist by any means. He is rather an enigma, he is a man standing athwart his period with something of the straddle of a colossus, and people will (as in the cognate case of a contemporary prophet, Carlyle) always be anxious and curious to read the riddle. There is a mystery about the fellow. He had a prescription, a narcotic, a drug, or something, capable of serving as a talisman against the "corruption" of modern civilization.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1913.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV., and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original Lyric.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original Lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best photograph illustrating the title of any recent novel.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original Lyric is divided and we send HALF A GUINEA each to Mr. J. J. Geake, of St. Bernards, York Road, Guildford, Surrey, and to Mr. Howard Booth, of 134, Cemetery Road, Sheffield, for the following:

LOVE.

If Love come to thee in the morn
Say "Love, why comest thou so soon?"
And, if he turn, go—sow thy corn,
And labour on until the noon.

If Love come to thee when the day
  Is brightest, say "Ah! Love, 'tis sweet
To toil," and if he go away,
  Go also thou, and bind thy wheat.

If Love come to thee when the sun
  Goes down to meet the western sky,
Say "Love, my hours of work are done";
  Then, if he hearken,—pass him by.

But, if he comes, whate'er thou ask,
  And labour, singing, by thy side—
Rejoice, for Love that shares the task
  Alone is Love at eventide.

J. J. Geake.

EXILE.

God gave me the Garden of Eden
And the river that through it ran;
He gave me strength and beauty
Greater than any man;

I stood in the midst of the garden
Where none had ever trod,
And I said "O Lord, I am happy,"
But I lied in my heart to God;

For I longed for an English meadow
With a stream from the hills above,
And I hated the Garden's beauty
For there was none to love.

Howard Booth.

We also select for printing:

MY LADY'S GARDEN.

My Lady hath a garden fair,
And all herself is imaged there.

White lilies are her thoughts untold,
And bear like her, a heart of gold.

Forget-me-nots her blue, blue eyes
That borrow from the summer skies.

The blush rose nestles in her cheek,
Heart's ease I find when she doth speak;

And round about her feet there grows
Sweet Balm of Healing for men's woes.

My Lady hath two names in one;
Each sweet and dear—When day is done
I take them both away with me,
One blessed comfort—Rose-Marie.

(Miss E. A. Jowers, The Beacon Hotel, Hindhead, Surrey.)

REGRETS.

Where are the words that never were said
  And the thoughts that were left unspoken?
They are buried deep down with the dreams long-dead,
  In a silence for ever unbroken.

In the caverns of Memory mute they lie
  Unlighted by star or sun,
Where the little grey ghosts flit mournfully by,
  The phantoms of things undone.

Oh ears that are closed to the sounds of Earth
  Can you hear through the harps of Heaven
The sighs of a soul that knew not Love's worth,
  And forgive—be it seventy times seven?

Oh eyes that have looked on the Face of God,
  Can you see through the long, long years
The road of regrets that my feet have trod,
  And the slow unavailing tears?

Though Memory's ocean be wide and deep
  When the sea gives up her dead
Unuttered longings shall rise from sleep
  On the wings of the words unsaid.

They will whisper secrets of long ago
  As you lean from the Golden Gate—
I loved you on Earth—If I tell you so
  In Heaven, will it be too late?

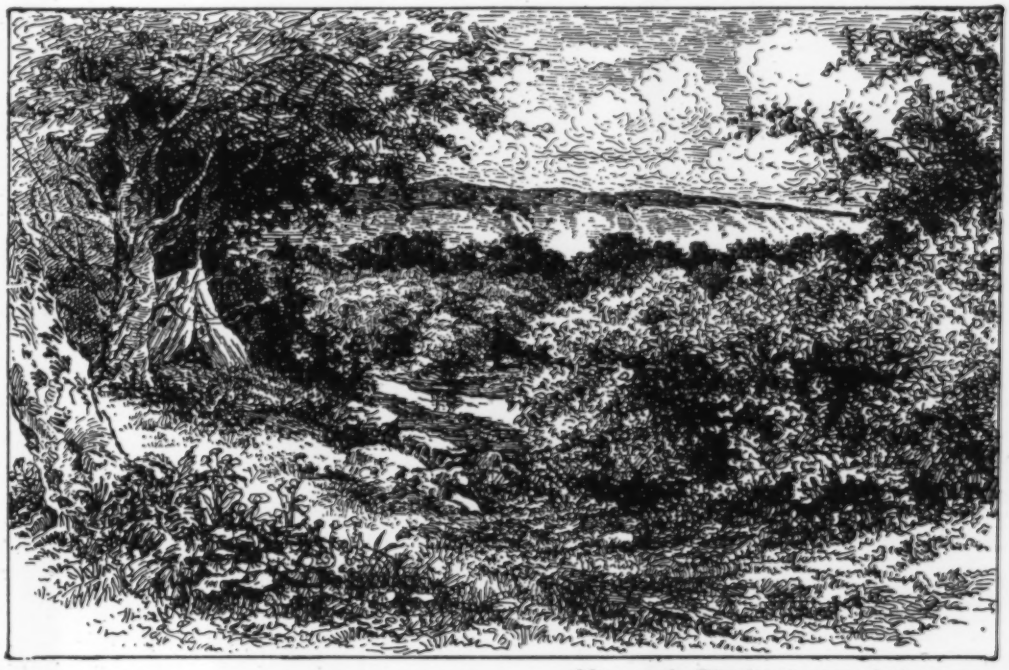
(Violet D. Chapman, Sorrento, Burnham, Somerset.)

A LISTENER.

In hammock slung beneath the boughs of knotted apple tree
I listened to the purring of the kitten on my knee;
To the whirr of little winged things, the murmur of the bee.
I listened to the twitter of the birds beneath the eaves;
The rustle that the tortoise makes in creeping through the leaves;
To all the web of wordless song that early summer weaves.

As I listened, gazing skyward, where the branches dipped apart,
A well-known footfall nearing broke my daydream with a start—
And then I listened only to the beating of my heart!

(Florence Andrews, 108, Grenfell Road, Maidenhead.)



Mumper's Dingle, the wooded retreat in which Borrow met Isopel Berners.

Reproduced by Mr. Murray's permission from the definitive edition of "Lavengro."

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

O Love, that might have been!
I worship thee, and go, a little sad
To dream and not possess thy passioned wonder.
Yet for such dreams I thank God; and am glad,
For I have seen.

O Joy, not made for me!
I thrill to know thee near, yet far away,
Since flaming swords keep closed the gateway splendid.
I dare not ask of God to stoop and say
Why this should be.

O Life I may not live!
Close to Love's strength, potent to heal and save,
Clinging, yet with strange woman-power of guiding.
I need so much to feel thee, and I have
So much to give.

O Pain, thou quickening strife
Raging between dark death and life's white strength!
My lintels, Israel-like, thou shalt pass over,
And I shall never smile to bear, at length,
A little life.

(Violet Gillespie, 114, Devonshire Road, Forest Hill, S.E.)

We specially commend the Lyrics sent in by Alice W. Linford (South Tottenham), M. F. Ackman (Glasgow), Mr. Nevill Heard (Swanage), John Carlton (Hornsey), R. E. D. Donaldson (Putney), W. G. Priest (Norwich), B. Milner (Tonbridge), Marjorie Winifred Crosbie (Herne Bay), Mrs. Trevelyan Thomson (Middlesbrough), Kathleen Birch (Bexhill), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), East Wind (Antrim), Elsie S. Mead (Burnley), B. C. Hardy (Eastbourne), Thomas Law (Holytown), Silverpen (Ealing), Bernard Spencer (London, S.E.), Eric Dexter (Manchester), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), J. Isaacs (Hackney), E. W. Higgs (Clapton), Miss Foulger (Langport), Barnard R. H. Sparell (Hampstead), Bertram J. W. Andrews (Plumstead), C. Doriel Hay (Hampstead), Mrs. Delbridge (Canterbury), J. R. (Forest Hill), Louie Howle (Handsworth Wood), Doris Young (Derby), A. C. Mitchell (Glasgow), Emily Cornell (Upper Norwood), G. W. Turner (Burnley), Emily Sunderland (Todmorden), Helen K. Watts (Nottingham), Arbel M. Aldous (Saffron Walden), Athol M. Shephard (Forest Hill), Winifred M. Offord (Enfield), A. Mitchell (Devizes), Mary M. Wilshire (Victoria Park), Eric Chilman (Hull), Launcelot H. Stuckey (Taunton), D. A. Boland (Glasgow), Rose Speight (Leeds), Beatrice Craig (Straidanan), F. N. Jellicoe (Stockwell), Monica Baines (Hereford), G. J. Holme (Great Malvern), H. B. Dawes (Birkdale), Elizabeth Hearle (Tewkesbury), A. C. Harrison (Walsall), T. H. Storm (North Shields), Mrs. G. H. Leatham (Durham), Miss A. E. Richardson (London, S.E.), E. Summers (Dukinfield), Maude Sanson Carter (Bristol), Joan A. (Framlingham), Beryl M. May (Farnham), Rhys Raworth (Harrogate), M. R. (Birmingham), Arthur S. Wilshire (Dalston), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), T. Whitehead Sefton (Bolton), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), G. M. Fife (Edinburgh), Margaret Durmett (Liscard), Anita Lee (Liverpool), C. Cooper (Streatham), Herbert Rogers (Hackney), Lucie C. Temple (Southsea), Doris Smith (Burton-on-Trent), Miss M. Peart (Tottenham), Eleanor Bull (Ludlow), R. W. King (Catford Hill), Guenn F. Newnham (Dover), B. M. Morris (Bath), Ion A. Grundy (Liverpool), Rev. J. A. S. Wilson (Edinburgh), H. A. Stuckey (Harrogate), Hilary Dane (Ashburton), Sinah Helen West (Plymouth), George Murray (Laverstock), J. R. A. Nicoll (Glasgow), Nemo (Wakefield), Dorothy M. Rawcliffe (Haigh), Hector S. J. Hughes (Irishtown), W. H. Colman (West Malling), T. B. Laudells (Edinburgh), Ernest S. Heron (Chester), John Earl Rose (Bristol), Hugo Irvine (Peterhead), Eric (Darlington), L. Ward (Broadstairs), Denys Alsop (Stafford), Jocelyn Ierne Ormsby (Pontypridd), M. K. (Axminster), Ethel Mary Casson (Finchley), Florence Whitehead (Bury), Agnes M. Bellhouse (Borodon), Jeffery Kisley (Alvaston), Lucy J. Taylor (Birmingham), Mrs. H. Weltch (Aldeburgh), Katie M. Luck (Stony Stratford), Mabel Malet (Hull), Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington), Annie Ellerton (Liscard), Mrs. H. F. Hall (Sheffield), Harding Wood (Canonbury), Major J. Berkeley (Andover), Winifred Holmden (Ilfracombe), John D. Smith (Glasgow), Miss H. M. Barrow (Hastings), M. F. W. (Maidstone), Thomas Carey (Jersey, U.S.A.), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), F. J. Popham (Annan), A. C. Poole (Edmonton), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Marcella Whitaker (Dewsbury), Percy Thomas (Hornsey), Alice Binks (Westoe), C. A. R. (Sheffield), J. S. Lewis (Liscard), Richard William Rogers (North Kensington), James Omerod (Farnworth), Laura Fane (St. Anns-on-Sea), G. M. Hennings (St. Albans),

Where Borrow Lived in Madrid.

The house of Maria Diaz in the Calle del Santiago. Borrow occupied the third floor front. A laundry is now in possession.

From "George Borrow and his Circle," by C. K. Shorter.

The Calle Del Principe, Madrid.

Where Borrow opened a shop for the sale of New Testaments, which was finally shut up by the Government.

From "George Borrow and his Circle," by C. K. Shorter.

H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), A. B. Johnston (Leith), Hyman Edelstein (Ontario), Arthur A. Legg (New Brighton), W. Siebenhaar (Streatham Hill), A. W. Say (Devonport), Hall Blithe (London, S.E.), Gwendolen D. Harold (High Barnet), J. W. Houchin (Shenfield), Edwin Waters (Denmark Hill), H. Beckett (Wolverhampton), Ruth Manning Sanders (Devon), Eleanor L. Clark (Maghera), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), S. T. McCabe (Patricroft), Enoch Daniels (Newcastle), Eveline Swanson (East Finchley), A. E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), E. Margaret Lane (Kettering), Edmund Howard (Putney), A. Charlton (Derby), F. D. J. Waugh (Toddington), Miss E. A. Jowers (Hindhead), B. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), Bessie Hawkins (Bath), Warren Cranmore (Knutsford), L. Aaronson (London, E.), Julia Rose Carling (Plymouth), Arthur R. O'Connor (Dorridge), C. R. Price (Wellington), S. B. Irene Bell (London, W.C.), Mrs. A. M. Reid (Motherwell), S. R. Noyes (Pontypridd), D. K. Boileau (Bath), Eleanor Littlewood (Putney), Chanticleer (Cape Town, S. Africa), Margot Balfour (London, W.), Archibald King (Greenock), Miss E. M. Wood (Huntly), Dorothy Plimpton (London, S.W.), A. M. Mackenzie (Isle of Lewis), Edith Jotham (Isle of Man), Winifred Webb (Califonia).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. Charles Powell, of 290, Oxford Road, Manchester, for the following:

CUPID GOES NORTH. BY MARTIN SWAYNE. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Not in utter nakedness!"
WORDSWORTH, *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.*

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

We also select for printing:

ONE SMITH. BY S. MURRAY JOHNSTONE. (William Dawson & Sons.)

"The novelty would striking be and must attract remark."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bishop of Rum ti Foo.*

(Miss L. Mugford, 13, Ross Road, South Norwood Hill.)

THE POWER BEHIND. BY M. P. WILLCOCKS. (Hutchinson.)

"Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me downstairs?"
J. P. KEMBLE, *The Panel.*

(Janet M. Smith, 70, Pembroke Road, Clifton, Bristol.)

THE TWO KISSES. BY OLIVER ONIONS. (Methuen.)

"The boldest held his breath,
For a time."
CAMPBELL, *Battle of the Baltic.*

(A. Ernest Smith, 104, Sheen Park, Richmond, S.W.)

YOUTH WILL BE SERVED. BY D. WYLLARDE. (Stanley Paul.)

"An infant crying in the night."
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

THE MEANING OF ART. BY PAUL GAULTIER. Translated by H. and E. BALDWIN. (Allen.)

"In tingling impotence the Dauber drew
As all men draw, keen to the shaken soul
To give a hint that might suggest the whole."
JOHN MASEFIELD, *Dauber.*

(Florence G. Fidler, 131, Abbey Road, London, N.W.)

TEARS OF DESIRE. BY CORALIE STANTON and HEATH HOSKEN. (Holden & Hardingham.)

"With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size."
LEWIS CARROL, *Through the Looking Glass.*

(Jocelyn Ierne Ormsby, Pontypridd.)

PRESS CUTTINGS. BY BERNARD SHAW. (Constable.)

"The trail of the serpent is over them all."
T. MOORE, *Paradise and the Peri.*

(R. Speight, Parkdene, Armley, Leeds.)

Toledo.

From a drawing by A. H. Hallam Murray.
Reproduced by Mr. Murray's permission from the definitive edition of "The Bible in Spain."

III.—The Prize for the best letter in not more than 200 words on any volume of poems published in the last twelve months has been divided and Two NEW BOOKS are awarded to Mr. W. H. Littlejohn, of 9, Albion Gardens, Ravenscourt Park, W., and Two NEW BOOKS to Mr. Cecil Barber, of Highnam, Burley-in-Wharfdale, for the following:

DEAR SIR,

Though Mr. William Watson has entitled his book of short poems recently published by Herbert Jenkins Ltd. "The Muse in Exile," it might be claimed that "The Muse in Many Moods" would have been an equally suitable title. The poems are at once grave and gay, genial and petulant, gentle and ponderous, reverent and—breathe the word only—frivolous.

Many of the verses are exquisite in both matter and manner of expression, notably those entitled "Dublin Bay" and "Part of My Story." The former ripples with delightful music, and the latter has an atmosphere of intense reverence—almost amounting to holiness—which is surprising in so slight a work.

We find the usual grievance of the poet against the everlasting powers that

". . . . turned blind eyes upon Keats"

and a fearful attack on the wicked Turk, in which the lines

". . . . the little lands
Have put the mighty thrones to shame."

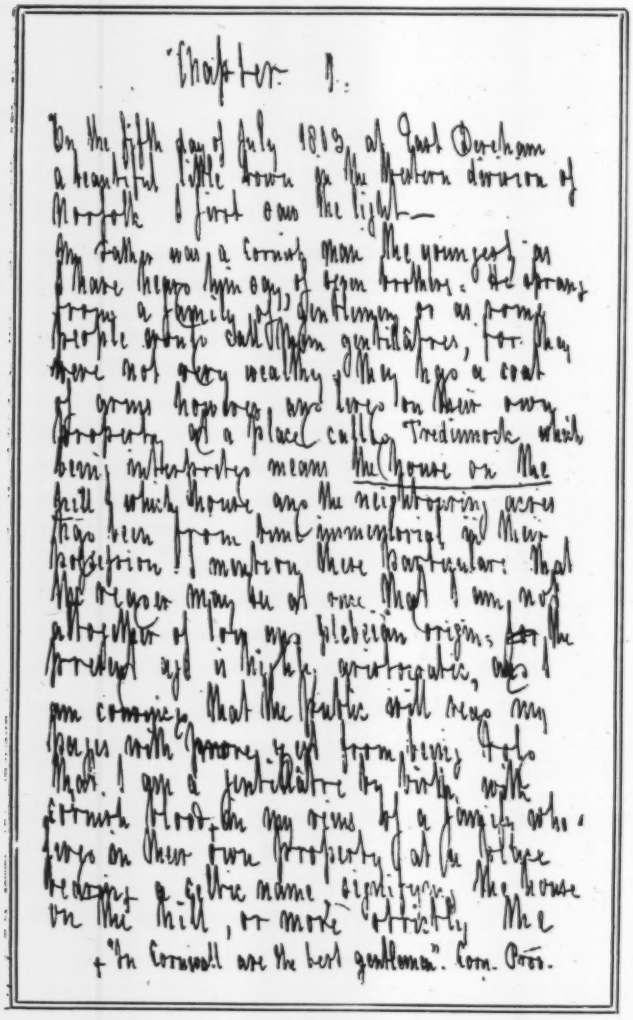
have, in the light of recent revelations of atrocities, acquired a meaning hardly intended by their author.

"The Rash Poet" and "On Pyrrho" are samples of some of the lighter verses contained in this refreshing little book.

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
W. H. LITTLEJOHN.

MY DEAR OLLIE,

So you're head of the school now, and will leave next Midsummer and be "quite grown up." Have you read "Peacock's Pie" yet? Your auntie thinks it "drivel." Never mind. Get it. You remember those bits from an essay by Francis Thompson on Shelley I read to you the Sunday afternoon before you left? You stuck your little nose in the air, and (it might have been Auntie talking) called them "purple patches." So they are. But purple is a royal colour. Shelley himself, Blake ("Know you what it is to be a child?"), and all the rest who went to the making of Thompson, went to the making of Walter de la Mare



Facsimile of page from "Lavengro."

From "George Borrow and his Circle," by C. K. Shorter (Hodder & Stoughton.)

too. Every good artist—and you say you want to be one—is a child at heart. He needs a child to understand him. So don't think you are in for a literary feast, because you aren't. Only half-a-dozen of the poems touch that high-water mark. And if you like the rest, you'll see, Ollie, why I don't want you to be in any hurry to put your hair into a half-bob even, and why I hate for you to call me

Your old Uncle Edward.

CECIL BARBER.

A good many letters have been received in this Competition and the poets chiefly recommended are William Watson, Alfred Noyes, Richard Middleton, Walter de la Mare, James Rhoades, Mrs. Meynell and John Masefield. Among the best of the letters are those by Margaret Peart (Tottenham), Marcella Whittaker (Dewsbury), Hadley Ford (Bristol), Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Beryl M. May (Farnham), Miss M. Escombe (Shawford), Eric Chilman (Hull), Elsie S. Mead (Burnley), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Stevens Binyon (Hastings), Peter R. Purdie (Birnam), Margaret McDonnell (Glasgow), Edna Smallwood (Highbury), Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Malton), Miss M. V. Woodgate (London, S.W.), Miss E. Moore (Liverpool), C. W. Rodmell (Sutton-on-Hull).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. J. M. M'Gregor, of 55, Talbot Road, London, W., for the following :

GEORGE MEREDITH: HIS LIFE, GENIUS AND TEACHING. From the French of CONSTANTIN PHOTIADÈS. Rendered into English by ARTHUR PRICE. (Constable.)

This translation is valuable partly because it enables us to study Meredith from a view-point not directly attainable by ourselves, and no less because of the light it serves to throw upon the Gallic attitude of mind. The book was written for Frenchmen—was written, indeed, to introduce its subject to French readers—hence, much of its expository matter is to us unnecessary ; but for what remains, a sympathetic and acute interpretation and appreciation of the man and his work, it deserves to be widely read in England also, and should be in every Meredithian library.

We also select for printing :

IS THERE A HELL ?—A SYMPOSIUM. (Cassell & Co.)

This book embodies the opinions of sixteen modern religious teachers ; and though the subject is viewed from Free-Church, Anglican, Catholic, Socialistic and Jewish standpoints, yet, broadly, the writers are unanimous in returning an affirmative answer. Furthermore, they practically all agree that Hell is a state, and not a place ; and that the appalling representations of Hell as a Limbo of torture so generally taught some thirty years ago can be considered merely as a "riot of imaginative genius." Instead of insisting on the Wrath of God, these modern teachers conceive that spiritual and moral perfection are best attainable through His Love.

(Percy J. Harris, Coventry.)

THE REGENT. By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Methuen.)

"The profound pessimism of Mr. Bennett" appears to be a sense of the aimlessness of living, and it is as evident in this, his latest work, as in the famous "Old Wives Tale." For the whole story of this book is a mere episode, trifling in its beginning and ending nowhere ; and such, the novel seems to imply, is the stuff that life is made of. The book is remarkable also for its characterisation. Machin and his family, and his theatrical and æsthetic acquaintances in London form a gallery of distinctive portraits, drawn by a master of cruel, detached penetration.

(J. S. Lewis, 6, Wilton Street, Liscard, Cheshire.)

SMOKE BELLEW. By JACK LONDON. (Mills & Boon.)

This virile story is well worth reading—it savours of courage in dire straits, of grit and perseverance under hard conditions and of the meaning of "race" to the apparent weaklings of an old stock. The reader must perforce follow the thrilling adventures of "Smoke Bellew" with interest, and the perusal is more than repaid, for the sense of reality is strong, and the tale cannot but get a grip of all who read it ! The lighter "motif" is not absent, and the woman who means so much to the indefatigable "Smoke" is well portrayed as his fit mate !

(Miss J. A. Jenkins, Edge Hill College, Liverpool.)

We specially commend the reviews sent in by Alan C. Fraser (Bridgwater), R. W. King (Catford Hill, S.E.), Hector S. J. Hughes (Irishtown, Co. Dublin), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall, Cheshire), Elsie Reid (Milnathort, N.B.), Irene Pollock Lalonde (Bath), Constance Ursula Kerr (Dirleton, East Lothian, N.B.), Gertrude M. Elwood (Grimsby), C. R. Price (Wellington, Somerset), F. R. Swan (Palmer's Green, N.), William F. Robinson (Histon, Cambridge), Victor Rienaecker (Belsize Park, N.W.), Miss H. Harting (Chiswick, W.), Agnes Macaulay (Great Malvern), Miss L. Mugford (South Norwood Hill), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), M. J. F. Bittleston (Tilford, Surrey), Lucy G. Chamberlain (Llandudno), Katherine J. Wood (Bournbrook, Birmingham), Miss H. Barrow (Hastings), G. M. Northcott (West Kirby, Birkenhead), M. Whitaker (Dewsbury), Frances A. S. Holbron (Harrietsham, Maidstone), M. C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row, Co. Durham), Bessie Eades (Scarborough), P. R. Purdie (Birnam, Perthshire), Frances D. Watson (Heaton Moor, Lancs.), Lottie Hoskins (Moseley), Arthur Davidson (Nairn), Eleanor Littlewood (Putney, S.W.), E. A. Pearson (Fleet), R. G. Wyatt (Wimbledon, S.W.), and Beatrix Terry (London, S.W.)

V.—A PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss Jocelyn Ierne Ormsby, of Pontypridd.

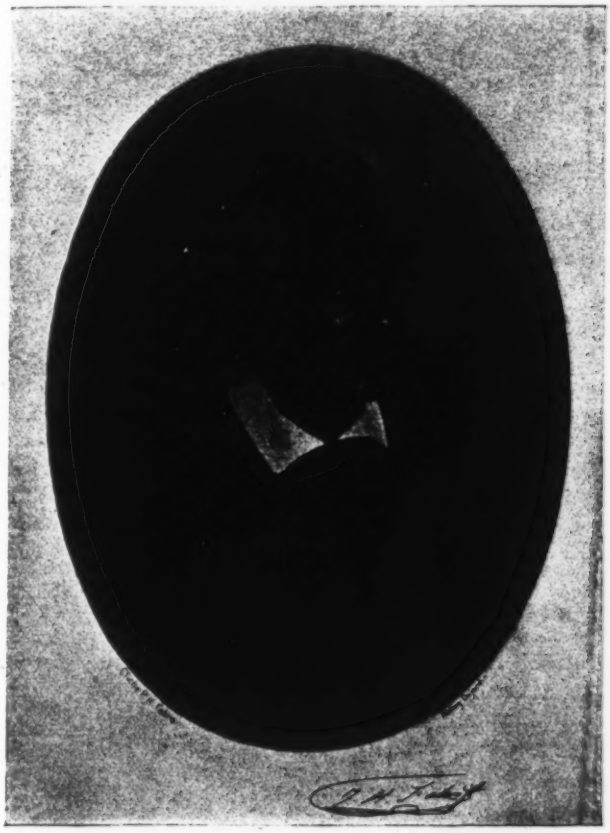
HENRI FABRE: HIS LIFE AND WORK.

BY ALEXANDER TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS.

I.

OF the forty million inhabitants of the British Isles, I doubt if four hundred had ever heard of Henri Fabre before the publication of Maeterlinck's essay on "The Insect's Homer." I certainly was not one of these four hundred; but the essay stimulated me to immediate enquiries. I found that, at the time, the London Entomological Society owned only a part of the volumes forming the "Souvenirs entomologiques"; that there was a complete set at the British Museum and not, as far as I could discover, anywhere else in London; and that a condensed translation of the first volume had been issued by Messrs. Macmillan, in 1901, under the title of "Insect Life." I thought that it would be a desirable and pleasant task to translate the remainder; and I was preparing to negotiate with Paris for the English and American rights of the whole work, when Messrs. Adam & Charles Black sent for me.

It appeared that this leading firm of publishers had acquired the right to issue an English edition of "La Vie des insectes," an illustrated volume of extracts from the "Souvenirs," which had lately been published in France, and that they wished me to undertake the translation. This "popular" form of publication did not exactly coincide with my views, which contemplated a complete and uniform edition of the whole series of essays, uncurtailed and figuring in their order as written; but the agreement between the French and English publishers was already signed, and I accepted the offer of the translation, which received the title of "The Life and Love of the Insect" and appeared in 1911. It was arranged that, if the same house issued the English edition of a second, similar volume, I was to translate this also; and I was a little surprised, early in the following year, to see that Mr. Fisher Unwin was announcing "Social Life in the Insect World," by Henri Fabre, translated by Bernard Miall. I was also more than a little disappointed, not so much because the work had not fallen to me—for Mr. Miall is one of our very ablest translators and his version was admirably done—



Jean Henri Fabre.

From "Fabre: Poet and Man of Science," by Dr. C. V Legros (Fisher Unwin).

but rather because this somewhat scattered method of publication threatened to frustrate my comprehensive plan of a uniform edition. It must be mentioned that the two volumes had also found different publishers in America, where they were issued by the Macmillan Company and the Century Company respectively.

I felt that, if the uniform edition was to be saved in both countries, I must take action without delay; and I accordingly entered into direct relations with M. Charles Delagrave, the French publisher of all Henri Fabre's output, who, on the strength of a very generous personal recommendation from M. Maurice Maeterlinck, ended by signing a contract that placed in my hands the sole control of the unpublished material for both England and America. I was now able to plan out my cherished scheme for a uniform edition in the English language of the "Souvenirs entomologiques" and found no difficulty in making the necessary arrangements with Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, on this side of the Atlantic, and, in New York, with Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., the publishers of the Collected Works of Maurice Maeterlinck. Obviously, as some forty essays had been picked at random from the ten volumes of the "Souvenirs" to form the two books of extracts, my original intention of preserving the chronological order had to be abandoned, as involving too many marked gaps in the sequence of the chapters; and I devised instead a series of volumes each of which would be devoted to a specific order of insects.

The first of these has already appeared, under the title of "The Life of the Spider," and contains all that the author has written about many different species of spiders, which, although not actually insects, are fully described in the "Souvenirs entomologiques," as is the Languedocian scorpion, the only scorpion that has come within Fabre's ken. I could speak at great length, if the space at my command allowed me, of the engrossing character presented by my task of translation and also of its technical difficulties, which are immense to one who, like myself, has had no training nor the least experience as an entomologist. These difficulties would have baffled me to

some purpose if I had not been assisted in the first place by Mr. Marmaduke Langdale and afterwards by Miss Frances Rodwell and Miss Nora Power, while a young American engineer, Mr. W. S. Graff Baker, and a young English chemist, Mr. Edward Cahen, were of the greatest help to me in elucidating the mathematical and chemical technicalities that occurred in many chapters of this and the other books.

"The Life of the Spider" will be followed, in the autumn of the present year, by "The Life of the Fly," which includes all the chapters on the genus Dipteron with, interspersed in their order as first published, the ten or eleven purely autobiographical chapters, which may be numbered among the most fascinating contributions of Henri Fabre to the literature of his time. They are inserted here so that the book may be of the same length as the others, and also because I considered that Fabre's English and American readers would be well pleased to make the personal acquaintance, so to speak, of their author at this early, rather than at a later, stage of the publication. The next volume after "The Fly" will be devoted to "The Wild Bee" and will include a chapter on "The Red Ants"; and then, in due course, we shall hope to produce the life-histories of "The Beetle and the Weevil," "The Wasp," "The Grasshopper," "The Butterfly and the Moth," "The Bug" and "The Scorpion," some of which will make two volumes, while some, according to the amount of material at hand, will be collected to form one. Thus I propose that, before many years are over, the reader shall have the whole of the "Souvenirs entomologiques" at his disposal in a definite and permanent English edition issued in a worthy fashion.

II.

It is time to turn to Henri Fabre's personality and career. I have never had the advantage of meeting him. Twice within the last ten months—in November, on my way to the Mediterranean, and in April, on my journey back to England—I passed within a few miles of his home at Sérignan; but I hesitated to intrude upon the privacy of this great old man, still busily engaged upon his normal activities in his ninetieth year. I, who was wholly incompetent to discuss his special subjects with him on any sort of terms of equality, had no real claim upon his time, his interest or his kindness, save that resting upon my efforts to make him a little better known in England and America—efforts which had evidently brought me their own reward. Every minute given to me would have been a minute stolen from his work, which is the property of mankind.

Nor could Fabre, with his amply-filled but essentially simple life, have told me much about himself that I had not already learned. Fame came late to him, but it came; and with it two "Lives," partly based upon and partly supplementing the autobiographical chapters that will be read shortly—and, I venture to think, eagerly read—in "The Life of the Fly." These two Lives of J. H. Fabre are in one and two volumes respectively, and are from the pens of his friend and disciple, Dr. G. V. Legros, and of his namesake and distant kinsman, M. Augustin Fabre. They tell us how he was born on December 23rd, 1823, at Saint-Léons, a small parish in the canton of Vezins, district of Haut Rouergue, forming part of the ancient province of Guyenne, so that, though Fabre will always be regarded as a Provençal, he is not really a Provençal save by adoption. He came of peasant stock and of an exceedingly poor peasant stock, numbering no well-to-do farmers among its members, who considered themselves lucky when they held, by inheritance or marriage, a small bit of land to call their own. His paternal grandfather was one of these small farmers; his grandfather on the mother's side followed the calling of a process-server, or sheriff's officer. Henri Fabre's own father at one time had a farm, but in the author's earliest childhood became smitten with the love of town-life and kept a humble café at one provincial town or village after the other. Not many of his immediate forbears, and scarce any of the more remote, were able to spell out even a few lines of a newspaper or to write their own names. He himself cannot account for his love of learning, his love of literature, his love of nature, or his love of science by any explanation based upon the theory of heredity. He sees no "throw-back" in himself to a cultured ancestor or ancestress, however distant.

He was taught nothing at home, not even good farming, for, as I have said, the farm was abandoned in his infancy, and his sole agricultural experience seems to have been the driving of a flock of ducklings to and from the village pond. Nor did he receive any but the most haphazard education at the rustic school to which he was sent as a tiny boy, a school where the master was constantly called away by other duties and where the chickens and pigs made frequent inroads. He learnt to read mainly by his own efforts and initiative; he learnt a little arithmetic. When he had grown a year or two older, he received gratis instruction at a secondary school, in return for his services as an acolyte in church; and thus, little by little, he acquired knowledge—mostly self-taught—and the habit of learning, until at last he received his appointment as an assistant-master at Carpentras, to which was attached a wretched salary of seven hundred francs a year.

Meanwhile, his love of natural history had long asserted itself and, as he tells us, had to be suppressed, in order that he might apply himself to the study of mathematics for his degree. After a while he was promoted to the post of lecturer on physics at Ajaccio, at a salary of eighteen hundred francs, by no means a large income on which to support a wife and a growing family. Here, in Corsica, he came into contact with two travelling naturalists, Requien, of Avignon, and Moquin-Tandon, of Toulouse; and the latter, perceiving the special bent of Fabre's mind, recommended him to throw mathematics overboard and "to get to the beast the plant." The young man acted on this advice, added a third degree, that of natural science, to those of mathematics and physics, and received, in 1854, his nomination to the college of Avignon.

Fabre's first notable entomological work appeared in 1855, when he was thirty-two years of age, and took the form of an essay on the cerceris-wasp, published in the "Annales des sciences naturelles." He had little time at this period for study or writing, though he had the greatest need for both, seeing that his stipend had fallen from eighteen hundred to sixteen hundred francs and remained at the latter figure during the whole of

Corner of George Borrow's Bedroom at Norwich, showing a view of the city roofs.

From an etching by C. M. Nichols, R.E.

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almost twenty years which he spent, as an assistant-professor, at Avignon College. Fortunately, he was endowed with a positive lust for work; and on every Sunday and every Thursday half-holiday he escaped to Carpentras, there to prosecute his observations on insects in the open-air.

You will read in "The Life of the Fly," in a chapter entitled "Industrial Chemistry," how he tried—and failed—to earn an independence at Avignon by setting up a factory for producing madder-dye; how he was sought out by Victor Duruy, the Minister of Education; how he was dragged to Paris, much against his will, presented to the Emperor Napoleon III. and decorated with the Legion of Honour. You will have read in "The Life and Love of the Insect" (London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: The Macmillan Co.) how he was visited by Pasteur; and you will read, a year hence, in "The Wild Bee," how he corresponded with Charles Darwin and assisted him by making a number of complicated experiments on his behalf. Darwin called him "the inimitable observer"; Fabre, though he refers to Darwin as "the illustrious scientist" and so on, never entirely reciprocated the older man's admiration, and, throughout the Souvenirs entomologiques displays for the English naturalist a feeling which I would venture to describe as one of good-humoured but quite friendly scorn. You may agree with him or you may not; I agree with him and you may not; but you and I alike must love and respect and revere this humble practical observer tilting with undaunted courage at the successful and self-opinionated theorists whose views on the evolution of species, in which he refuses to believe, were rapidly gaining ground. He chaffs them merrily, but never bitterly; and his witty sallies against the exponents and adherents of evolution, transformism, mimesis and the rest of the "theories" will always counta mong the most brilliant and delightful passages in the Souvenirs.

I have a particular reason for mentioning Fabre's relations with Darwin at this point. There is no doubt that Fabre is a supremely Christian philosopher and that his quarrels with the evolutionists are due, in no small measure, to his belief that they are too prone to leave the will of God out of their reckoning. Now the irony of fate brought about that Fabre himself, because he talked to his pupils of the beasts and the flowers and the stars and all the wonders of nature, became looked upon, by the narrow-minded inhabitants of the provincial town where he resided, as a "dangerous" and "irregular" person. It also happened that, at this time, he had lost his protector, Duruy, who had himself fallen a victim to the persistent attacks of his obscurantist adversaries. The opportunity was seized to form a local cabal against Fabre; and his enemies made tools of two maiden ladies, a pair of elderly spinsters who owned the house in which Fabre lived, and induced them to give him a month's notice to quit. He held no lease, had not the least scrap of a written agreement to show, was without remedy of any kind; and he had to submit and go.

At that moment he was so poor, so utterly denuded of all resources, that he had not even the wherewithal to pay for the removal of his belongings. The Franco-German war was devastating the country; Paris was besieged; and Fabre had ceased for the time to receive the meagre royalties which his school-manuals and his books of popular science for children were just beginning to yield. Owing to the retired life which his studious and laborious habits caused him to lead, he had no friends at Avignon; and he possessed no credit. In his distress, he turned to John Stuart Mill, with whom he had lived on terms of intimacy during the philosopher's many stays in the City of the Popes. Mill, who was now member of Parliament for Westminster, at once sent him three thousand francs, as a loan without security, to be repaid at his friend's convenience. Fabre thereupon shook off the yoke of the college, withdrew to Orange, and here, after some seeking, found a house to suit him on the outskirts of the town. He discharged his debt within two years, and to this day relates the story of Mill's kindness in terms of fervent gratitude.

Mill died at Avignon in 1873. In the same year Fabre received his dismissal as keeper of the Requien Museum, a subsidiary post which he had retained on leaving Avignon, visiting that city twice a week regularly from Orange. Such time as he could spare from the education of his children was now devoted to writing; but it was not until 1878 that he was able to collect enough of his serial essays to publish the first volume of his monumental "Souvenirs entomologiques," which, issued at rare intervals during the subsequent three decades, were to end by forming a work in ten volumes, consisting of over 3,700 pages and containing nearly 1,200,000 words.

In 1879 he left Orange for Sérignan, where he purchased a small house and garden and also the famous piece of waste ground, the wild paddock or *harmas*, to which such frequent reference is made in his writings. Here his wife died. His children were all grown up, some were married, the others were on the point of leaving him; and he foresaw the time when he would be left alone, with not even his aged father, the old café-keeper of Toulouse and Pierrelatte, for a companion. The son, moreover, had inherited the father's unpractical ways, his inability to cope with the exigencies of life, his domestic unfitness.

For this reason, after remaining a widower for two years, Fabre married again. He was over sixty, but physically and mentally as young as he had ever been, and he took to wife a young, industrious woman, full of life and vigour and in every way suited to satisfy that need of order, peace, calmness and moral tranquillity which was essential to his existence. Three children, a boy and two girls, were born in rapid succession and before long the youngest of his daughters by the first wife returned home. Thus a family was reconstituted to surround him with its cares in his old age.

From this time onwards, aided by his wife and children, he pursued without distraction the career of his own choosing, applying himself exclusively to the studies that have made him celebrated all over the world. He has survived his second wife; but his son and his daughters still live by his side. He has never known a state far removed above poverty, has always, even of late years, had to live very nearly from hand to mouth; but the stories of his pitiful destitution, which were promulgated so lavishly last year by a well-meaning press, are highly coloured and exaggerated. He has at no time,

since the publication of the "Souvenirs entomologiques" began, been in want of the necessaries of life, necessaries small indeed in the case of a man of his astonishingly simple ways; nor has he ever lamented the absence of life's luxuries. What has distressed him, from the start to the approaching finish of his career, is the lack of means with which to buy the finer and more expensive scientific instruments that would have been so useful to him in the pursuit of his studies. Time after time he describes to us the apparatus employed by him in his experiments and investigations; and these appliances are mostly of a makeshift character. The reader knows how stupendous the results have been, in spite of it all.

III.

Fabre is, and will always remain, "the inimitable observer," an entomologist by the grace of God. It is an open question, however, whether posterity will not regard him rather as a mighty man of letters. There is a marvellous attraction about his style. Men more competent to judge than I, Frenchmen, have assured me that he does not write absolutely pure French, that Provençal idioms creep in here and there in his work, that he uses words occasionally in a sheer Provençal sense, that he writes, in a manner of speaking, with a southern accent. This may be so. I cannot tell. It is true that, in translating him, I have many times come upon a word which I do not find in Littré, or which Littré defines in a sense different from that which Fabre intends it to convey. But how does this affect the question of style? We all know what a prig and pedant your Frenchman is in the matter of his own language. While he looks upon it as a made and perfect implement, he will often welcome a neologism, proudly labelling it as such; but the introduction of a provincial term, however happy, however mellifluous, however robust, from east, north, west or south of Paris, shocks him as barbarous. Let him be shocked: Fabre's style remains none the less delightful. It is as simple as Victor Hugo's, as lucid as Chateaubriand's; it trips along with a graceful lilt of its own; it has ever the right word in the right place.

Fabre's work translates into excellent English; and I have always thought that this quality—the quality of being readily rendered into a foreign tongue—is a test of good writing. It is the tortuous, laboured, fantastic, would-be "original" style that hampers the translator. Fabre's style is invariably straightforward, radiant and magnificent; he writes as a classic from the moment that he takes up his pen.

BERNARD SHAW: PART TWO.

By Dixon Scott.

"But whatsome'er the failings on his part
Remember, reader, he were that good in his heart."—Joe Gargery.

I.

THAT, or something like it, was really the burden of the long Bernard Shaw article which bored its way through last month's Bookman, and which it is the firm purpose of these new paragraphs to end. It has been called "a brilliant attack"; whereas it was actually a defence. It was an honest attempt to discover the cause of the disparity between Mr. Shaw's superb powers and his performances, between the work he might have done for us—the work he wanted to do for us—and the work he has actually done; and as it groped and tapped sympathetically it did come delightedly on evidence which seemed to prove overwhelmingly that the real villain of the piece was—not the author of *Androcles*—but that wasteful, wanton, mocker, whose present alias is The Life Force, which actually completed its frustration of Mr. Shaw's career by sardonically setting him to work to sing its praises. There *is* something positively conspiratorial in the cunning logic of events which drove this splendid Irishman astray: he was plucked about like a puppet—torn out of his true place—crammed when still young and tender into an inappropriate mould, and held there while circumstance, with a diabolical deftness, screwed the die down on his features ineffaceably; and his very air of arrogance, which makes this description sound absurd, was but one of the imprints received in that hour. That the man whose deepest desire is to heal and help humanity should have become a kind of byword for mockery; that his altruism should seem egotism, his earnestness insolence, his mysticism materialism, his refusal to have living creatures slaughtered for his food a symptom, not of warm-heartedness, but of cold-bloodedness; that the man whose only quarrel with Christianity is its acquired element of cruelty, and who has preached and practised constantly an absolutely saintly code of private conduct and the strictest obedience to the Church's hardest rules, should yet be regarded as a dangerous enemy of morals and reproved (as he was by *The Times* itself the other morning, in a leader on "Androcles and the Lion") for ribaldry and irreverence in regard to sacred things: all these and their hundred kindred contradictions are explained when we watch his career from the beginning and perceive the frightful dexterity with which fate has always employed his best qualities to drive him along a road that must distort them. That was what we saw last month. We found the essential Shaw to be eager, idealistic, impulsive, romantic. We saw him flung, at exactly the most impressionable hour of his life, into the peculiarly priggish and self-assertive little world of the intellectual London of the eighties. We saw how his native eagerness and inexperience idealised that environment; and how his wit and his vividness and his love of picturesqueness urged and enabled him to reproduce all its elements in a single concentrated pose; and how the accent he then adopted, the attitudes he

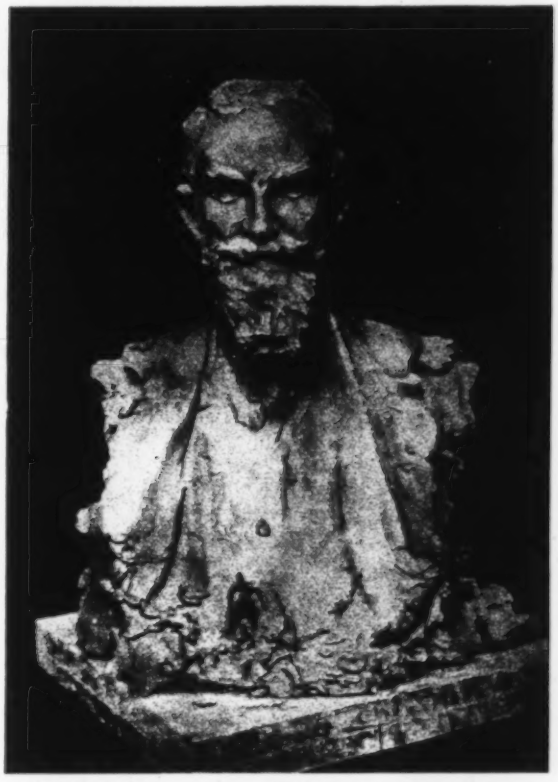
struck as he hectored the world from rebel platforms, ate back into his instincts and affected his habit of mind, until at length intolerance, arrogance, contentiousness, contradictiousness, became instinctively his imagination's weapons. And finally we saw how his very earnestness and craving for consistency forced him on to the concoction of a philosophy which would justify his policy of pert exasperation; and how he gradually perfected a theory which represented irritation as the only sesame to men's consciousness, and cold clear thinking as the weapon now most needed to cut us free from our pampering illusions, and which therefore laid on the man of genius as his deepest duty this thankless task of challenge and contempt. And we watched this adventitious creed drinking up vitality from his veins, dilating till at last it shut him in—trapped in a dense grove of ideas that slowly altered him until he matched them, as dungeon walls will do a captive. . . .

And now, as promised, we come to the climax which completes the cruel process with a clang. Those two consecutive lines of disablement and development are twisted together and welded abruptly; irony receives its iron crown. For we are now going to contemplate Mr. Shaw being compelled to proclaim and believe himself a dramatist, and, at the same time, by the self-same power and process, being carefully unfitted for the rôle.

II.

The first half of this epitome, the way Shaw's early pose of rebel insolence placed him on a track which propelled him implacably towards play-writing, is easily traced by simply jotting down some dates. Recapitulate rapidly the early facts of his life in a straightforward string, and you see chronology creeping up to this crisis. In 1876, twenty years old, he crosses from Ireland to London, knowing more and thinking more of pictures and music than of anything else in the world. A couple of years later, entirely by accident, he hears a certain young Sidney Webb (exactly his own age) laying down the laws of life to an audience of awe-stricken adults; and resolves to become a platform speaker too. In pursuit of this fell purpose he permeates all the societies for scolding Society which were a feature of the London of that time, and by 1882 he has so out-woven Webb, has caught the trick of all-round truculence so perfectly, that even the most hardened and ferocious food-reformer, dress-reformer, land-reformer, reform reformer, *et hoc genus omne*, will blench at the mention of his name. And in 1885, at the age of twenty-nine (perhaps feeling that this fearless independence had depended on his mother long enough), he is looking out for some settled job in journalism.

Now, what would you expect to happen? Naturally, he was made a musical critic. "I have never had a programme," he once said, "I simply took the job that was given me and did it the best way I could"; but in those days of alert editors a man who knew more about pictures and music than anything else in the world, and who had learned to express himself imperiously, was journalistically a dedicated soul. He became art critic to *The World* in 1885, musical critic to the *Star* in 1888, and in 1895, following the course of nature, he was unhitched from the *Star* by Mr. Frank Harris and installed as dramatic critic to *The Saturday*.



By Prince Paul Troubetzkoy. **A plaster bust of Shaw, made in forty minutes.**

Reproduced by courtesy of the sculptor.
From "George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Work," by Archibald Henderson (Hutchinson).

The inevitability of all that is as evident as $2 \times 2 = 4$. What happens next has the same infernal neatness. It was a perfect repetition of his earlier innocent display among the societies and Socialists. He had taken rebelliousness more seriously than the rebels themselves, and played the part with an overpowering completeness. He now idolised the theatre in the same impulsive way, and was once more taken in by his own eloquence. For Shaw's besetting weakness is a certain stubborn pride of soul which cannot permit him to admit, even in a whisper to himself, that the cause he is engaged in is not crucial; and he now reacted exactly as such a character could be counted on to react, with results distinctly startling to the stage. For no sooner had Mr. Harris seen him settled in his stall than he sprang up declaring it a choir-stall in a cathedral. "The theatre," said he, "is a place where two or three are gathered together, with an apostolic succession as serious and as continuously inspired as that younger institution, the apostolic succession of the Christian Church." "The theatre," he said, "is as important as the Church was in the Middle Ages, and much more important than the Church in London now." It is "a factory of thought, a prompter of conscience, an elucidator of conduct, an armoury against despair and dullness, and a temple of the Ascent of Man." Its plays were "identical with a church service as a combination of artistic ritual, profession of faith and

sermon"; and its players, to their own immense embarrassment were hailed as "hierophants of a cult as eternal and sacred as any professed religion in the world." Our Don Quixote, dear romantic, was discomfiting the marionettes by taking them with unintended seriousness.

The completion of the operation will be plain. Mr. Shaw may never persuade us that the theatre exerts a power equal to that which established Inquisitions, and curdled Europe into Crusades, and shot the great frozen fountains of Chartres and Rouen into mid-sky; but he quickly persuaded himself. Just as his first infatuation made his pride produce a theory which put the case for contentiousness so confoundedly convincingly that it enthusiastically endeared him to an attitude it was only intended to excuse, so now his heated declarations of the supreme importance of the drama burgeoned out into corollaries so credible that he had to believe in them himself. He became convinced that Drama was the thing best worth doing. It was therefore the work worthiest of his powers. He was already middle-aged, —but no matter. In 1898 he stole away from his mere stall. Before the end of the year he was known to the world as the author of "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant."

III.

Nothing, then, could be clearer than that Mr. Shaw became a dramatist—not as a result of predilection—but simply because he was propelled into the part by circumstances. Once one realises that, one also sees the huge unlikelihood of him turning out the born dramatist he claimed to be; and, indeed, it could easily be shown that even his power "of conjuring up imaginary people in imaginary places and finding pretexts for theatrical scenes between them" (on which he plumes himself in the Preface to Plays Pleasant) is much more the novelist's dramatic knack than the playwright's, that his mere sense of the physically dramatic, taking that alone, is far from being the true sense of the theatre. But these initial, native deficiencies wouldn't have mattered so much if it hadn't been for that other element: the grim fact that the very circumstances which had made him dramatist had simultaneously robbed him of his best right to be one. Be one, that is to say, in his own high sense of it—a maker of works of art depicting the daily life of the world, phials filled with essence of actuality. A man of his wit and force couldn't, of course, fail to contrive stage-pieces with a good deal more pith and picturesqueness about them than the majority of plays turned out by the class of brains the stage deserves; but anything bigger, anything adequate to his own definition, he had already forfeited the faculty to produce. He was trebly disqualified—and the first of these three handicaps stares out at us so brazenly from the record of his life that the wonder is it never warned him off; so plain is it indeed that it has visibly stamped itself into the framewok of his house, making an ominous writing on the walls of his home. "*They say. What say they? Let them say.*" These are the words (his biographer tells us) that Mr. Shaw has had carved above the fireplace in his study. They are sufficiently significant. Admirable enough as the motto of a callow rebel, the old contemptuous border battle-cry amounts to a surrender of his sword when heard on the lips of a dramatist. For, being interpreted, it really means that "I, the underseated, owner of this hygienic hearth, boast a deliberate lack of that imaginative sympathy which is the chief credential of the interpreter of character." And by sympathy, in this sense, one does not mean a slobbering pity: for pity can be as partial as contempt. By imaginative sympathy one simply means the jolly power of watching, with a chuckling absorption and delight, the doings of every sort and size of people; and of this happy gift, if ever he had it, Shaw by now had been wholly dispossessed. Sympathy is something hardly to be discerned in a man who has deliberately made disdain a working principle; who has learned to study human nature in the spirit of an opponent; and whose idea of "a generous passion" has become a "passion of hatred" for all the "accursed middle-class institutions that have starved, thwarted, misled and corrupted us from our cradles." *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner:* you cannot cut your enemy and know him too. That is a sort of vivisection that *is* fruitless. And Shaw really admitted his own incapacity for play-writing when he affirmed that the average audience was a set of soapy stupids, "part of them nine-tenths chapel-goers by temperament, and the remainder ten-tenths blackguards." For the stage at its best is only a mirror held up before the face of the watching house. The big play is composed of little playgoers: it must comprehend them even when they don't comprehend it.

That, then, is the first of Mr. Shaw's three acquired deficiencies: his socialism has made him unsociable: his confirmed habit of wiping somebody out, which he formed among the Fabians because it was so effective there, becomes here a disastrous obliteration of his

Photo by Window & Grove.

G. B. Shaw, at the age of 23.

Taken in Dublin, July 4, 1879.

From "George Bernard Shaw: his Life and Work," by Archibald Henderson (Hutchinson).

model: he is like an archer (not William, though!) who has set up a target with care and then discovered it has used up all the wood meant for arrows. And now, on the top of it, driving it in further, comes acquired defect number two—one that limits still further his already narrowed range of subjects, and one that is all the more mischievous because it is masked by a quality that may have done much at the outset to convince him that drama was his line. All Shaw's early efforts as a writer were given, as we have seen, to the task of forming a medium of expression apt for physical utterance—a type of diction he could debate with and dictate with dogmatically, dealing it out from his hustings or stabbing it into his societies in successive sentences as pat and purposeful as neatly planted blows. Now, that meant good dialogue; and so, long before he had ever dreamt of turning dramatist, he had perfectly acquired the great trick which so many playwrights never do learn: the art of making all his words fit live lips and leap alertly off the tongue, as slick and natural as slang, fresh with the colours of actual intercourse. But whilst his platform-work thus taught him the acoustics of the stage and how to make his characters talk like human beings, it also confirmed him in a foible which reacted on those characters to make them human beings of one particular kind. For the essence of his own speeches had been their slitting, pelting, salience: it had been his work to resolve the old vague rumblings of oratory into a rattle of definite drops—and nothing, he found, sped a period so well as a core of cute meaning, self-contained. With the result that a crisp statement soon became essential to his sentences: he could no more begin to write one without an assertion to maintain it than a cabby could go a drive without a fare.

But though this confirmed inability to ask a question, or to suggest, or appeal, or submit, or discriminate, or qualify, or use art as a means of evocation, summoning a wisdom deeper than the artist knew he controlled—although this limitation was an immense asset on a platform, it obviously became a fatal barrier to completeness when the habitual asserter set to work to write a play. For it meant that the stage-door of his theatre had to be shut in the faces of a throng of very necessary characters: all the dim folk and foggy folk, the puzzled and perturbed, the groping, hoping, helpless, humble, unassertive humans, who act by instinct instead of by reason and whose deeds speak so much more clearly than their words—all these he was compelled to turn away. He couldn't employ them—for he couldn't equip them with a part. His sympathies, we have seen, were already limited—but even if he were filled with a positive affection for such characters he couldn't take them on—no, not even to take them off; for although he understood them they did not understand themselves, and for people who don't know their own minds and can't communicate the knowledge clearly, Shaw has no form of speech that will do. He can write none but definite dialogue; and definite dialogue entails definite minds; and the result is that all the members of his cast seem members of one exclusive caste. *A specimen of the sensible highly educated young Englishwoman: prompt, strong, confident, self-possessed. . . . A man of cool temperament and low but clear and keen intelligence, with the imperturbability of the accurate calculator who has no illusions. . . . A vigorous, genial, popular man of forty with a sound voice which he uses with the clean athletic articulation of the practised orator. . . . A dignified man, a born chairman of directors. . . . A strong man, with a watchful face. . . .* Pass them in parade, from Vivie Warren to Andrew Undershaft, and you find they have all had to be endowed with this rare faculty—a power of quick, precise and ruthless calculation and self-confidence, the necessary adjunct to the way they'll have to speak. Each has a ready point of view, bright and finished as a rapier; and the drama has to resolve itself into the ring and rattle of these weapons, the multiplex duel we get when they all unsheathe their points and prettily proceed to cross opinions. What fun it is, how exciting it can be, we all, to our happiness, well know. But we have to admit that the mirror misses much. It is odd to reflect that his democracy is the cause of this exclusiveness.

IV

Yet if these are serious handicaps I fear the third is even heavier. It was bad enough to be compelled to insist on his *dramatis personæ* all coming clearly provided with opinions; but what was worse was the fact that the exigencies of platform work had compelled him to add a pack of neat opinions to his own equipment, and that his haste and his innocence and the highly peculiar circle of his friends made the pack in many ways a faked one. "*To be set too early*," says Meredith, somewhere, "*is to take the work out of the hands of the Sculptor who fashions men. A character that does not wait for circumstances to shape it is of less worth in the race that must be run.*" Well, Shaw set too soon. The pressure of those early days of gleeful mutiny, the need for being dogmatic, precipitated his young ideas in a premature philosophy, to which ever since he has clung; and at the same time the material out of which he had to get his ideas, the personal experiences he turned into opinions, were quite unfairly lopsided, incomplete, artificial. The idiosyncrasy of his troupe he might to some extent have counter-balanced by picking their points of view with care and then arranging these so that they partly reproduced the pattern and poise of reality: but such ingenuity availed nothing whatever against the bias of his own point of view. He might (and he did) arrange his rapiers like spokes to look like a mimic Wheel of Life: but to no purpose, for the hub was out of truth. And it was out of truth because, quite literally, what he had taken as his centre was really eccentric, and what he had accepted in his innocence as a genuine axle was actually only a crank.

For remember, once more, where he was when he formed his views: remember the New Woman and "The Woman Who Did," and The Ibsen Society and rational dress, and the general, dank, indoor, snuffy, insincere atmosphere of devotees and defiance in which he formed his first impressions and made one. It was suburban in the worst sense—under the Town, shut in and overshadowed by its mass. "I am a typical Irishman," he once said, "my family came from Yorkshire." Actually, he is a typical Cockney: he came from the country before he had learned that Middlesex wasn't the middle; and what he ought to have said was: "I am a true Metropolitan: my views are so

very provincial." Shut up in one pigeon-hole, he felt he was surveying the whole room; he took it for granted that the highly specialised existence he shared was a fair sample of reality: he got his ideas of human society from the members of his societies; and innocently accepted the New Woman as woman. He knew nothing of the working north, nothing of pastoral England, nothing even of the genuine suburbs or the actual provinces, or the places where life does expand with some serenity, repeating its comeliest delights. Morris had had Kelmscott to use as a base, his grey manor with its immemorial beauties was his hub; and when he looked out from it he realised that Shaw's little London was a mere dirty splash on one of the spokes. But though Shaw took a Hertfordshire house many years later, and though a healthy Hibernian longing for the open has no doubt always been mixed with his motives, yet he never let that longing take him to his true kingdom; and his work has been far more a product of indoor dilettantism than that of Mr. Henry James. For Mr. James has travelled tirelessly, shedding old shibboleths and learning the non-existence of horizons; whereas Shaw has always remained complacently satisfied that his early contact with life was remarkably complete. He is constantly pluming himself in the breadth of his experience: "Like a greengrocer and unlike a minor poet, I have lived instead of dreaming and feeding myself with artistic confectionery." "Three times every week I could escape from artistic and literary stuff and talk seriously on serious subjects with serious people. *For this reason—because I persisted in Socialist propaganda—I never once lost touch with the real world.*" So does he point proudly to the bars of his prison and boast of how they keep reality before him. He honestly believed that a brisk debate with Mr. Belfort Bax brought him very near to the simple heart of human nature. He felt that he understood the democracy because he knew so many democrats.

It was as a Fabian Meeting multiplied, then, that Shaw first beheld the race of man; and his views of life were largely formed to fit this fascinating vision. Let me give one example of the way he generalised, of the way he accepted a suburban experience as a symbolical episode and framed a law on the strength of it which he promptly applied to the rest of creation. Let it be his theory of the relation of the sexes—of woman as the huntress and man as the prey. It reappears constantly, for it is one of the several steel-yard rules which he can handle easier than golden ones; but its first appearance is in "The Philanderer." Now we have the assurance of Mr. Shaw's biographer that "'The Philanderer' exhibits an attitude towards women induced in Shaw by unpleasant personal relations with women prior to the time at which the play was written. . . . The first act is a more or less accurate replica of a scene in Mr. Shaw's own life." There you have it! The core of "Man and Superman" is simply a twisted point of view manufactured out of the shoddy and unreliable material circumstances brought him when he had to take what he got to make opinions. Not all the adroitness in Ireland could overcome that initial drawback. He may declare that "Ann is Everywoman" as loudly as he will, and swear that her "demonstration, that the initiative in sex transactions remains with women," is a piece of pure impartial drama, the result of "a creative process over which I have no control." We know better. Falsified from the commencement, the piece had to be a fantasy. It is one of the most delightful variety entertainments ever witnessed on the stage, but it holds no mirror up to life. What it reflects is an impatient youth of genius being impeded by a pack of spinsters who can't spin, the female intellectuals peculiar to a little patch of London (and a patch which has by now been ploughed and broken), and deciding that his predicament must be typical of Everyman's, that he has discovered a Universal Law which nobody before him has had the honesty to announce. . . .

V.

Then his plays are an imposture? Pardon me; I never said so: What I say indeed is that he has acted with perfect sincerity, that all the errors in the result must be attributed to our time. It is because they are not a fair indictment that they do become a grave one; —But then, on the other hand, it is when we realise their vices that we discover his true virtues. For the fine thing is this—and this the only use of critics' efforts — that once the limitations of the plays are realised they cease to possess any; once you see that Shaw has done the best he could for us under the circumstances, then his effort is seen in relation to those circumstances and its errors instinctively allowed for. Recognise that a passion for purity, gentleness, truth, justice and beauty is the force at the base of all his teaching, and you will find his message one of the most tonic of our time. Realise further how he has limited himself by the philosophy he has expounded, and you will escape all danger of being hurt by its deficiencies. And instead of the irritation, the bewilderment, or (what was worse) the priggish complacency with which you regarded them, you find yourself turning to them with sympathy, with comradeship and eager friendliness, able to use all their strong medicine without being embittered by the taste. It is only when you regard them, in short (and this is the summary of the whole irony), it is only when you regard them with the very sympathy they doggedly deride that you receive the help which they hunger to offer.

New Books.

THE SECOND ROOM.*

It is thirty-one years since Anthony Trollope passed away, in his sixty-eighth year, and during that period the on y book that has given us any information about him is his "Autobiography," which was published a year after his death. That no one, in these days when biographies and volumes of reminiscences stream from the printing presses, has thought fit to write of Trollope the man, can be explained only by the supposition that no one thought the reading public interested in the novelist. For many years after the decease of Trollope this undoubtedly was the case, but in recent years there has been a marked revival of interest. Sir Leslie Stephen, Mr. Frederic

* "Anthony Trollope: His Work, Associates, and Originals." By T. H. S. Escott. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Anthony Trollope

From a drawing by Samuel Laurence, in the possession of Mrs. Anthony Trollope.

From "Anthony Trollope," by T. H. S. Escott (John Lane).

Harrison, and Mr. Escott were always loud in praise of Trollope, even in the period of his temporary eclipse—an eclipse due probably in great part to the fact that he was overshadowed by his great contemporaries, Thackeray, Dickens, and George Eliot, who, not only by their work, but also by their personality, bulked more largely in the public eye.

Admirer as I am of Trollope, I cannot claim for him a place among the most gigantic of literary giants. It were heresy to name him in the same breath with Fielding, Thackeray, and Jane Austen; nevertheless he has his claims, distinct, undoubted claims, to a comfortable niche in the Valhalla of letters. Dickens was the novelist of the lower classes of the Victorian era, Thackeray of the upper classes: it may be urged that Trollope was the portrait-painter of the middle classes. Mr. Herman Merivale, criticising Trollope's rather unsympathetic monograph on Thackeray, pointed out that the lesser man resented the master's want of method in his writings, and said rebukingly, "Such admirable work is often done by the unmethodical." Now, Trollope was, above all things, methodical. He wrote regularly and steadily, and had the utmost contempt for the writer who waited for "inspiration." "To me," he said, "it would not be more absurd if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration, or the tallow-chandler for the divine moment of melting. If the man whose business it is to write has eaten too many good things, or has drunk too much, or has smoked too many cigars—as men who write will sometimes do—then his condition may be unfavourable for work; but so will be the condition of a shoemaker who has been similarly imprudent. I have sometimes thought that the inspiration wanted has been the remedy which time will give to the evil results of such imprudence. *Mens sana in corpore sano.* The author wants that as does every other workman—that's a habit of industry. I was once told that the surest aid to the writing of a book was a piece of cobbler's wax on my chair. I certainly believe in the cobbler's wax much more than in the inspiration." Trollope was severe on those whose methods were not his. He could—and did—write three thousand words in three hours before breakfast. Therefore, every author should write three thousand words in three hours before breakfast. To do so was virtue, not to do so vice. Nevertheless, we may supplement Mr. Merivale's dictum, by saying, Such admirable work is often done by the methodical. After all, it is merely a question of temperament. Thackeray was by nature indolent—he required the spur before he could work; Trollope was by nature industrious.

At his best Trollope was splendid, and he was often at his best. The Barsetshire Novels are magnificent, and contain an extensive portrait-gallery which few authors would disdain to have created. For my part, I have always regarded as Trollope's greatest creation, Josiah Crawley, Vicar of Hogglestock. Not a pleasant fellow, Crawley, for acute poverty had roused in him a bitter, stern, unbending pride, that apparently nothing could subdue. But his wife falls ill, and at last sweet Lucy Robarts forces her way into his house, and nurses and tends her. Then, when illness has been vanquished, the man's noble nature conquers him, and he speaks, as some fine old patriarch might have done: "May God Almighty bless you, Miss Robarts. You have brought sunshine into this house, even in the time of sickness when there was no sunshine; and He will bless you. You have been the Good Samaritan, binding up the wounds of the afflicted, pouring in oil and balm. To the mother of my children you have given life, and to me you have brought life, and comfort, and good words—making my spirit glad within me as it has not been gladdened before. All this hath come of charity, which vaunteth not itself and is not puffed up. Faith and Hope are beautiful, but Charity exceedeth them all." So far as I am concerned, the man who could work up to that scene, and then write it, may indite his books regularly or unsteadily. I am content with the result.

Mr. Escott's admirable work, based upon information given to him by the novelist, will probably revive interest in Trollope. It is an admirable record of the life of the author of the Barsetshire Novels.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

THE BAEDEKER OF CONSTITUTIONS.*

A volume by the gifted President of the most logical republic in the world bids fair to be not only a guide but a philosopher and friend. We should expect to track a maze, however intricate, by a clue at once simple and surprising. That expectation, however, is hardly realised in a volume so small compared with the subject. Moreover, the style suffers (as it will be seen that the French system has suffered also) from a combination of dissimilars. It allies lecture to melodrama. No sooner has the professor, so to speak, raised his finger, than the showman invites us to come in and admire his moving pictures—of senate, or chamber, or law courts, or the rest. The result is something between the primer and the platform. We are guided through a foreign town with a synopsis of history, a map of the surroundings, and asterisks, as it were, for the best hotels. In a word, we are tourists, and M. Poincaré is the Baedeker of Constitutions.

The crux of latter-day France is, in truth, a conflict, veiled or prominent, between the genius for centralisation, which under every régime has always distinguished France, and the orgied issues of the Revolution. Unity has overpowered individuality, and "equality" has served as mediocrity's excuse. The theoretical logic which the Revolutionists worshipped under the name of Reason has swamped, or tended to swamp, the logic of action—of effective government. The result is more and more of a machine, less and less of an organism. To make the

* "How France is Governed." By Raymond Poincaré, of the French Academy and President of the Republic. Translated by Bernard Miall. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin). Leipsic: Inselstrasse 20.

machine more organic, more national, may well prove to be the mission of M. Poincaré himself, who has already inspired his countrymen.

The real aim of France remains the same, whether now, under Louis XIV., the Revolution, the Restoration, or the Third Empire. It is, to repeat the Revolutionist phrase, "National Sovereignty." But constantly this national sovereignty has been confused with popular sovereignty, with Demos crudely predominant. Theory rhapsodises over this automaton of a Demos, and Victor Hugo could even exclaim that whenever the universal suffragist votes, the whole National France votes with him. But facts have put a less rosy and more prosy complexion on the admirably constructed, if constantly changed, wax-work. The local and sectional have abounded. And now French nationalism revives, not because of, but despite, the constitutional logic. A country of great traditions wearies of bureaucratic officialdom and yearns to reconcile real initiative with trim government, and to enlarge its career beyond the bounds of a glorified Bumble. In France, which from 1789 to 1884 has tried every electoral and mechanical experiment and expedient, the President himself has less power than influence, and little direct responsibility. The Republic, a "burnt child" always on guard against any recurrence of over-individuality, has favoured stagnation under a system that preaches what it fails to practice, which is at once doctrinaire and meddlesome.

It has been trenchantly observed of the French Constitution, or rather of the series of constitutions that settled down in 1884, that never was there such a complicated pagoda for so diminutive a god. It is indeed a paper pattern which the human spirit wears impatiently, a pattern over-machined. One "scrutiny" after another, delegations, all the mechanical monotonies of arrangement after arrangement—each, as it were, a fresh note to some difficult passage in a revised edition—fail to secure any living representation. Indeed, the old "Estates," under kings who truly unified the nation, would appear far more really representative.

The French love of symmetry—their *savoir voir*—has been suffered to overwhelm their instinctive *savoir-faire*, and so too often the end has been obscured by the means. There is not enough vent for individual expression and self-reliance. There is too little leadership. But there are qualities in these defects of rigidity, and Trade Unionism, which was only sanctioned since 1884, can be stopped in its excesses. So again a ministry's resignation can be compelled. But on the whole an oligarchy—in the name of electoral majorities—rules without being able to govern. It is the old story. All the talk about "will of the people" only ends in the will of *other* people. The fact that the constitutional law of August 1884 forbids any revision of the Republican scheme—ever so keenly as the country might demand it—is one proof among many of this axiom.

That is the way with theories. M. Poincaré reminds us that the "Sovereignty" is "one and indivisible," according to the text of the Declaration of Rights," and from this he infers that "a group of citizens cannot . . . impose an imperative mandate on a representative." A few pages further, however, we read, in the capital translation, about the arrondissement-scrutiny, that it makes it easier for the electors "to supervise the execution of their mandate." And, contrasting this with the list-scrutiny in an election "by department," M. Poincaré himself deplores that the former tends to make the representative "see the interests of the country in too fragmentary a fashion." This is what comes of over-mechanism, disencouraging growth and super-stimulating regulation. He cites M. Fouillés "Not being able to weigh heads, we must count them," the very dogma that provoked our Burke's finest indignation. What is this but to exalt wants above wisdom, and to deify the mob which its idolisers are ever the first to mutilate? It might have been perhaps more apposite to have cited a passage in a letter of M. Taine's which says: "Under the name of sovereignty of the people we possess an excessive centralisation, the intervention of the State in private life, a system of universal bureaucracy, with all its consequences. Centralisation and universal suffrage—these are the two main characteristics of contemporary France, and they have given it an organisation which is both apoplectic and anæmic." Yet inherently the French are as conservative in habits as they are state-democrats in idea. But alas! they are tied and bound to the "State." Mr. Morton Fullerton, who quotes this passage, points out that of some eight million voters in France to-day, at least nine hundred thousand are employed by the State. Which things are an allegory for ourselves.

What I have ventured to term the melodramatic side of this suggestive, if sometimes superficial, book, is not without bathos. In describing the election of a President at Versailles, after bidding us to "enter the vast courtyard separated from the Place D'Armes by a golden grille," after recalling the marble reminders of historical giants, after asking us to "pass beneath the equestrian statue of Louis XIV. and advance towards the Stairs of the Princes," before, too, his picture of the tribune and the urn and the "usher with a silver chain" and "sonorous voice," he beckons us to "mount the three steps which precede the door on the left and enter. Here is a gallery of cloak-rooms. It is here that the Senators and Deputies hang up their hats and overcoats." Shade of the "Grand Monarque!" But, as in the case of Democracy itself, there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. Let us be careful lest one day we trip over it.

WALTER SICHEL.

MAGNIFICENT MARKSMANSHIP.

"Men of Mark" is the title of Mr. Coburn's new book of photographs*—but the title is not Mr. Coburn's. His idea was "Men of Genius." But "No, no!" cried Mr. Arnold Bennett, all ablush, when asked to permit his own portrait to appear, "I am not a Man of Genius; I am a mere working author; I can't possibly come in unless you call your gathering something milder such as—well—let me see—why, Men of Mark." The neat name fits it to perfection: it's as good as "The Regent" for a theatre; the Card has trumped another trick. "Marked Men, by A Marksman"—it suggests associations such as that; and that is wholly right and apt and as it should be. For one of the great joys of the achievement, the plot that links the pictures all together, is the thought of this tenacious young American stalking our great men one by one—running them to earth, winning their confidence, overcoming their scruples and qualms—until at length they succumb to the extent of actually aiding him in the operation that will put him in possession of their heads. Less than ten years ago, newly out of his teens (but with a Latin Quarter beard that added lustres), Coburn landed on our shores armed with a camera like a packing-case and a careful list of all our best and brightest men. And ever since then he has been working down that list, until to-day every name on it is ticked, and he offers us his trophies, dished up from all his plates; three-and-thirty heads on one tremendous charger; a dish fit to set before a Book-club king.

Thirty-three; and of these at least one, Mr. George Moore, had never been photographed before; whilst another (George Meredith), hated cameras worse than motor-cars and plainly told Coburn, when the latter advanced against Box Hill, that he was determined never to be taken alive. Then what made them capitulate? Mr. Coburn's Preface partly explains: quaint, artless, cute, innocent, egoistic, modest, charming—when it comes to the confession "I make friends very easily," the reader feels he understands the reason why. But it is not until he turns from these opening pages to the wordless ones that follow, that the full force of Coburn's pull is explained. Personal

* "Men of Mark." By Alvin Langdon Coburn. A Series of 33 Photographic Portraits of Eminent Authors and Artists. £1 5s. net. (Duckworth & Co.)

artlessness is very engaging—but what turned all these engagements into victories was the fact that Coburn was an immensely cunning artist. When he started out to capture Meredith it was with "some prints under my arm and a song in my heart," and without at all meaning to question the sweetness of the song, we are certain that it was the prints that did the trick. His work is really astonishingly beautiful. To the layman there seem, broadly, to be two sorts of photographs: Coburn's; and the other kinds. The difference has often been accounted for technically, in terms of special processes and what not; but probably Coburn's only special process is a psychological one. We have our born violinists: why not a born photographer? a man who expresses himself most easily in Photography's three-ply alphabet of natural objects, novel patterns, and new tones? That seems this man's way. His opinions and impressions, not of the sensuous world only, spontaneously find their perfect equivalents among the shifting combinations of his craft.

And they *are* all decided: that is one thing worth vouching for; there is no cheap mystery of muzziness; from Shaw to Martisse, every face shines firm and clear; yet within the daylit limits thus left he has found room for the expression of subtleties; out of the blend of the angle of the head with the direction of the lighting with the gradation of the gloom with the particular expression sought and caught, some special new happiness of poetry and criticism seems in practically every case to have been born. It was an obvious thought, perhaps, which posed Mr. Henry James judicially (looking, by the way, astonishingly like Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree); but who could have reasonably foretold that by getting Max Beerbohm in a corner, in the attitude of a man saying "Advance another step and I will ring for the police," Mr. Coburn would manage to extort a complete confession of the secrets of that perfect master's gold-point style? Mr. Coburn mentions that he is a deep admirer of Mr. George Moore's prose—and indeed his own writing sometimes has the Moorish naiveté. I suggest that when next he needs a title he might do worse than "Confessions To a Young Man."

D. S.

Photo by Alvin Langdon Coburn. **Granville Barker.**

From "Men of Mark," by Alvin Langdon Coburn (Duckworth).

THE ENGLISH NOVEL.*

Amiel, in his *Journal Intime*, remarks on a history of poetry which he has just read: "It is a good thing to take these rapid surveys; the shifting point of view gives a perpetual freshness to the subject and to the ideas presented—a literary experience which is always pleasant and bracing. For one of my temperament, this philosophic and morphological mode of embracing and expounding literary history has a strong attraction." This is the kind of pleasure, and the kind of profit, which the reader will find in Professor Saintsbury's rapid survey of the English novel. Its rapidity, however, is in the exigencies of treatment only; the book is the fruit of a life-time of novel-reading in which, apart from twenty-two years of weekly and almost daily reviewing of fiction, Professor Saintsbury has travelled the long highway of English fiction from Beowulf and the Arthurian romances downwards. The stones of the fabric he knows intimately as a matter of course, but in these pages we are stimulated and interested by his equal familiarity with the rubble, to all of which he imparts an organic interest. In this vein is his account, for example, of "Emilia Wyndham," a request for which at Mudie's would probably send surprise round the lending counter. Yet Mrs. Marsh-Caldwell's novel, which was published in 1845 (the year of "Vanity Fair"), would repay a reading as being, in Professor Saintsbury's opinion, the most visible "meeting and overlapping place of the old and the new novel." He cheerfully exposes its absurdities of plot, its conventionalisms, and its gasiness, but in this almost unread novel we shall find

> "things very rarely to be found in any novel—even taking in Bulwer and the serious part of Dickens—up to the date. The scene between Danby and his mother, in the pretty house in Charlotte Street, when she discovers that he has been giving a hundred-pound cheque to a young lady is impressingly good: it is not absolutely unsuggestive of what Thackeray was just doing, and really not far from what Trollope was not for some years to do. There are other passages which make one think of George Eliot, who, indeed, might have been writing at the very time; there are even faint and faltering suggestions of Ibsenic 'duty to ourselves.'"

* "The English Novel." By George Saintsbury. (Dent.)

In such glimpses and provocations Professor Saintsbury's pages abound. Of Frances Sheridan's "Memoirs of Miss Sydney Biddulph" (1761) we may not have forgotten that Dr. Johnson questioned with the author, "whether she had a right, on moral principles, to make her readers suffer so much," but here we learn the nature of the heroine's ill-luck. Miss Austen's satire, in "Northanger Abbey," of the cheaply lurid imitations of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances is localised and illuminated by descriptive reference to some of these amazing works. It is here, by the way, that we find Sarah Green, a moralist of 1810, asking her contemporaries—"as has been asked about a hundred years later and was asked about a hundred years before"—"Is it not amazing that the most licentious writers of romance are women?"

But Professor Saintsbury's illustrations and citations never clog his argument, which is devoted to tracing the English novel from its sources in romance, and through its thin Elizabethan streams, until, variously deepened and freshened by Addison, Swift, and Defoe, it became strong and full in Richardson. Although Richardson's fatherhood of the English novel is a commonplace, Professor Saintsbury startles us by his reminder that the creation of the modern novel by the printer of Salisbury Court took place literally not more than two long lifetimes ago. "It is quite certain that there are now living hundreds, perhaps thousands, of persons born when others were still living who drew their first breaths in or before the year when Pamela made her modest, but very distinctly self-conscious, curtsey to the world." For before Richardson we see not the development of the novel, but the development, separately, of its elements. If, before Richardson, our literature produced anything that approaches a full-bodied novel, Professor Saintsbury would unhesitatingly identify it as Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," to which he devotes several most suggestive pages. It has plot, character, description, and dialogue—pioneer dialogue. Before Bunyan, lively and life-like conversation is to seek. "Bunyan can do it as few have done it even since his time."

To follow the growth of the novel, as observed and illuminated here, were a vain endeavour. The chapter on Scott and Miss Austen—to jump forward—is perhaps the finest, as it is the least encumbered, in the volume. Professor Saintsbury corrects the too summary idea of Scott, now more established than ever, that he was an historical novelist only, and quotes with approval the remark of an acute French critic who said that there are many so-called "philosophical" novels which contain less keen psychology than Scott's.

The professed "Dickensian" will have to digest the following:—

> "If you say that he (Dickens) cannot draw a gentleman, you are told that you are a parrot and a snob, who repeats what other snobs have told you; that gentlemen are not worth drawing: that he *can* draw them; and so forth. If you suggest that he is fantastic, it is reproachfully asked if poetry is not fantastic, and if you do not like poetry? If you intimate small affection for Little Nell and Little Paul, you are a brute; if you hint that his social crusades were often quite irrational, and sometimes at least as mischievous as they were beneficial, you are a parasite of aristocracy and a foe of 'the people.' If you take exception to his repetitions, his mannerisms, his tedious catch-processes of various kinds, you are a 'stop-watch critic' and worthy of all the generous wrath of the exemplary and Reverend Mr. Yorick. And yet all these assertions, objections, descriptions, are arch-true; and they can be made by persons who know Dickens and enjoy Dickens a thousand times better—who admire him in a manner a thousand times more really complimentary—than the folk who simply cry 'Great is Dickens,' and will listen to nothing but their own sweet voices."

Ardent Meredithians, also, have to deal with a critic who can fully appreciate Meredith's genius, but has no stomach for inner circles and cults. It is the first duty of a novelist to "enfist, absorb, and delight," to "let himself be read," and he finds Meredith wanting here, now and evermore: a case of genius, marred, "perhaps, by unfortunate education, certainly by undue egotism, by a certain Celtic *tapage*, and by a too painful and elaborate endeavour to be unlike other people."

It is curious to contrast the immense novel-reading public with the small number of those who are likely to read and study this survey of the English novel. Professor Saintsbury remarks that, for a vast number of people, "reading" simply means reading novels. He might have added that for a large proportion of these it means reading novels at the choice and recommendation of circulating library clerks, who well know that they can conserve the best novels, and their own energy, by the simple device of placing a row of second-rate volumes on the lending counter. This is lamentable, but, when all is said, criticism has not that authority in the field of fiction which it may claim elsewhere. If a man tells me he cannot read Milton I am compelled to doubt his intelligent love of poetry. If he does not relish Boswell's "Johnson," I am forced into an unfavourable opinion of his mentality. But if he tells me that he cannot abide Dickens, or Meredith, or does not want to read Smollett again, I can ask him to sit down and swap repugnances. All the more, on account of this sway of the personal equation, this haunting of fiction by Dr. Fell, is an organised and erudite survey of the English Novel welcome and corrective: this Professor Saintsbury has given us.

WILFRED WHITTEN.

A NIETZSCHE BEFORE THE FACT.*

This is a very welcome book, something of a revelation, something indeed of a portent. Whether we agree with its conclusions or not, it cannot but be read with stimulation, with searching of heart. Count Arthur de Gobineau was a Nietzschean before Nietzsche, an aristocrat of aristocrats, heretical to the democracy, of which he was the servant, heretical after the fashion of the grand heretics of the Renaissance, of whom we get so superb a revelation in the immense drama that gives its title to this volume.

Of this drama I shall here say but little, confining myself to an attempt, indirectly, to whet the appetite of the reader for his writings by rousing interest in the man and his philosophy, and confessing that, though the pen is the pen of the reviewer, the matter is boldly "lifted" from, is indeed in many cases the very text, of the able editor.

"Count Gobineau," rightly says Dr. Levy, "was one of those men, who, like mighty rocks, are only now beginning to appear above the receding waters of the nineteenth century"; one who in his day was regarded as a dreamer, but was in reality one of those rare men of robust and healthy imagination, those prophets and seers who are born before their time, and are unrecognised as such by their contemporaries; one of those columns of granite "upon which you of the New Age" (these are again Dr. Levy's words) "shall henceforth build, *must* build, for they alone, and not the pebbles and the sands which your forefathers thought eternal, will offer you a fitting and lasting foundation for the Palace of the Future." Fated to be a politician, and serving under de Tocqueville, that profound believer in democracies, at heart Gobineau was that apparent contradiction, a reactionary, a dreamer, and yet a man of far-reaching ideas; farsighted beyond his master, whose politics would be forgotten when his pupil's prophecies would find themselves being fulfilled. For empires vanish, but thought is immortal. He was a man, if not destined to give new blood and new beliefs to the future, destined at least to make some of us pause and think whether latter-day thought may not perhaps be leading to the everlasting bonfire, whether what we call progress may not in the end prove retrogression.

Not a mere man of letters, but a gentleman of letters, he perhaps owes the lateness of his recognition in France and England (in Germany this Frenchman is a god) to the fact that he was not given to talking overmuch of his printed offspring, by which now he stands to be judged.

* "The Renaissance [Savonarola—Cesare Borgia—Julius II.—Leo X.—Michael Angelo]." By Arthur, Count Gobineau. English Edition edited by Dr. Oscar Levy. Illustrated. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

Reared in the midst of the battle which was being waged between the spiritualistic and materialistic schools of the day—the spiritualistic which considered everybody perfectible, and possibly equal to everyone else, and the materialistic, which regarded human beings as creatures of chance and environment—he had the courage to declare, in opposition to them both, that the environment scarcely mattered, that the "eternal truth"—equality—was an impotent assumption, and that everything depended upon the blood, upon the race; coming to the same conclusion as Disraeli was independently coming to—that "All is race; there is no other truth."

For Gobineau had noticed fifty years ago what many cultured people are only now beginning to suspect—that our moral values, the values of Democracy and Socialism, even of Liberalism and Christianity, may be leading to the survival of a type of man who, if he has any right to survive, ought only to survive on an inferior plane. Let him speak for himself. "If a nation goes down," he says, "the reason is that its blood, the race itself, is deteriorating. Now, there has only been one race that was able to create a civilization, because it alone possessed the element of order and a certain healthy imagination, and that was the white race—the Aryans," about which, by the way, new and marvellous discoveries are but now being made in Asia. To show how refreshing a whole-hogger he is, let me quote from his essay on the Inequality of the Human Races:

"If," he says, "there had only been Aryans on earth, humanity would have been easily and for ever perfectible. . . . But the Aryan blood, again and again rejuvenating inferior peoples, has finally exhausted itself. There is consequently nothing left in the world but half castes, cowardly and impotent people, ready to adapt themselves to any law and any master, and not minding the loss of their personality because they do not happen to possess one."

What, then, is his solution of the difficulty, his gospel, his way out of the *impasse?* His answer is unmistakable, though perhaps hopeless—the Nietzschean doctrine that the world must be saved and governed by the few supermen who have persisted through the purity of their blood, and not by the mob of superficial men; that the *vox populi* is not the *vox Dei*; that union, the panacea of the weak, the gospel of the democrat, is a confession of incapability; that "the great flourishing epochs of Humanity were those when the incompetent did not crawl upon the steps of power"; that character is the thing that will tell, and that the world will only be saved by the noble men, the giants, who, realising their obligations, work out themselves, raise themselves to the highest power of good, subdue what is evil in them, stifle, or at least shelve, their worst instincts, and seize the sceptre which is being filched from them, to the destruction of Humanity, by the motley tribe of vainglorious babblers and "detestable imitations of universal degeneration."

I have tried, inadequately enough in the short space at my command, to give some idea of the Gobineau philosophy, not by way of commendation, but by way of sending the reader to a book which no one can read without the liveliest interest, whether such interest stimulate him to antagonism or conversion. I have confined myself to a general dissertation upon the author's doctrines rather than the specific work, "The Renaissance," of which we have here so excellent a translation, because the latter will speak for itself better than ever I can speak for it, once the reader has been induced by interest in the man to study his writings. I can only add that this is a volume of serious import, worth reading from cover to cover, a book which even a jaded reviewer closes with a sigh of regret that he has not got to read it all over again.

G. S. LAYARD.

THE INQUISITION AND TORQUEMADA.*

A more fitting title for this large volume would have been "The Inquisition and Torquemada," because the book is chiefly an account of the rise and doings of the Inquisition, and despite Mr. Sabatini's praiseworthy and scholarly endeavour to give a living picture of Torquemada he remains abstract and shadowy. To a certain extent this is admitted by Mr. Sabatini when he says that the history of Torquemada is not so much the history of a man as of an abstract genius presiding over a gigantic and cruel engine of his own perfecting. In regard to that engine there are grim and full particulars which make it hard to bear constantly in mind the singleness of Torquemada's purpose and the fact that even the most ghastly of his devices were, in his opinion, brought to bear solely that good might be done. Descriptions of such tortures as were most popular with Torquemada and his men are, of course, not new; but Mr. Sabatini is a vitalising writer with a sharp dramatic sense; and he succeeds in giving new horror even to an account of that well-known awful engine the potro or water-torture. We read how the patient was placed head downwards on a sloping ladder, how his mouth was distended by a piece of iron, and how a long strip of linen was placed across his jaws and carried deep into his throat by the weight of water poured into his gaping mouth. As this water filtered through the cloth, the patient was subjected to all the torments of suffocation. In his struggles a little air did pass into his bursting lungs—just enough to keep him alive and conscious, but not enough to mitigate the horrible sufferings of asphyxiation, for the cloth was always wet and charged with water. Mention is also made of the torture by fire—which consisted in toasting the feet of the patient after anointing them with fat—and of victims who were made to stand with one hand nailed to an arm of a St. Andrew's Cross

* "Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition: A History." By Rafael Sabatini. Illustrated. 16s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Photo by Donald Macbeth.

Procession to Auto Da Fé.

From Limborch's "Historia Inquisitionis."
From "Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition" (Stanley Paul)

whilst sentence of death was being read to them. "As a rule, however," writes Mr. Sabatini, "both in torturing and punishing, the inquisitors avoided novelties." For "the question" they usually resorted to one of three methods—the rack, the hoist, or the water-ladder.

Typical cases tried by the Inquisition are given; and emphasis is laid on the part played by Torquemada himself. Now and again we get glimpses of the real man, but there is no telling human portrait. On certain points though, Mr. Sabatini is justifiably firm; as for instance when he tells us that whatever Torquemada s faults may have been he was perfectly consistent in them, just as he was perfectly, terribly sincere. He amassed great wealth from the confiscations that fell to his share, but that he practised his preached contempt for worldly riches seems beyond doubt. Mr. Sabatini s laborious researches do not discover that any of the wealth that accrued to Torquemada was put to any worldly uses or went in any way to benefit any member of his family. The case of his sister is cited (but obviously not as conclusive evidence): he refused to dower the lady suitably, allowing her no more than the pittance necessary to enable her to enter a convent. Torquemada himself followed a stern path of asceticism. He never ate meat; his bed was a plank; his flesh never knew the contact of linen; his garments were the white woollen habit and the black mantle of the Dominican. Dignities he might have had, but he disdained them. He devoted his riches entirely to what he considered to be the honour and glory of the religion which he served with such terrible zeal.

Torquemada breathed his last in his beautiful monastery of St. Thomas at Avila. "He passed away in peace," writes his dispassionate historian, "laying down the burden of life and sinking to sleep with the relief and thankfulness of the husbandman at the end of a day of diligent, arduous and conscientious toil. His honesty of purpose, his integrity, his utter devotion to the task he had taken up, are to be weighed in the balance of historic judgment against the evil that he wrought so ardently in the unfaltering conviction that his work was good."

Torquemada's name has been execrated and revered at once. He has been vituperated as a fiend of cruelty, and all but worshipped as a saint. "There is bias in both judgments," concludes Mr. Sabatini—"both are no better than gratifications of prejudice."

DAVID HODGE.

THAT COMEDY CALLED HISTORY.*

Dr. Dryasdust should certainly have nothing to do with the writing of history, which is far less an affair of dates, archives, and royal crownings than a comedy which sometimes soars into tragedy and frequently degenerates into farce. It has been a masque and a harlequinade; it has been many sorts of antics; it has sometimes even been dignified and serious. In these "Sidelights" Lady Blennerhassett has made study of certain picturesque aspects of human circumstance on this mad and amazing planet. She begins with the Siege of Paris by Henri Quatre in 1590, when the starvation of the people (poor wretches, they were between the dev—, the priests and the besiegers!) was such that children were chased, killed and eaten, rats and cats were devoured until none remained, and the makers of bread even endeavoured to grind the bones of the buried dead into powder for flour; and then proceeds to turn the historical kaleidoscope.

She gives us a passing study of Napoleon, emphasizing the importance of his Italian origin, his all-prevailing energy, his courage and infinite resource, his extraordinary kindness to his relatives. We have a sympathetic picture of Joshua Reynolds—there is nothing of Rossetti's "Sir Sloppity" about this portrait—uplifting the standard of art during a period of sluggishness, and with splendid industry portraying on canvas hundreds of the leading men and women of his time. With Marco Minghetti we are reminded of the war for the liberation of Italy and its unification—that unification which Cobden prophesied could never be realised. Oh, why did Richard Cobden ever prophesy; the non-fulfilment of his predictions has caused much dust of words to be showered on his devoted head! But of such is the amusement of history. Statesmen prophesy; and the gods rejoice. A consideration of Spanish literature and its influence on Europe—here is surely a department insufficiently appreciated by English publishers—is the occasion for a brief but just and happy tribute to Cervantes and his glorious Don, "the brightest and most lovable book in the literature of the world"; and then we pass to appreciations (in order other than that of her ladyship's arrangement) of the German Reinhard, who did almost as much as any man to make the France which was established on the ruins of the Revolution progressive and business-like; of Chateaubriand, whose literary ascendancy and tangled political career are helpfully explained and largely justified; of Marie Bashkirtseff, the amazing egoist, whose reputation in her own day travelled over Europe, and will probably, for some baffling, insufficient reason, prevail for years yet. She seems to have been an unpleasant young woman, though the circumstances of her birth and upbringing, rather than she, are to blame for that. The translator might note a misprint in this article. If Marie died in 1884, as we are told she did, she could hardly have been growing deaf in 1886. Then, in contrast to these luminous essays on brilliant people, we are given a bright account of Lady Dufferin's viceregal experiences in India.

We can congratulate Lady Blennerhassett on this book of varied interests. The articles contained in it were written originally for German readers, therefore in the English rendering they contain some facts and assertions to us well-known. They are, however, written with balance and an appreciation of the entertainment wrought by contrast. History, as shown by these "Sidelights," is very like a pageant in motley. Humanity has played such games in the past that there is no knowing what games and pranks it will be up to in the future. It is often—very often—beyond the scope of Dryasdust.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

* "Sidelights." By Charlotte, Lady Blennerhassett. Authorised Translation by Edith Gülcher. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

NEW BOOKS AND OLD.

Whenever I go on a holiday I take plenty of books in my bag and, to provide for emergencies, arrange to have a few more sent after me. Thus I am fortified against bad weather, uncongenial company, and other misfortunes that await the pilgrim when he sojourns in strange places; for I may grow tired of walking and of talking, tired of looking at pictures and scenery, even tired sometimes of listening to music, but I never grow tired of reading, and I am so catholic and so easily entertained that it must be a very poor book indeed if I cannot read it with some sort of interest. In any event, I think that when a reader finds a book dull he should not condemn it too hastily—the dullness may be in himself; when it displeases him, it is always possible that his own sympathies may be too narrow, or his taste defective. Few readers are modest enough to realise this; therefore I am rather proud of my modesty, and cultivate it with care. I have not so many virtues that I can afford to lose one.

I am almost ashamed to say how many books I read on my latest holiday; two of them kept me indoors on days of sunshine, one held me reading when by rights I should have been asleep in bed, and none of them failed to give me some degree of pleasure. I can believe there are people who would say that "Tantalus"[1] and "The Sale of Lady Daventry"[2] are rather unpleasant stories, and so

[1] "Tantalus." By the Author of "The Adventures of John Johns." 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

[2] "The Sale of Lady Daventry." 6s. (Herbert Jenkins.)

they are, in one sense—they are about more or less sinful, sordid and unlovable men and women, but they are written with so much ability and are so true to the phases of life they depict that you lose sight of their unpleasantness in their sheer truthfulness. In each story you have a woman selling herself to a rich husband for the sake of his wealth and those snobbish little social glories that are the fatal stars for so many moths; and in neither of them does the sorry game prove worth the candle. The cleverness and tragic power of these two novels are undeniable. In "Tantalus" it is the man whose masterful schemings end in terrible failure, though they lift him to a peerage; in "The Sale of Lady Daventry" it is the woman who, growing to love his elderly lordship, her husband, yet stoops to subtle intrigue and nameless dishonour in order to put the seal on her triumph, only to find all she has won turning to dust in her hands and bitterness in her mouth.

Slighter in theme and pleasant in the pleasantest way is "The Flirt," by Booth Tarkington.[1] The story has its shadows; it walks once or twice on the verge of tragedy, but never slips over. All the members of the Madison family are admirably drawn: the placid, ordinary father and mother; the thoughtful, sympathetic elder daughter, Laura; the fascinating, wilful, irresistible younger daugher, Cora; and the natural, mischievous, tormenting son, the boy Hedrick, who delights in making inconvenient references to Cora's old suitors in the presence of a new one. For Cora is the flirt; seemingly a heartless one, till in the end she has a lesson that sends her into the arms of the man she loves, and he is not the one you had thought she preferred. It is a delightful tale, written with all the ease and sparkle and happy blend of sentiment and humour that are characteristic of Mr. Booth Tarkington's work. Like Mr. Tarkington, Miss Alice Brown is an American, and one of the most gifted of living American novelists. I like her short stories even better than her novels—which is saying a great deal—and I have not read any book of her short stories that gave me more enjoyment than I have had of her "Vanishing Points."[2] They are quiet tales, in the main, and it is the sentimental touch in them that is so charming; it is such a delicate touch, so charged with human feeling, so elusive and yet so effective. More robust, fuller of high colour and the melodrama of life are Richard Dehan's short stories in "The Headquarter Recruit."[3] These have less art than Alice Brown's, but they are ingenious, varied, and cleverly told. They are less short stories than novels in little; they are vigorously alive with incident and sensation, and make a thoroughly readable volume. Similar qualities of strong sensation and full-blooded interest mark the new romance by Rex Beach, "The Iron Trail."[4] Mr. Rex Beach has achieved an immense popularity in America, and is now coming rapidly into his own over here. His story, "The Barrier," has been dramatised and proved a great success on the London stage; but I think "The Iron Trail" is an abler, fresher, and even more interesting novel than "The Barrier." It is a study in character: you have for central figures two masterful men who engage in a fierce conflict of will over the laying of a new railroad through a lonely, mountainous region, and the whole story grows out of and revolves about this mighty rivalry. Into that clash of opposing interests comes a very charming love romance which gains wonderfully in charm and tenderness from the roughness and tumult of its environment. It is a realistic story of love and adventure in the actual world that lies on the skirts of our civilisation, and it is written with real imaginative power.

As interesting as any novel is M. Gastine's biography of Madame Tallien.[1] Here, too, is no lack of adventure and wild doings, yet, I suppose, for all the horrors that were happening in it, the Paris of the end of the eighteenth century was still in the centre of the civilised world. Madame Tallien was not the kind of woman the idealist likes to see taking a hand in any revolution or helping to shape society anywhere; but unfortunately "that in the Captain's but a choleric word which in the soldier is flat blasphemy," and it seems to be accepted that a lack of morality which would render a poor charwoman too disreputable to scrub the floors of our respectable houses, leaves the more nobly born still fit to coruscate in good society and to share in the moulding of its manners and customs. The Comtesse de Fontenay had divers love affairs before she became the wife of Jean Tallien, but it is to her credit that she subdued the harsh and hitherto merciless nature of her husband, and somewhat humanised him, and she is traditionally said to have influenced him in the bringing about of Robespierre's destruction. However much you may disapprove of her, there is no denying the interest of her story, and M. Gastine tells it fully and ably, from the excitements of the last days of the revolution to her death as Princess de Chimay in 1835.

I took away with me in my bag, too, a couple of Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes's pamphlets,[2] one containing a reprint of Mr. Tinsley Pratt's excellent article, from the *Manchester Quarterly*, on Allan Ramsay and Robert

[1] "The Flirt." By Booth Tarkington. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[2] "Vanishing Points." By Alice Brown. 6s. (Constable.)

[3] "The Headquarter Recruit." By Richard Dehan. 6s. (Heinemann.)

[4] "The Iron Trail." By Rex Beach. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

[1] "Madame Tallien." By L. Gastine. Translated from the French by J. Lewis May. With seventeen illustrations. 12s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

[2] "Two Scottish Poets: Ramsay and Fergusson," and "Admiral Benbow." By Tinsley Pratt. 6d. net each. (Sherratt & Hughes.)

Madame Tallien.

From a portrait by Gérard in the Musée Carnavalet.
From "Madame Tallien" (John Lane).

Fergusson, and the other a stirring broadside ballad by the same author—"Admiral Benbow." This last recaptures all the stark simplicity and rugged forcefulness of the old broadsides, and tells of one of Benbow's great fights with the French fleet when the captains of his other ships deserted him, and tells of it in the vivid, downright sailor fashion that carried the ancient broadsides straight to the popular heart. Another book of verse I had with me was Mr. J. C. Squire's "The Three Hills."[1] We know Mr. Squire best for those brilliant parodies that he collected into his recent volume, "Steps to Parnassus," but he has a very graceful and delicate gift in this more serious vein. I like especially of these poems his "Florian's Song," the somewhat sombre "Town," and the lines beginning:

"When London was a little town
Lean by the river's marge,
The poet paced it with a frown,
He thought it very large."

There is the true thing in many of Mr. Squire's poems: they have qualities of thought, fancy, and varied melody, and the individual note that sounds through them all is a welcome thing in these days, when so many of our poets are so very derivative.

In addition, I was provided with four new editions of older works that I knew I should re-read with undiminished delight. One was Butler's "Alps and Sanctuaries"[2]—a unique travel book, in which Butler's wit, wisdom and whimsicality, and his vivid descriptive powers, find freest play; two were those most fascinating of anthologies, Mr. A. H. Bullen's "Lyrics from Elizabethan Song-Books," and "Lyrics from the Dramatists of the Elizabethan Age,"[3] now re-issued by Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson in their dainty Pocket-Book series; and the fourth was the sumptuous new edition, in two volumes, of the Poetical Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden, edited by Professor L. E. Kastner. In an ample and scholarly introduction Mr. Kastner[4] gives us a sufficient biography of Drummond and a careful and critical estimate of his poetry. He traces Drummond's indebtedness to the poets of France and Italy, and convicts him of conveying many of his ideas and thoughts from them and of "transplanting" some of his finest phrases from Sidney and Shakespeare, but confesses that "our researches, however, have not corroborated the suspicion we once entertained that a large number of the striking lines in his poems were stolen property, and that he had systematically, pen in hand, ransacked his favourite poets, jotting down the finest verses for incorporation in his own poetry." No poet, and Drummond was one, could write in that fashion anything much that mattered. His borrowings have gone, for the most part, into the uninspired poems that make up the major quantity of his work. Drummond lives, and will go on living, by virtue of less than a dozen of his sonnets, and these are among the great sonnets in the language.

"I know that all beneath the moon decays."
"Ah, burning Thoughts, now let me take some rest."
"Fair is my Yoke, though grievous be my Pains."
"Sleep, Silence Child, sweet Father of soft Rest."
"Fair Moon who with thy Cold and Silver Shine."
"In vain I haunt the cold and silver Springs."
"Dear Quirister who from these Shadows sends."

These and one or two other sonnets are Drummond's slender passport to immortality, but they are sufficient. Only the student will read the rest of his poetry any more, and to the student these two handsome volumes are indispensable. They give the text from the original editions, with complete notes of all the variants, and to ensure greater accuracy the Hawthornden Manuscripts have been carefully re-examined. The illustrations include facsimiles of the title pages of many early issues of Drummond's poems, all the authentic portraits of Drummond, one hitherto unpublished, and others that are doubtful. It is a curious slip in the Introduction to say: "Among modern critics the appreciation of Charles Lamb, mainly because of the eminence of the author, deserves attention: 'The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Hawthornden, and Cowley.' The Laird of Hawthornden is here in good company, and the English essayist cannot be accused of meting out praise with a grudging hand." For in this passage, which occurs in his "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading," Lamb is not praising anyone's poetry, he is merely speaking of the magic that resides in the sound of certain names. Reference is made to the admiration of Southey, Hallam, Masson, and Mr. W. C. Ward for Drummond's genius, but Hazlitt's fine praise of it should not have been overlooked. This, however, is of no great moment; what matters is that here we have the most exhaustive, the literally complete edition of Drummond. Professor Kastner has done his work ably, conscientiously, and so thoroughly that nothing remains to do, and this henceforth will count as the standard and authoritative edition of Drummond's poetry. A.

[1] "The Three Hills, and other Poems." By J. C. Squire. 2s. net. (Howard Latimer.)

[2] "Alps and Sanctuaries of Piedmont and the Canton Ticino." By Samuel Butler. With extra chapter and Author's latest revisions, additions and index, and eighty-three illustrations, chiefly by the Author. Edited with Introduction by R. A. Streatfield. 5s. net. (A. C. Fifield.)

[3] "Lyrics from the Elizabethan Song-Books," and "Lyrics from the Dramatists of the Elizabethan Age." Edited by A. H. Bullen. 2s. 6d. net each. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

[4] "The Poetical Works of William Drummond of Hawthornden." Edited by L. E. Kastner. 2 vols. 21s. net. (Sherratt & Hughes.)

FIVE NOVELISTS, LIMITED.*

Any book is a good book which achieves within its prescribed limits the effect it has aimed at. Thus, the mere sensation-monger is successful just in so far as his story is genuinely sensational. But sensationalism in a novel of manners, or any attempts at high comedy in a sensational novel, however well done, are out of place and therefore bad. An out-and-out shocker, with no pretensions to literary grace, so long as it really shocks, is a better work of art than the most elaborately-wrought and delicately-finished romance that lacks the true romantic inspiration. I have read *Family Herald Supplements* that were, in their way, better things as literature than (say) "Evan Harrington," simply because they were written throughout in one key and exactly fulfilled their purpose from beginning to end. And this is perhaps the hardest lesson the neophyte has to learn: this lesson of consistency, as well in manner as in matter.

Now these five novels that I have lately been reading are all of them written by old hands, authors who should long since have mastered their technique. And four of them have mastered their technique, I think. Of the fifth it is impossible to say anything favourable. It would be easier, as it would be pleasanter, to say nothing at all, if silence were not sometimes a terrible liar. As it is I must express my amazement that any writer of any experience should have given us such a book as "The Lodger." It is a book about that homicidal maniac whose crimes horrified the world some twenty-five years ago and who was unpopularly known as "Jack the Ripper." Such a book might have been a great book. In the hands of a genius—and only a genius could deal adequately with such a theme—it might have taken rank with "Les Misérables" or "The Kreutzer Sonata": strong meat, not food for babes, but nevertheless a masterpiece. Instead it is a crude, coarse book, crude and coarse alike in conception and in execution, ill-written and ill-balanced. One can hardly think of a literary fault that it does not exhibit. It is devoid of force, colour, poignancy. The publishers claim for Mrs. Lowndes a "mastery of the art of thrilling . . . humour

* "The Lodger." By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Methuen.) 6s.—"The Watered Garden." By Maud Stepney Rawson. (Stanley Paul.) 6s.—"The Way of Ambition." By Robert Hichens. (Methuen.) 6s.—"The Devil's Garden." By W. B. Maxwell. (Hutchinson.) 6s.—"The White Thread." By Robert Halifax. (Methuen.) 6s.

. . . observation of human nature . . . a pretty love interest." But the book does not thrill, and it is utterly without humour. As to its observation of human nature: it is supposed to describe certain average Cockneys, but anything less like the Cockney dialect than that spoken by these impossible people I have never seen in print. And the love interest, such as it is, is not in the least pretty but baldly commonplace. But enough. The book will doubtless justify itself by having a large sale. I am glad it is not likely to be censored—as it should be—and so obtain a larger sale.

To turn from this to such an exquisite comedy as "The Watered Garden" is to feel almost as if you had passed out of a reeking butcher's shop into the cool sweet air of a bright spring morning. One has to congratulate Mrs. Stepney Rawson on a very fine novel of manners. There is something of the art, without any of the artifice, of Henry James in this smoothly-flowing story—which yet ripples with humour and sparkles with wit. It is the story of a garden and an ambitious quarterly and polite love-affairs and aeroplanes and beautiful stones from Italy. It tells of real people: the kind of men and women we know, who live next door, whom we meet at our friends' houses. They are noble and ignoble, weak and strong, amusing and—no, never boresome, lovable and detestable, everything that we ourselves are, that all average, decent-living folk are. This is the first book of Mrs. Rawson's I have read; it most certainly will not be the last.

The other three novelists with whom it has been my pleasure to renew acquaintance are old friends.

I have followed (as the saying is) Mr. Robert Hichens from the days of his audacious "Green Carnation," through "Flames"—which was a poor thing, but redeemed from utter failure by that consummate study of fallen womanhood, Cuckoo Bright—into the rather unhealthy atmosphere of "The Woman with the Fan," and others, and out again into the blinding "Garden of Allah," unto this last, "The Way of Ambition," which is perhaps Mr. Hichens' best. Mr. Hichens is sufficiently well-established now to write about the things that interest him most, and clever enough to make them interesting to a public that normally is not really interested in them—to any feverish extent, at any rate. So, his story tells of a great composer who was belittled by his wife's vulgar craving after notoriety. For "ambition" is almost too fine a word to apply to the mean longings of a Charmian Mansfield. We are shown how a young, austere genius, living alone and aloof from the world, consecrate and dedicate to his ideals, falls a victim to an impulse, marries a woman he does not love, and is by her beguiled into prostituting his great gift of music to the low level of fashionable acclaim. And, as always happens to those who eschew the higher for the lower things of life and would barter their souls for a price, he fails even of the poor reward for which he sold himself. Incidentally the author depicts for our delight a variety of modern types, obviously studied at first-hand and drawn from the many small worlds-within-worlds that go to make up the Society world. All these people are very much alive with the peculiarly artificial liveliness characteristic of their class. But there are others—notably Madame Sennier, wife of a successful composer of grand opera, Armand Gillier, the violent, underbred, half-bred author of one sublime libretto, and the Yankee impresario, Crayford, in whom one glimpses the rich red blood and feels the heat of smouldering fires. In this book there are none of those filmy figures that drift like shadows through the pages of some of Mr. Hichens' other books, seeming to be nothing but a drawl and an eyeglass or a painted face and a languorous perfume. It would seem as if Mr. Hichens had made up his mind this time to have done with affectations, his own as well as his characters', and get at the elementals of human nature. He has succeeded, in a book which, within its rather narrow limits, is a very good book.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell I have also "followed" from the days of that glorified novelette "Vivien," with which he scored his first hit. I know his work well and like it. I like it for its painstaking conscientiousness. Mr. Maxwell is never

Mr. W. B. Maxwell.

in a hurry, never slovenly, never banal. He has a sense of tragedy which only his lamentable lack of humour prevents him from expressing in more epic form. His theme is

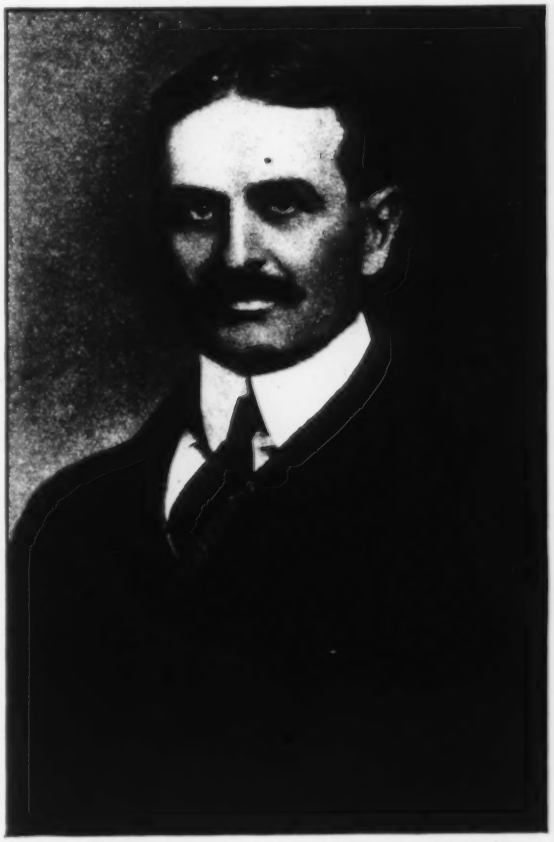


Photo by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Robert Hichens.

usually too big for his powers. He wants that opulence of imagination and breadth of outlook which would dignify and ennoble such really splendid stories as he always has to tell. In this, his latest book, for example, he comes perilously near to failure because of his poverty of invention. And toward the end, after hovering precariously on the brink all through, he tumbles headlong into the abyss of melodrama. Nevertheless "The Devil's Garden" is a considerable achievement, and judged by any but the highest standards would be worthy of much praise. Mr. Maxwell has only his own heavy-handedness to blame for his quite justifiable banning by the libraries.

Of a former book by Mr. Robert Halifax, which I reviewed in these columns about a year ago, I said that it rather failed of authenticity, but that the author would very likely astonish us all some day, as he certainly seemed to have the root of the matter in him. I am pleased to be able to say, now, that in his new novel, "The White Thread," Mr. Halifax has done much to justify my high hopes of his future. This is a better book than "A Slice of Life," because it is more coherent and more probable. Its parts adhere more closely together, and there is a more sure effect of inevitableness in the movement and

Mr. Robert Halifax.

development of the story. It is a book with a purpose: a purpose which may best be defined, perhaps, in these words, quoted from a Blue-Book by an incidental character in the story—a Dr. Dempsey: "It is an admitted fact that, considering the population of London relatively, there is more drink, crime and inherited lunacy as a direct consequence of the former than in any city in the civilized world." And the doctor adds: "Keeping to the London figures alone, we find that sixty-six per cent., or two-thirds, of its lunacy is due to heredity. And the tainting process goes on unchecked. That is to say, that slowly, but surely, the mental cancer is permeating and absorbing the whole of society. You may trace it as you trace the wavering white thread in a block of mushroom spawn. And you can break the block scarcely anywhere without finding the thread." In short, the book is, in passing, an indictment of our present Lunacy Laws, which allow a person, after he has been certified as insane, and confined in an asylum, to re-enter the outside world again, marry or renew marital relations, and so help to bring children into the world who are almost sure to be mentally deficient. But, apart from this—I might almost say in spite of this—Mr. Halifax's book is a piece of literature. The character-drawing is firm and clear. The Cockney dialect is very cleverly managed indeed, being not too meticulously phonetic, and yet achieving verisimilitude. There is, perhaps, a little too much talk: all the characters talk at inordinate length; but, after all, it is good talk, packed with wit and humour and a genial philosophy. And there is one delicious episode in which a sort of unlicensed pawnbroker is hoist with his own petard, which is inimitably done. The character of this sort of unlicensed pawnbroker, by the way, suggests another reflection in regard to Mr. Halifax's art. His people are all very human mixtures of good and bad. Bob Kingdom, in particular, is the sort of man who keeps you wondering all the time whether he is mostly rogue, fool, or saint, and finally leaves you—as people do leave you in real life—still wondering. Altogether a very creditable book, and withal an entertaining book, even though it has for its central *motif* so ghastly a theme as hereditary insanity.

EDWIN PUGH.

A POET IN THE MAKING.*

No volume of this handy little series has a better justification for its appearance than Dr. Chase's monograph on Poe. Although in his later life, when he had got a firm grip on his works, Poe's poetry was wrought by rule and its spontaneity curbed by technicality, in his younger days he resigned himself to his impulses and wrote as he felt. A poet who sings what he feels naturally betrays or confesses his mental history. Dr. Chase is, therefore, justified in drawing many of his quotations from Poe's juvenile and less-known verse, as representative of the man. Poe's boyish and too much neglected "Al Aaraaf" not only contains some of its author's finest lyrical work, but is replete with autobiographical revelation, so it is fitting that Dr. Chase should make good use of it; but no reason is given for ignoring "Politian," in which some of its author's prominent idiosyncrasies are displayed. Monsieur Hughes, in his translation of this drama, has pointed out how, "comme tous les grands écrivains, Poe prête aux personnages qu'il met en scène ses sensations et ses sentiments personnel"; and numerous passages might be quoted in confirmation of the assertion.

Although his poetry may throw sidelights upon a man's mental story, other documentary evidence is needed to fill up the gaps in biography, and then his correspondence is the best testimony available. Robert Browning has said: "Letters and poems may be used indifferently as the basement of our opinion upon the writer's character," both being acts of the same mind and supplementary to one another. Dr. Chase, for his part, gives but slight extracts from Poe's correspondence, in some cases, perhaps, deterred by copyright limitations, but there seems to be no reason why he should not have availed himself more largely of the poet's letters to F. W. Thomas, as they furnish a view of their writer's nature quite unknown to the general reader. In their unshackled language Poe divests himself of the mysterious melancholia he donned of purpose when addressing *his* public, and displays himself as an almost conventional man of the world, as a genial friend, as fond of domestic life, and as a natural hard-working man of letters. Of course, during the greater part of his life, Poe had to endure more than man's usual share of trouble and sorrow, but when he was in the society of congenial spirits, he could shake off, or rather forget to assume, the character of a "lost soul," and be as realistic and unaffected as his neighbours. Like Byron and other sons of song, he was wont to hide his natural disposition under a mask of romantic sadness, such things being part of the poet's trappings.

For a work on Poe's mental and physical career, his "Marginalia" is invaluable, yet, outside French literature, no one appears to have made use of this rich storehouse of philosophical thought: it has not been used for this work, yet "Marginalia" supplies an index to many of the complicated problems of its author's mind.

* "Poe and his Poetry." By Lewis N. Chase, Ph.D. The "Poetry and Life" Series. 1s. net. (Harrap.)

Unlike so many of Poe's critics, Dr. Chase evinces a desire to do justice to the poet's character, and frequently cites evidence in his favour, yet in too many instances, trusting to tainted testimony and malicious libels, he makes assertions which must jar upon the feelings of Poe's admirers. In one page he acknowledges that "Poe in daily routine was of simple, childlike habits and tastes, living for months at a time with apparent contentment upon frugal fare. *He was never an habitual drunkard*, but rather a regular abstainer with irregular lapses." In other parts of his works, in reliance upon fabricated statements, he tries to prove that the poet, whilst a boy at Charlottisville, "drank in gulps to get the effect, with as little of the taste as possible—*a habit he kept up through life*"; and again, referring to his career at West Point Military Academy, he refers to Poe smuggling liquor to his rooms, "probably with the attendant consequence of drinking to excess more frequently than heretofore." This is not the time or place for an analysis of such refutable legends, but the matter should not be passed by without a protest.

There are other more easily preventable errors into which the author has fallen. Poems are placed out of chronological order, which somewhat disturbs the continuity of the story; statements are attributed to Poe which he never made, and the ascription to Mrs. Whitman, at p. 73, of a remark made by Mrs. Osgood, has a ludicrous air for those acquainted with the facts of the case. These matters, however, will not trouble the generality of Dr. Chase's readers, who will welcome the interesting, portable little volume, with its many new incidents and wealth of poetic quotations, although it is a pity the latter should include the conventional lines, "Gratitude," which are not by Poe, notwithstanding positive assertions to the contrary. The *raison d'être* of the book is truly summed up in its author's last words: "Taken for all in all, no nineteenth-century man of letters, using English as his medium, has influenced so extensively the technique of succeeding writers."

JOHN H. INGRAM.

PERCEVAL GIBBON'S SHORT STORIES.*

So far, Mr. Perceval Gibbon has put his strongest work into his short stories, and the fifteen in "The Second-Class Passenger" include some of the ablest he has ever written; but we are still waiting for the big novel we are convinced he has it in him to write. "Salvator" was good; "Margaret Harding" was better; but they did not equal the grim power of "Souls in Bondage," and did not satisfy anyone who has followed Mr. Gibbon's career and judges of what he can do by what he has done. He has travelled and seen much of life in familiar and in strange places; he has imagination and insight; has studied human character and has a subtle skill in portraying it; he has a vigorous, picturesque style, and such an instinct for the value of words that he never wastes nor misplaces any. He has all the equipment of the great artist, and proves himself one in the writing of these miniatures; it is the very force and brilliance and narrative cunning that have gone to the making of these which make one think that he has gifts which will carry him beyond anything he has yet achieved, high as those achievements are.

There are plenty of stories that are interesting but not art; there was never an artistic story that was not interesting; for the triumph of the highest and rarest arts in this kind is that it subdues the reader to its spell and holds him absorbed. And Mr. Gibbon's stories are no flies in amber, no merely dead things preserved in an exquisite style, they are poignantly human, intensely alive—they are vividly real stories of vividly real men and women. There is rarely much of a plot in them; they are studies of character and temperament and are fashioned out of such incidents as make up actual though perhaps not common life.

* "The Second-Class Passenger." By Perceval Gibbon. 6s. (Methuen.)

Photo by Ward Muir. **Mr. Perceval Gibbon.**

Take the one that gives its title to the book: Miss Paterson had bought a little Japanese idol in Mozambique, and had entrusted it to Dawson who left it behind at the hotel. She is so disappointed that Dawson undertakes to go back for it and return in time to catch the boat. He goes, and strays into adventures that are not only exciting and thrilling in themselves, but serve to bring out, for the interval, a primitive underside of Dawson's character. And the manner of its telling delights you no less than the tale that is told. Read this description of how Dawson, thinking to take a short cut, loses himself that dark night in the filth-choked, unlighted alleys of Mozambique:

"Ten minutes sufficed to overwhelm him in an intricacy of blind ways. He groped by a wall to a turning, fared cautiously to pass it, found a blank wall opposite him, and was lost. His sense of direction left him, and he had no longer any idea of where the street lay and where the sea. He floundered in gross darkness, inept and persistent. It took some time, many turnings, and a tumble in the mud to convince him he was lost. And then the rain came down in earnest.

"It roared, it pelted, it stamped on him. It was not rain, as he knew it: it was a cascade, a vehement and malignant assault by all the wetness in heaven. It whipped, it stung, it thrashed; he was drenched in a moment as though by a trick. He could see nothing, but groped blind and frightened under it, feeling along the wall with one hand, still carrying the bronze image by the head with the other. Once he dropped it, and would have left it, but with an impulse like an effort of self-respect, he searched for it, groping elbow-deep in the slush and water, found it, and stumbled on. Another corner presented itself; he came round it and almost at once a light showed itself. It was a slit of brightness below a door, and without a question the drenched and bewildered Dawson lifted the image and hammered on the door with it."

That, in its way, is the perfection of realism, and the bizarre incidents that happen in the house and after Dawson and the woman have fled from it are as curiously in keeping with the wild night and the strange place as the quiet, casually natural ending of it all is true to the character of Dawson and the ordinary way life has of doing things. I shall not say that "The Second-Class Passenger" is the best story in the volume, only because "The Trader of Last Notch," "The Sense of Climax," "The Murderer," "The Poor in Heart," are equally good in widely different sorts; it is sufficient to say, not in any moment of enthusiasm but deliberately, that, except Kipling, no living master of the short story touches a higher level than Mr. Gibbon maintains in this collection.

C. W.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF "HAMLET."*

More than one acute critic has attempted to sum up in a single phrase the problem of "Hamlet." One thinks of Goethe's "the effects of a great action laid upon a soul unfit for the performance of it"; of what Coleridge, Schlegel, Hazlitt, Lowell, Raleigh, Lee and Bradley have had to say. It is mainly on the lines followed by such commentators as these, and in the light of recent developments in psychology, that Mr. Trench has written this absorbing, brilliant, if in some respects debatable, study. He has nothing to do with "origins," with Saxo Grammaticus, François de Belleforest, or Thomas Kyd. Textual criticism concerns him—incidentally, not as it concerns the philologists so sternly castigated by Professor Churton Collins. He is not to be confounded with those satirised in the lines of Young:

> "Commentators each dark passage scan,
> And hold their farthing candles to the sun."

It is the psychology that interests him; he only alludes to textual matters when he thinks the meaning of the author has been missed or misinterpreted. And the psychology is more intimate than comparative, though there is a comparison between Gertrude and Catharine of Aragon, also a curious reference to a King Akhnaton, who flourished in Egypt in the 14th century B.C.; and Hamlet is conceived as a possible collaborator with old Robert Burton in the compilation of "The Anatomy of Melancholy." Again and again Mr. Trench implores the reader to keep the text before him: "No right understanding of Hamlet will be attained," he says, "without first forgetting much of modern criticism and resolving to meditate afresh upon the text." Again, "The text is unexhausted; its content is vast; for just one thing more immeasurable there is than the heart of Hamlet, and that is the heart of his creator, Shakespeare." He holds that no intellect is alert enough to follow all the meaning except by study of the actual words. Shakespeare's dramatic effect is another thing than histrionic effect; and Shakespeare has little regard to the mere intellectual convenience of the spectator. A forgotten critic—Kames—hit appositely on the reason of Shakespeare's pre-eminence when he drew attention to the fact that where others have described passion Shakespeare shows it in action. Kames held, as Mr. Trench holds, that Shakespeare is not so much writing about a character as himself impersonating a character, and that the poet's beauties cannot be truly relished but by those who dive deep into human nature. In one of his most illuminating passages Lowell declared that, "Praise art as we will, that which the artist did not mean to put into his work, but which found itself there by some generous process of Nature of which he was as unaware as the blue river is of the rhyme with the blue sky, has somewhat in it that snatches us into sympathy with higher things than those which come by plot and observation." And on the point where Mr. Trench differs from Lowell, that of Hamlet's sanity, the latter really comes near the earlier commentator when he says, apropos to the weakening of will under the stress of circumstances being a form of insanity, "I can suppose someone asking, 'Do you mean to say that Shakespeare meant all this?' The answer is No; but I mean to say that what Shakespeare has written means all this." Mr. Trench throws considerable light on the relations between characterisation and plot construction. He believes Shakespeare agreed that the principles governing art are the same as those governing life. He analyses the plot arrangement, and contends that Act III. should end with our Act IV. sc. ii., on the ground that Act III. sc. iii.-iv. are the central scenes. He writes impressively of Shakespeare's irony, and no less thoughtfully of Shakespeare's benignity. He shows how Ophelia in describing Hamlet is actually describing herself; he makes acute comments on Gertrude's fear of both Hamlet and Laertes; he devotes much attention to the sub-play, and, by way of contrast to other critics, he does not hesitate to suggest that Shakespeare has given enough material to expand into a new play—"'Hamlet' with the Prince of Denmark almost left out, and the Ghost altogether left out." But the book is more than all provocative of thought and discussion in its meticulous analysis of Hamlet's mental processes. It makes one echo the author's "we may not feel very sure what it is that constitutes sanity." Indirectly Mr. Trench's volume reminds us that if man has no heredity of knowledge individually, heredity of knowledge belongs to man collectively; and the light gathered by individual students in varied walks of learning is preserved for the ultimate illumination of Truth.

W. F. A.

* "Shakespeare's 'Hamlet': A New Commentary. With a Chapter on First Principles." By Wilbraham Fitzjohn Trench, M.A. (Dublin), Late Professor of English Literature in the National University of Ireland. 6s. net. (Smith, Elder.)

INCARNATION OF ATTORNEYISM.*

"Incarnation of Attorneyism!"—thus Carlyle sums up against Fouquier-Tinville, finding him with more hatred than accuracy "rat-eyed" and "ferret-visaged." Restless and attentive eyes they were, M. Dunoyer notes in his admirably clear account of Fouquier, and the glance "dark and oblique, so fixed that others could not hold out against it." At bottom, Carlyle was right in dwelling with emphasis on the attorneyism of this terrible instrument of the Terror. "An arbitrary, violent man, ill at ease within the narrow limits of a tribunal. A despotic character." Yes, but the strain of work night and day, often only three hours sleep, after the law of the 22nd of Prairial, would have made any man in his place arbitrary and violent.

> "He had the education, all the education and habits of a lawyer, of a procurator, of a man brought up and trained in legal chicanery and procedure.
>
> "He wanted to win his cases at whatever cost. He confused his part as Public Prosecutor with his old quibbling habits. He wanted to win his cases, and he won them all with a high hand during the Terror and until the 9th of Thermidor. But he lost one case, his own, and that in spite of a vehement defence, full of talent, in which he confronted an entire Government."
>
> —Thus M. Dunoyer. And what did this vehement defence amount to? "I was the agent of the Committees of Government. What else could I have done than what I did?" Fouquier's only defence, M. Dunoyer rightly says, is in those words. As agent of the Revolutionary Committees he drew the indictment against Marie Antoinette, hastened the deaths of Danton and the Dantonists (and this despite the fact that it was to Camille Desmoulins, a distant relative, that Fouquier appealed, humbly enough, in 1792 for some post under Danton, then Minister of Justice), was equally in earnest for the execution of Robespierre, Saint Just, Couthon and the other victims of the 9th of Thermidor, and had sent to the guillotine a long line of men and women, old and young, and of all ranks and professions. "And on the 14th of Thermidor he was preparing to be Public Prosecutor 'under the Thermidorian faction.' If he had lived and kept his place, he would have been a diligent Public Prosecutor under the Directory, and he would willingly have made an Imperial Procurator under Napoleon." Others so survived and held office. Notably Barras, Tallien, and Sieyès. But Fouquier was not to escape. "Public vengeance was waiting for him. Too much blood had been shed." By his own indictments was Fouquier condemned. And by investigation of these indictments, carefully preserved in the National Archives in Paris, can we learn the truth of Fouquier's passionate haste for the death sentence, and his willingness to see conspirators and counter-revolutionists—fit only for the guillotine—in the simplest offenders. We may learn, too, that Fouquier could show pity and have mercy at times, and that he loved his wife. The book has all the high excellence of the French historian. The illustrations are well reproduced. The translation has been done with the skill and careful accuracy that Mr. Evans has so often displayed.

JOSEPH CLAYTON.

* "The Public Prosecutor of the Terror: Antoine Quentin Fouquier-Tinville." Translated from the French of Alphonse Dunoyer by A. W. Evans. 12s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Fouquier-Tinville.

From "The Public Prosecutor of the Terror." Translated from the French of Alphonse Dunoyer by A. W. Evans (Herbert Jenkins).

GEORGE DU MAURIER.*

When du Maurier turned novelist at sixty years of age he wrote his autobiography in "Peter Ibbetson," in "Trilby," and "The Martian." "Peter Ibbetson" used to dream of an old château "dim and indistinct, as though seen by near-sighted eyes at the close of a grey misty afternoon in late autumn through a blurred window pane, with busy but silent shadows moving about." It was the Château le Maurier that "Peter Ibbetson" saw in his fantastic dreams, a château built in the fifteenth century and standing still; and the shades were the ancestors of George du Maurier who dwelt once upon a time in Maine and Anjou, and who belonged to a small provincial nobility, but were concerned with an industry too. This was glass-blowing, an art as well as an industry and one considered to be a monopoly of the well-born, we are informed. George du Maurier's grandfather was the last of the race described as *Gentilhomme Verrier*, and in the troubled times of the French Revolution when monopolies were swept away he was obliged to take refuge in England. His descendants were not wholly English, and George du Maurier was born in Paris in 1834. "Du Maurier says fellows write to him 'de Maurier,'" says a colleague of the artist on "Punch" in later years; "'give the devil his *du*.'"

Du Maurier received his due. He only knew ups and downs in life while he was yet too young to have entered upon his real career; and when he found himself he found prosperity also. His father started him in life as a mining engineer and the business came to nothing, so that at the time of his father's death George du Maurier was very poor, very dull, and very miserable. But he was only twenty-two years old and free to follow his own bent and join the elect company in those Paris studios he was to write about so jovially in the after years.

Nowadays, we understand, there is no Quartier Latin left; even the Boul' Miche is changed and later studios of Montparnasse are now no more; so the Paris of "Trilby" must be a matter of ancient history indeed. Du Maurier was already successful in London in 1863 when he married "on his prospects," that were so good and so comfortably realised he never knew financial trouble more. We are all familiar with his success as an author finally, and can recall the great "boom" of "Trilby."

The secrets of his popularity and his success are discussed by his present biographer in a critical essay so able, that one regrets the occasional intrusion of generalities that are not felicitous about the Victorian Age.

We know that Mesopotamia was a blessed word, but there are words not blessed; as suburban, for instance, a word to be highly suspect; and pedestrian, that somehow savours of affectation; and Victorian, that too often induces us to expect something feeble will be said, and something shallow.

It is significant that some of du Maurier's best work was done in his early illustrations of Mrs. Gaskell's book, "Wives and Daughters"; for this was described on the title-page as an everyday story; and when du Maurier had portrayed Mrs. Gibson, and Cynthia and Molly, he went on to depict other characters in a great story of everyday life which he unfolded in the now historic pages of "Punch." Week by week, as what his biographer aptly terms "The Tale of the House," appeared in "Punch," du Maurier captured our affections with his charming pictures of childhood; and was always genial in his satire. There was no bitterness in the inventions of Sir Gorgius Midas and the inimitable Mrs. Ponsonby de Tompkins.

The style was indeed the man. In du Maurier's life there was a tragic element, for he was threatened with blindness, and this apprehension always in the background might have poisoned the artist's well of happiness; but as his biographer admirably says:

"It was noticed of Charles Lamb that the very fact of preserving the little pleasures of everyday life only under a lease which Fate at any moment might refuse to renew, caused him to be the very poet of such pleasures, experiencing them with an acuteness that became to him an inspiration. Du Maurier had the genius for keeping tragedy at bay, for enduring such a dark cloud without claiming pity."

And perhaps he was endeared to us for this simple reason that he found the common daylight sweet, and never faltered at what Robert Louis Stevenson calls "Life's great task of Happiness."

F. E. PHILLIPS.

* "George du Maurier." By T. Martin Wood. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

ON THE ADRIATIC.*

There is hardly any point of contact between these books, except that both of them are concerned with towns upon or near the Adriatic. In the monumental works of Mr. Jackson, R.A., we have been given a complete and very satisfying architectural survey of the Austrian and Italian shores. Now we have Mr. Hutton devoting himself to one town, while Mr. Goldring touches on many. Mr. Hutton is serious, as befits Ravenna; he is deep in the lore of that wonderful place, and it must be acknowledged that his manner of writing is, even to the least antiquarian among us, a more charming manner than is the less serious method of Mr. Goldring. But the books are so utterly unlike that it is inartistic, it is too natural that we should let them be spoken of in one breath. Except in the hands of a master, the psychology of A and B, who jostle one another in Piccadilly, is not to be described, although a lesser master may be capable of doing justice to either one of these or the other; and it requires a very great master adequately to compare the two. And if we could make this claim for ourselves we should not shrink from comparing the student who is Edward Hutton with the butterfly who is Douglas Goldring.

When the writer of a book knows everything that is to be known about his subject, then the critic must confine himself to the tracking out of slips or printer's errors, or he may adopt the attitude which he has often been reminded is the proper attitude of critics: he may applaud. It seems as if with Mr. Hutton he need have no compunction

* "Ravenna: A Study." By Edward Hutton. 10s. 6d. net. (Dent.)—"Dream Cities." By Douglas Goldring. 8s 6d. net. (Unwin.)

in playing this part. From the earliest times, and through the long years of her moving history, Mr. Hutton has recorded, in very appropriate language, the tale of Ravenna, whose decaying and imperishable splendour is the very theme for such a pen. If it be urged that he devotes too much space to ancient history, he may reply that Ravenna is not as many other ancient towns; owing to her geographical situation and other causes she has remained a portion of those ages. All books should be a labour of love to their writers, and it is not open to doubt but that this has been the case with Mr. Hutton. And in his various volumes on Italian towns we cannot think of any place which is more fitted for his pen.

Montenegro has been of late very much in the public eye, and Mr. Goldring gives a good description of the little capital. He is a very subjective traveller, which is rather perilous: we shall either be enchanted or impatient. The amorous episodes do not rival those of Sterne; we should advise Mr. Goldring to omit them from his next book. Sometimes, as at Budua, he brings out well the character of the place, which is so romantic as to seem artificial. But we do not care for the analysis of all the personages whom Mr. Goldring met. The old Englishman of Antivari will doubtless still be there, but why does Mr. Goldring say that we have no Minister at Cetinje? The most courteous gentleman who now holds that office was there at the time of Mr. Goldring's visit, and a good deal of his day was being spent, in company of an English architect, on the scaffolding of the Legation which is being built. "We have that intense dislike of each other's peculiarities," says the author, "which is one of the great charms of friendship," and we hope that in his next book he will write more in this strain and not refer quite so much to his own lackadaisical methods. He has it in him, we are sure, to write a good book of travels.

H. B.

SOME AUTUMN NOVELISTS.

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.

"The Poison Belt." 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Not even in "The Lost World" did Sir A. Conan Doyle write with such imaginative daring or with a more cunning command of the weird, the mysterious, and the terrible, than he writes in "The Poison Belt." Here you have "The Lost World's" little group: Professor Challenger, Professor Summerlee, Lord John Roxton, and the journalist of the *Daily Gazette*, with the addition of Challenger's wife, brought together in Challenger's house to make a last desperate fight for life against the deadly effects of a poison belt of ether, that has closed around the world and is death to all who breathe it. Foreseeing the general spread of this devastating force from the first manifestations of it, Challenger gathers those friends of his under his roof, and in an air-tight room, well supplied with tubes of oxygen, he makes all preparations to hold out until this fateful belt of evil atmosphere shall dissipate and pass.

They see for themselves the beginnings of this dreadful plague; and after they are shut up in readiness to resist its effects they have news over the telephone from terrified people in London of its awful progress, till at length towns and cities are desolate, the streets strewn and the houses filled with dead, and it looks as if all the world is to be depopulated. The whole narrative is unfolded with a minute, matter-of-fact realism, a plausibility and exactitude of detail, that have nothing to compare with them outside the pages of Defoe. The little company shut in their guarded room are pictured with an amazing vividness; you are made to realise how the danger gathers more ominously about their stronghold, how their confidence wavers and fails, and their dread of the end that seems inevitable increases on them, and all the while the resolute, indomitable Challenger towers superior to every alarm, even when at length the situation appears to be passing beyond his control, when the supply of oxygen gives out, and there is nothing for it but to stifle in the air-tight compartment, or throw open the windows and let the airs of death blow in.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Oliver Onions.**

It is a thrilling situation, and Sir A. Conan Doyle's powers of invention are triumphantly vindicated in the amount of variety he gets into it, and the unfailing skill with which he keeps the excitement and suspense of his characters, and of his readers, at high tension from start to finish. He has given us many romances, but none more charged with mystery and dramatic sensation than this.

OLIVER ONIONS.

"The Two Kisses." 6s. (Methuen.)

For a writer who "does not advertise" Mr. Oliver Onions has a singularly keen eye for the uses of advertisement. He it was who—in "Good Boy Seldom," if we remember aright—first suggested this form of publicity as a medium of political propaganda; and he, again, it is who, in his new book, "The Two Kisses," makes a present to the big storekeepers of a colossal advertising scheme, a scheme which ought to earn him the eternal gratitude of any firm that is enterprising enough to adopt it. But Mr. Onions' "comedy of a very modern courtship" presents aspects other than those that are likely to catch the eye of Mr. Higham and his confrères. We get, for instance, an account of a second-rate boarding-house's quaint menagerie, which is as droll and as convincing as anything of the kind that Mr. Arnold Bennett has described. We find a sketch of a female art-student, turned fashion-plate artist, which depicts that ingenuous fraud, "the economically independent woman," to the very life. While finally—as the novel's main *clou*—we are told the story of two art-students, who, being followers of "the new morality," fondly imagine that by chattering frankly about marriage, eugenics, and the white slave trade, they are helping to bring about the Emancipation of Woman, to inaugurate the New Age, and to found the New Jerusalem. It will be gathered that his latest novel—veritable little masterpiece though it is—makes no claim to rank as one of its author's bigger achievements; it cannot, that is to say, be put in the same flight with such a satire as "Good Boy Seldom," with such a collection of *contes* as "Pedlar's Pack," or with that great trilogy that has given Mr. Onions his rightful place at last among our leading novelists.

"The Two Kisses," indeed, is a tale which will rank with the same writer's story of "Little Devil Doubt." Both books diagnose a deep-seated social malady with unsparing thoroughness, the former scarifying "the day nurseries of the children of the well-to-do middle classes"—to quote Mr. Onions' caustic phrase—in much the same witty and high-spirited fashion as the latter attacked the devious morality of Yellow Journalism. Himself a capable black-and-white artist and an art critic of no little distinction, Mr. Onions knows what he is talking about when he deplores the art schools' ever increasing output of artists who read instead of doing their jobs and living their lives, artists who chatter about Tchekoff and Strindberg as aimlessly as Matthew Arnold's *bêtes noires* chattered about Shelley.

"There's too much paper in their lives [says the Professor at the McGrath school]. They read too much. Draw too much. Especially reading. Lord, the books they get hold of! Weeks and months together I've heard 'em. Myers says this, and Galton says that, and Tolstoi says the other; and they make up a sort of world out of all that, and think it's the real one, and go on living in it, and never get out of it."

It must be admitted, however, that in his latest work Mr. Onions makes no pretence of presenting his new men and new women with serene detachment or rigid impartiality. In dealing with *poseurs* and suffragists his is far too robust an intelligence, far too masculine a temperament, to err on the side of undue sympathy.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

"The Old Time Before Them." 6s. (Murray.)

Fifteen short stories of Dartmoor and its folk, by Eden Phillpotts, who, as Mr. Murray tells us on the loose cover of the volume, "has a unique knowledge of the romance—the humour and the tragedy—of that region." No one will hold the contrary opinion. These fifteen stories are all pitched in a sombre key, and all deal with the stuff of life—life that dances to the same tunes on Dartmoor as in London town or Khatmandhu. Love, hatred, jealousy, simple faith, good courage, temptation, weakness, anguish, triumph and despair, are all among the themes upon which Mr. Phillpotts works, and he is never trivial or lacking in understanding. The simple farm labourer whose harvest thanksgiving piece is rejected by the proud curate, and given the place of honour on the altar by the wiser rector; the elderly husband who tyrannised over his wife and "nagged" until despair over his baby brought him to his senses; the humane hangman, the coward who loved valour above all things, but without ever losing his cowardice, and found a wife of surpassing courage, their tales are told with a verve and distinctness that are rare. Among the best is the tale of the little girl of seven, who, when a still smaller child in her charge was bitten by an adder far away from help, cut off her own finger to encourage the other to face the mutilation necessary to save her life.

Mr. Phillpotts is a conscientious and laborious artist. He has in this book adopted what seems a needlessly difficult way of writing. Each story is told by Tom Turtle, the scene is always a Dartmoor inn, and is the setting for a tale told by Johnny Rowland, the landlord. Mr. Phillpotts' aim may be to avail himself of the Dartmoor speech, virile, meaningful, musical. But even from behind the doubled mask we hear the authentic voice of Mr. Phillpotts, and we cannot feel that he has attained the lovely melodious speech that was Synge's triumph for Ireland. And very often the character, the mask, is wholly forgotten.

F. M. A.

COMPTON MACKENZIE.

"Sinster Street." 6s. (Martin Secker.)

Mr. Compton Mackenzie is to be congratulated upon the best study of "The Human Boy" which has appeared for many years. In an apologetic dedication, he explains that this volume, which carries Michael Fane from early lite up to the eve of his going up to Oxford, is only one half of the complete story, (the second half of which is to be published early next year), and he urges in extenuation of his prolixity that a thousand pages are not too long for 25 years of a man's life, if one considers that "childhood makes the instrument, youth tunes the strings, and early manhood plays the melody." But no apology is needed for Mr. Compton Mackenzie's leisurely treatment. His handling of his subject is from first to last both sympathetic and masterly, and his description of the great London public school, which is so thinly veiled under the name of St. James', is so pitilessly worked out, that there is certain to be an outburst of indignation from "Old Jacobeans" and supporters of "Dr. Brownjohn."

The circumstances of the Fane family are tragic, in the strict Aristotelian sense. A cloud of mystery hangs over the heads of Michael and his sister Stella, and though we can guess pretty confidently the sad story of their paternity, it is only at the end of the book that Mrs. Fane explains to her children that Lord Saxby, who has just died in South Africa, was their father. The situation is worst for Michael. His sister was discovered in early childhood to be a musical genius, and her life was almost entirely given up to her art; but he, robbed of the comradeship of his mother and sister, is thrown back largely upon his own resources, and plunges into one after another of those experiences which lie ready to an imaginative youth, during those years when, in John Keats' words, "the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted." For such a boy as Michael the English public school has little real attraction, and being a "day-bug" he has unusual opportunities for indulging in all the love-affairs and hankerings after ritualistic religion and decadent æstheticism by which he is successively enthralled. Fortunately, however, Michael is a boy of strong personality, and is endowed with a capacity for making friends among not only the less desirable specimens of mankind, but among people of clean, sane common sense; and thus, though his ship is often driven upon her beam ends by the gusts of his temperamental hurricanes, she always manages to right herself again, and one never has any lasting fear that he will utterly disgrace himself.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Compton Mackenzie.**

Michael, of course, is the protagonist of the story, but Mr. Compton Mackenzie has set him among a number of other excellent characters, each of whom is treated with skill and distinction. The beautiful and gracious Mrs. Fane, the kindly Carthew family, Alan and a host of the other boys at St. James', Lily the heroine of his most enduring passion, the tipsy cook who sat in St. Paul's Cathedral "eating nuts as peaceful as if we was in a real church"—all these characters are worked out with a power of pathos, humour, and acute observation that will enhance Mr. Compton Mackenzie's reputation. And to say that of the author of "Carnival" is to make a statement which cannot be put forward lightly.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

H. G. WELLS.

"The Passionate Friends." 6s. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Wells' new novel will disappoint his admirers. "The Passionate Friends" is not only rather poor as a story, but it is even rather poor as a pamphlet. It suffers from the worst of all artistic errors—lack of interest. The bright genius of "Tono Bungay" and "Marriage" suffers a severe eclipse in these drawn-out pages. Indeed, "The Passionate Friends" comes uncommonly near to being a positively dull book. The fact is, Mr. Wells seems to have fallen between two stools. Incident in his novel is so attenuated that he means, apparently, to concentrate interest upon the characters of the two chief actors, Stratton and Lady Mary Justin, and upon their ideas of life and society; but in that he has largely failed, because neither Stratton nor Lady Mary are particularly convincing, nor their views particularly striking.

"The Passionate Friends" reads like a book written in a hurry, and with a purpose that bored the author before he was through with it. It is an inert and lifeless book in its later pages. The earlier ones, on the contrary, contain many delightful and subtle things, typical of the swift mind of Mr. Wells. But the whole effect is of failure. The story is one of two people, the passionate friends, Stratton and Lady Mary. There are other figures, of course, such as Stratton's wife and Lady Mary's husband, but they are entirely subsidiary to the central two. Stratton and Lady Mary have played together as children, and have become lovers in due course. But when, in fiction, or, perhaps, real life, did the clergyman's son have a chance of marrying the earl's daughter? So Stratton's heart is torn while Lady Mary is led to the altar by the millionaire. The result is unhappiness for both, a liaison, discovery, more unhappiness, long silence, turgid correspondence, a further (innocent but incriminating) meeting, divorce proceedings, suicide on the lady's part, ultimate family peace for Stratton. Stratton's world-travel and his marriage to Rachel (whom he conveniently loves in one way while he loves Mary in another) are interwoven with the main love theme, but they do not excite one. They are credible enough, but humdrum. But, indeed, though the other affair may be rather incredible, still it, too, is somewhat dreary. The story is inartistic and false. Lady Mary, in particular, does not hold together. She is entrancing as a shy girl, but as a woman she is not only "impossible" but hopelessly unreal. She speaks and thinks with a sort of mediocre and emancipated vulgarity that is absolutely nauseating. She is simply no relation to the delicious girl of seventeen Stratton used to meet in the park of Burnmore. But, in truth, one cannot take either her or Stratton seriously once they are mature. One soon begins to look upon them merely as mouthpieces through which Mr. Wells may enunciate views—not necessarily his own.

In its own line "The Passionate Friends" is as great a failure as was "Ann Veronica." There is a hasty crudeness about it astonishing in the author of half a dozen masterpieces. The whole coincidence of Stratton's meeting with Lady Mary in the Swiss mountains is surely inexcusable. Coincidences do happen in real life, but they must not happen in novels. That is a proper and recognised convention. But, in spite of its fundamental weakness, this book gives many glimpses of Mr. Wells' real power. Stratton's story of his relations with his little son are acutely touching, and the early love making between Stratton and Lady Mary is very effective. As for the manly and strictly conventional curate, Mr. Siddons, we get too little of him, as we got too little of Mr. Pope in "Marriage."

What is curious about "The Passionate Friends" is not so much that it is a failure as that it does not even strike one as a very ambitious failure. One has an uncomfortable feeling that the author's heart is not in it. Perhaps that is the main reason of its not gripping one's attention. Mr. Wells could not help being remarkable up to a point, but he has seldom scored more doubtfully than in "The Passionate Friends."

RICHARD CURLE.

ARNOLD BENNETT.

"The Regent." 6s. (Methuen.)

Not so very long ago Mr. Arnold Bennett made the by no means too acceptable announcement that he was putting a term to his famous series of chronicles of the "Five Towns." With the completion of his "Clayhanger" trilogy, the author of this, and that equally astonishing piece of realism, "The Old Wives' Tale," which evokes with no less success the manners and customs, the fashions and thoughts, the types and the ideals of life in the Midlands as it was lived in the Victorian era, was to bid, we were told, a lasting farewell to the scenes and to the sort of characters with which his art has attained its most convincing and masterly expression. Naturally all of us who admire Mr. Bennett for doing superlatively well with his "Five Towns" what no other English novelist can do much more than tolerably with a similar *milieu*, grieved over his decision, and begged him not to cut himself off too hastily from what has proved his surest inspiration. His answer has been to postpone for the present his record of the married life of Hilda Lessways and her husband, and to try his hand at showing that lighter side of the world of the Midlands which he has already exploited in some of his short stories. It is only past phases of this district of his birth that he seems able to associate with the deeper emotions and problems of humanity, and, in especial, that problem which always attracts him in his more serious vein—the problem of youth's quarrel with age; whereas the Five Towns, as he sees them to day, stir in him the comic spirit and set him smiling, if also admiring. A certain class of business man of those parts

Mr. Alfred Wareing.
From a caricature by George Whitelaw.
Mr. Wareing is the original of Mr. Marrier, the theatrical manager, in "The Regent."

Mr. Arnold Bennett.

particularly affects and tickles his fancy. He at once likes and chuckles over the Midlander who can use his wits to make a fortune and keep them after it is made ; the man who combines impudence and not too much scruple with genuine commercial genius, yet is so little of a snob that he retains his local patriotism : is so shrewd and hard headed that not all the temptations of wealth and luxury can rob him of the virtues that have lifted him from mediocrity. Such a self-made adventurer we had most genially and dashingly portrayed for us in " The Card " ; and Mr. Bennett, it appears, fell so much in love with the hero of his invention that he has felt it impossible just for the nonce to submit to his self-denying ordinance. So William Henry Machin, transferred to London, there to enlarge the field of his operations, but still remaining faithful at heart to the town which has given him honour and fame, once more figures as the protagonist of a Bennett novel ; and its author, for all his threats of shaking off the dust of the Potteries from his feet, still lingers there in the story of " The Regent."

Boisterous jollity no less than a knack of attracting adventures seems to be part of the atmosphere of the " Card," so that it will surprise no one who has read that book to learn that its sequel is a rattling farce. Never has Mr. Bennett revealed more exuberant spirits or a keener sense of fun than in his account of the risks and the luck which attended the Alderman while undertaking the business of London theatrical management. The whole episode is marked by daring ; and yet the " Card's " " cheek " carries him through. He buys the option of a site ; he builds a new theatre ; he manages to get a good run for a play that is feebly poetic, and he finishes his experiment several thousand pounds to the good. It is " prodeegious," as Dominie Sampson would say, but it is all made vastly diverting—a very carnival of merriment. Nor is the tale merely burlesque and fantasy ; it has behind it a hint of satire, evident enough to those who know anything of the haphazard policy with which too many of our play-houses are conducted, yet always insinuated with the best of good humour. Mr. Bennett sketches for us the kind of actress, the kind of posturing author, the kind of pretentious amateurs, who calmly expect to have their follies financed, and, what is odd, often get them financed, by business men otherwise sensible and far-seeing, but in the case of the theatre too frequently blinded by its " glamour." Machin, however, is not long dazed by the footlights, and soon recovers his native 'cuteness. When he discovers that poetry does not " pay " on the London stage he maroons the author of his play in America, he makes a clean sweep of his leading actress, and he takes an express journey to the States and back on purpose to secure the one attraction that will save his theatre from disaster. She is a notoriety-hunting suffragist, who is known in two Continents, and he wins her consent—thanks to his cajolery and sound advice—to figure in his bill and pile up his box-office receipts. All this makes laughable reading, and, at the same time, points a very telling moral. Success, however, in London fails to induce the " Card " to be untrue to his type ; he resolves that his right place is not amid the strangers and strange conditions of the capital, but in the Five Towns in which he is at home. The more so because his wife is of the same opinion, and has betrayed to him in unmistakable pantomime her censure of his audacious projects. Not the least amusing feature of Mr. Arnold Bennett's farce is the subtlety with which he indicates Midland reticence, even in such matters as a wife's dumb disapproval of a husband's venturesomeness. Mrs. Machin never puts her jealousy or her irritability into words, but " Denry " reads her every look, and his caution is inspired as much by the wish to placate her as by the feeling that he must not push fortune too hard. The novelist's suggestion that his hero can be fearless everywhere save in the bosom of his family is one of his most humorous and also one of his most plausible strokes of character-drawing. His fun needed just this steadying touch.

F. G. BETTANY.

W. PETT RIDGE.

" The Remington Sentence," 6s (Methuen.)

The plot in Mr. Pett Ridge's work is always the least important part of it. His recipe for a story would seem to be : Take a half-dozen or so of men and women, and a child or two : ordinary, everyday characters, the more ordinary the better ; bring them together, let them act and react on each other as if they were really alive and stir in plenty of the sort of incidents that would naturally arise in the experiences of such people, keep them bubbling and briskly on the move until the story is done. It is a simple recipe, but whether it is also a successful one depends entirely on the art of the cook.

And Mr. Pett Ridge has the art to make it a successful one. A mere outline of the story of " The Remington Sentence " would tell you practically nothing about it. The Remington family of a sister-mother and three brothers, the youngest still a schoolboy, come from the country into the unknown world of London in search of a livelihood. Their father, who has lately died, was a man of means and has left some considerable estate behind him, but under his will their inheritance is deferred. Hitherto, they have lived too easily and it has not been good for them ; they have developed a bad habit of quarrelling among themselves for lack of something better to do, and a worse habit of unpleasant arrogance towards their dependents and inferiors, and their father considered that if they had to rough it for a little and rub shoulders with the common world it would be a wholesome and humanising experience.

It is a hard and humiliating experience for them at first ; it brings out all the worse qualities of the elder brother and ends for him in disgrace and tragedy ; but for the sister, Helen, and the second brother, Walter, this having to face the stern realities of existence and arrive at a knowledge of their own strength and weaknesses is a liberal and healthful education. Geoffrey, the eldest brother, plays the man about town, drifts into doubtful society and passes through a divorce court episode on his way to ruin ; to the other three life is a struggle to keep up appearances and make ends meet, but they win through. Helen's love affair is a point of light in the story ; and the love adventure of " Snips," the youngest brother, who is the

historian of them all, when the innocent, piquant loves of his schoolboy days are over, is no less charmingly told. Walter is the strong man of the group, but it is the sound, practical commonsense and enterprise of Helen that really keeps them all going and carries them through. "The Remington Sentence" interests you because you are interested in its people; it is a strong and attractive story; the humour and pathos of it are true, and its studies of London life and character are in Mr. Pett Ridge's happiest and most shrewdly realistic vein. C. W.

GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM.

"General John Regan." 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Out into Ballymoy, a remote Irish village, goes Mr. Horace P. Billing, an American gentleman, anxious to see if a statue has been erected there, in the place of his birth, to the memory of General John Regan, the deliverer of Bolivia. Nobody in the village ever heard of such a General, but being reluctant to make a confession of ignorance, and so throw away the possibility of doing profitable business with this affluent stranger, Dr. O'Grady, Doyle, the hotel-keeper, Gallagher, proprietor of the local paper, and other residents, conspire to affect a knowledge of the General, to invent traditions concerning him, to point out his alleged birthplace, and to account for the absence of any statue. They get into and out of difficulties in trying to produce surviving relatives of the General, and embark upon a large scheme to raise a fund for erecting his statue, Mr. Billing (who is supposed to be writing the great man's biography) enthusiastically promising a handsome subscription towards that object. From inventing the General and details concerning his early life, they grow to absolutely believing in him; a statue is obtained, and it is only at the unveiling by a representative of the Lord Lieutenant that the whole legend tumbles to pieces, and it comes out that instead of the hustling Mr. Billing having been taken in by the leaders of Ballymoy, he had all along been taking them in, with a view to getting a move on the slow village and waking things up. This raw outline does the story no sort of justice, for it gives no idea of the delightfully quaint humour with which its characters are drawn, nor of the prodigality of farcical invention, and the irresistible gaiety and high spirits with which it is written. Those who saw the dramatic version of it will remember how the house rocked with laughter as scene after scene unfolded its glorious absurdities; and it is safe to say that those who read the book will find it to the full as droll, as whimsical, as ingenious, and as mirth-provoking as the play. In a word, it is a book that is joyously alive with the healthfullest, heartiest matter for laughter, and emphasises Mr. Birmingham's place among the very first of living English humorists.

EDWIN PUGH.

"The Proof of the Pudding." 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

In "The Proof of the Pudding," Mr. Pugh makes something of a new departure—he turns from those vivid, intimate studies of London life that we have learned to associate with his name to write a sparkling, cleverly contrived novel in which the story's the thing, and a varied, swift-moving, thoroughly enjoyable thing he makes of it. Tommy Johnson living in a Fitzroy Square boarding-house inherits a fortune and a title, and is reluctant to accept the responsibilities of either. He was born and has passed most of his life in Australia; has studied art in Paris, and is far keener to develop his talent and become a great artist than to coruscate in high society. Moreover, he is in love with pretty Penelope Embers, the typist, who also lodges in the boarding-house, and he doubts whether Penelope is not too independent to marry a man who is so much above her socially and financially. He would like a little of the money if it could be got without his having to shoulder the whole of his inheritance, and he hits upon the expedient of securing somebody who shall personate him, acquire and enjoy his title and estate and allow him five hundred a year out of it. He finds a man for his purpose, makes terms with him, furnishes him with proofs of identity, and the scheme is successfully carried out up to a certain point.

But it happens that his substitute is a bigger rogue and more unscrupulous than Tommy had bargained for, and once he has possession of everything, he declines to allow Tommy the five hundred a year for fear these regular payments should eventually be used as evidence that he is an impostor, when the real heir wearies of the game and wants to come into his own. Tommy is so exasperated that he resolves to turn his ungrateful substitute out; but he has parted with all proof of his rights and, except for the one other man who has all along been in his confidence, can get nobody to believe his story. It is a piquant situation and Mr. Pugh makes the very most and best of it. Tommy finds that by his eccentric action he has almost precipitated Penèlope into the arms of the rascal who is representing him; this makes him doubly eager to assert himself and recover what he threw away, and the succession of surprises and adventures that accompanied his efforts to do this make very delectable reading. The prevailing note of the story is of the happiest humour; the characters are well drawn; there are touches of pathos, sentiment, sensation, and the whole thing is told with a gusto that keeps the reader fully interested until Tommy has unravelled the knot in which he has tied himself and his affairs.

E. F. BENSON.

"Thorley Weir." 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

We should be glad if Mr. E. F. Benson would initiate us into his secrets of the art of novel-writing, as he proposes to do this month with the secrets of "Winter Sports in Switzerland" in a book which Messrs. Allen are publishing. It is no mean tribute to write of his latest novel, "Thorley Weir," that it impresses us as much by its unimpeachable craftsmanship as by its inherent qualities as a study of the modern world of art. The love story is not so striking as the picture which it presents of the way in which genius can be exploited at the present day. It would be interesting to know if the portrait of Arthur Craddock, the great critic who used the columns of his papers to boom his new discoveries, only to benefit his own pocket, is in any sense drawn from life. This Craddock had an astonishing *flair* for perceiving what the public would appreciate.

> "Often he bought pictures, which from an artistic point of view he thought frankly contemptible, because he saw signs—so subtle that they were instinctively perceived rather than reasoned—that the public was going to see something in either an outworn mode, or in some new and abominable trickery."

Then, having nursed them in the Press, he transferred his purchases to a gallery in which he was financially interested, and gladly parted with them on advantageous terms. Yet Arthur Craddock, with all his faults, was only half a villain, and a patron who was always ready to bow the knee before genius; very different from the patron defined by Dr. Johnson in his abusive letters to Lord Chesterfield Craddock did at least hold out a helping hand at the critical moment, however much he may have sinned by his dishonesty as a dealer and his meanness as a rival in his protégé's love affair. Many neglected geniuses would willingly bind themselves for three years on the terms by which Mr. Benson's two delightful young heroes were bound to Arthur Craddock. That worthy was sufficiently punished by the shame of discovery. His remorse, when he realised to what depths his unscrupulous ambition had led him, when it tempted him to betray the genius who was now hailed as the rising star of the whole artistic world, is depicted with the touch of a master's hand. "He felt as if he had been found picking Velasquez's pocket."

The Pearl Tears.
Drawn by Daphne Allen, at the age of 13.

From "The Birth of the Opal," by Daphne Allen (George Allen & Co.),

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THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL.*

In her new book, "The Birth of the Opal," Miss Daphne Allen appears as both artist and author. There are three short stories, "The Birth of the Opal," "How the Pearls First Came," and "The Story of the Wind," and the charm of them lies in the quaint fancifulness and childlike simplicity with which they are told. You see the same quick, graceful fantasy, the same direct simplicity of thought—subtle sometimes in its very simplicity, as a child's thoughts are—delightfully at play in her work with brush and pencil. The second part of the volume consists of drawings for which, as Mr. Walter D. Ellis sets forth in his brief introduction, the artist "did not furnish any explanation, and I have done my best to supply selections from the poets which suggest similar lines of thought or imagination." These drawings, he adds, "are the pure fruit of the child's own fancy, done as the spirit moved her, without any purpose of publication," and the applicable poetical quotations are an afterthought on the part of the editor.

The paintings and sketches in this new collection do not show any advance in technique on the work of the earlier volume; that was not to be expected, for it is barely a year yet since "A Child's Visions" was published; but they maintain to the full all the spontaneous ease and grace, the happy, careless, poetic imaginativeness that characterised the other book. It is difficult to define the charm of these pictures: sometimes the slightest of them has a delicate beauty of line and form that is yet matched by the beauty of the thought or fancy it expresses. There is a delightful little sketch on the half-title page—"The Moon-Cradle"—showing six small babies asleep in the curve of a slim new moon, with an angel at each horn, rocking it; there is another—"When the Cloud Spirits dim the Moon," which is just an outline of the moon with a drift of light, flying figures clouding it over: the sense of quiet loveliness in the first of these, and of beauty and movement in the last are perfect in their kind. They have feeling and atmosphere and are intensely alive. It is the same with the painting of "The Golden Boat of Life." with the wash drawings of "The Storm Spirits," "The Pearl Tears," and "The Surprise Visit," and with the wonderfully vivid, vigorous little sketch, "The Spirits of the Wind."

None of the pictures are of this drab, every-day world in which people grow old and die; the girl and the child in the garden may be ordinarily human, but the dead autumn leaves dropping from the tree are little fairy-children; the rocks and fishes at the bottom of the sea are realistic enough, but there is a sea-maiden lifting the top shell of an oyster and disclosing a little weeping child inside it. Other healthily happy children play in the same fairy-land with the same airy, elusive fancies and bizarre imaginings, but one is put to it to name any other child of fourteen with so rare a gift for translating the thoughts and dreams of childhood into paintings and sketches such as these of Daphne Allen's. There are occasional technical flaws; it would be amazing if there were not; but the spirit and natural cunning of the work as a whole dwarf these into insignificance. We hesitate to make use of the word genius, but no other word can account for such art as this from the hand of so young and necessarily inexperienced an artist.

THE GENIUS OF THE GAEL.†

There is no doubt that racial psychology is a study as full of quicksands as of fascination. For nations are liable not only to the extreme oscillations of prejudice and appreciation from their critics, but their own development is subject in itself to such violent inconsistency and to such warfare between the multiple constituents of the national character, that it is little wonder that the average historian finds refuge solely in the bald exposition of facts and events, without venturing to infer or to generalize. But Mrs. Bryant, in her eloquent and persuasive analysis, plumbs deeper waters. Possessing the qualities both of introspective curiosity and logical deduction, she attempts to marshal the various aspects of Celtic activity—historical, literary, spiritual and personal into a consecutive whole, into a formula, which will justify the manifold calculations of which it is composed. She is certainly not immune from the charge of partiality, and the finished portrait emerges a little stiffed, a little more conscious of the burden of its excellence than the model virtually is. The Celt of her pages would, we fancy, be a little oppressive, if the verisimilitude were preserved in the flesh.

The pivot of Mrs. Bryant's investigation is her chapter on the psychology of the Celt, and on its summary she bases practically all the details of her speculations. It is therefore worth examining the more freely. Her salient contention is that in point of psychological emphasis, the Gael is much more vividly differentiated than the Teuton, with whom, though conceding the proper reservation, she classes the Saxon race. In some extremely able paragraphs, she mobilizes the particular virtues and stigmas that have been attributed to the Celtic nation and have passed into currency. There is the impractical dreamer, the Hamlet of the nations, which Mathew Arnold evolved; the practical genius, which as Mrs. Bryant might have told us Mr. Shaw both vindicates and represents; there is the conservative and the revolutionary; there is the primitive and the socially expansive; there is the concrete and the spiritual. All these opposing types Mrs. Bryant not only accepts and reconciles, but, with a paralysing astuteness and brilliance in the perception of idealities, shoulders into a common fold. The Celt, she says, is distinguished by his positive vitality, which by its tenacity of energy on the one hand and of memory on the other, implies a sense of "conservative progressiveness," linking him to the past and its essential character, and at the same time making him accessible and impressionable to ideas. Allied with this is his dominating trait of "facility of consciousness," which, on account of its concrete element, enables him "to react upon experience as a whole." Mrs. Bryant utilizes the subordinate characteristics which have been noted in him, with a similar aptitude of resource. His genius for domesticity and its associate qualities; his raciness; his imaginativeness; his sympathy; his individual and civic devotions; his variability; his dramatic sense divided from the histrionic by his acute apprehension of the significance of truth; and his spirituality, to illustrate some of her examples, are visualised by her in perspective and through the focus of a controlling, unifying idea. That is to say, she makes them generic and apposite. She defines the Celt (or the Gael, if we wish to preserve a rigid classification) in politics, in the religious life, in literature, and in his attitude to his ancient social institutions pretty well entirely from this point of view of a subtle amalgam in his disposition between self-consciousness and other-consciousness. Mrs. Bryant's theme, indeed, is so much of a synthesis, so masterly and plausible in its applications, that we almost forget that we are, as a matter of fact, treading upon highly controversial ground. For there are undoubtedly certain aspects in which she has understated and where she has overstated her case. She has assumed, for instance, that all the various estimates of Celtic temperament we have enumerated are *ipso facto* true. At any rate, they cannot be so correlative as she makes them, without being modified. Mathew Arnold's theories indeed are quite obsolete, it is dubious whether they were ever anything else but figments of his intellect—and Mr. Shaw's much more convincing thesis must be discounted in part from being a counterblast to the legend circulated by Arnold. Moreover, we frankly doubt whether it is the Celt's susceptibility to truth which balances his dramatic propensity; it is not so much that as his ironical sense, which goes so well with his competence. It is this slandered faculty which has made him take an

* "The Birth of the Opal: A Child's Fancies." By Daphne Allen. 5s. net. (Geo. Allen & Co.).

† "The Genius of the Gael." A Study in Celtic Psychology. By Sophie Bryant. 5s. net. (Unwin.)

unfailing delight in the myths we English people have invented concerning him and (as indeed there is no reason on earth why he should not) to play unscrupulously upon them. And he has the sanity and judgment to detect the rays of that same irony upon himself. He qualifies himself by it in the same way as we suspect he would qualify Mrs. Bryant's whole-hearted appreciation of him. Mrs. Bryant again infers that the positive personality of the Irishman, which she so vigorously italicises, is ethical in its implication. It is a vital point, but actually there is no foundation whatever for it. This Irish exuberance, which has so many virile and engaging manifestations, may evolve ecstatically, but is not intrinsically ethical. In so far as the life-force itself is ethical, the Celtic vitality is the same, but the one does not by any means presuppose the other. The moral instinct is positive, but the assertion of vitality is not necessarily moral. Anyway, Mrs. Bryant, if she traverses debatable regions, carries fine wares in her wallet.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

THINGS NAUTICAL.*

To "Sailing Ships and their Story," "Fore and Aft," and "Steamships and their Story," Mr. Keble Chatterton has now added the present big and handsome book, which, so far as appearance and present handling go, is a credit indeed to all who have been concerned in its production. Truth to tell, not only is Mr. Chatterton faring sumptuously towards a fleet of battleships (or should we say: First-raters in books? For one reason, and in spite of its alliteration's artful aid, we would rather have said: Liners in literature), "all on his own"; but he must make the literary mouths of more humble penmen—dirty little smacks, by comparison—water with envy, when they contemplate his gorgeous, liner-like appearances, as he comes sailing now and then out of the harbour of the press and seems as if he must have a whole sea of a shelf to himself.

As to the subject matter of this book: Having separately and pretty exhaustively told the stories of windjammers, severally and generally, and of steam-driven craft (Steamship is an odious combination. There are old sailormen who won't admit such packets to be ships at all), from the A of Fulton down to the present-day litter of *Titanics*, *Imperators*, etc., Mr. Chatterton seems to have cast backwards, so to write, seen various interesting odds and ends, which had been omitted from the other books, recognized how, by certain additions and a little more literary privateering, he could put together (build up, we ought to have written) another of his rich-looking galleons from the El Dorado of things nautical in the Spanish Main of literature. Having done that and seen this, well, he did this also. And, lo, it no doubt looked as well in his sight as it is well in ours. His pictures are as profuse and as fine as ever, in fact, such pieces of black and white work as are found on pp. 49, 123, 162, 187, etc., are deserving of high praise. Mr. Keble Chatterton has again gone to the keel of his subject, as it were, beginning with "The Birth of the Nautical Arts" (Carthaginian, Roman, etc., of course), taking stock of the Vikings, of seafaring in the Middle Ages, in Tudor and Stuart times, and finally giving a glance at the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. And, so far as it is done, it is well done; but we would, indeed, that he, and all who go exploring the same literary waters, did give us somewhat of the depth and breadth of those seas. We are surfeited with the work of the literary dilettante; we are but little less impatient with those who can sail further and bring us of the wealth that lies afar, and Mr. Keble Chatterton is of the latter kind. He sometimes tries to cram a period into a chapter, and not with the brilliance of the really talented condenser. Let him, therefore, cover space somewhat equal to his pains in research. We don't like the short in those writers who are not snappy naturally; because shortness without corresponding crispness is like eating overdry biscuits that have but little flavour.

J. E. PATTERSON.

* "Ships and Ways of Other Days." By E. Keble Chatterton. With One Hundred and Thirty Illustrations. 16s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

KAISER MAX.*

Hero-worship is largely a matter of nationality. The present Kaiser will probably be remembered by his devoted subjects as William the Great, but to future generations of Englishmen it is not unlikely that he will be known as "Puffing Billy." In the same way Kaiser Max, as Maximilian I. was called in his own day and generation, was the darling of his German and Tyrolese subjects; but that is no reason why Englishmen should accept him, as Christopher Hare does in his new life of the Emperor, as "the very mirror of knightly courtesy." It is just four hundred years ago, be it remembered, since Maximilian helped young Henry VIII. to win his first campaign, and then betrayed him for the sake of Ferdinand's promise of help in the Emperor's plundering designs against Venice. It is true that Maximilian soothed his conscience on that occasion by the base assurance on the part of Ferdinand's emissary that Henry VIII. would raise no objection, but his was a conscience that was easily appeased. His daughter Margaret was a much nobler character than this needy and egotistical Emperor, and had a higher regard for the honour of the House of Hapsburg, of the greatness of which he was never tired of singing. It was Margaret of Austria who flatly declined to marry old Henry VII., though her father would have sacrificed her for a consideration to the monarch whose insecure throne he had previously sought to undermine by means of the spiritless pretender, Perkin Warbeck. She was not unwilling, at a later date, however, to flirt with Charles Brandon, the handsome favourite of young Henry VIII., while accompanying her father in the Terouanne campaign. Christopher Hare makes no mention either of Maximilian's futile championship of the English pretender, or of the diplomatic flirtation between his daughter — "Savoy's blooming Duchess," as Drayton calls her—and Brandon, with young Henry VIII. acting as a most enterprising matrimonial agent. This is the more curious as the author refers to the feminine touch in Margaret's letter from Lille to her father at this period, in which she says: "I am willing to ride thither if it will be for your good service . . . but otherwise it is not seemly for a widow woman to go trotting about and to visit armies for pleasure." The author mentions, instead, that Henry VIII. "was accompanied by the astute Wolsey, who had just been made Bishop of Tournay by the Pope." It was Henry who appointed Wolsey to this bishopric, but the appointment was never confirmed by the Pope. The French bishop-elect of the same See hotly disputed the Englishman's administration, and three years later Wolsey was content to surrender his claim for a pension of 12,000 livres.

The character of the last Holy Roman Emperor of the ancient régime is summed up by Christopher Hare in the title of her book, "Maximilian the Dreamer." He was always dreaming of impossible glories, the summit of his earthly ambition being to crown himself with the papal tiara and combine the spiritual and temporal rule of the world. But Maximilian's dreams soared beyond terrestrial heights. He assured his daughter quite seriously in 1512 that she would have to worship him after his death, as he fully intended to be canonised! On the other hand, he was not only an excellent soldier, and fearless as a lion at bay, but also a generous patron of art and letters. His supreme achievements were the organisation of his German troops into the famous Landsknechte, whose splendidly trained companies became the admiration, as well as the fear, of all Europe; and the restoration of the University of

* "Maximilian the Dreamer: Holy Roman Emperor, 1459–1519." By Christopher Hare. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

Vienna. The Emperor was, in truth, a strange mixture of good and bad qualities, and the only fault I have to find with Christopher Hare's study is that it makes overmuch of the one and under-estimates the other. Her hero was no more sincere in his dreams of a crusade against the Infidels than were the other reigning sovereigns of Christendom, who were all ready enough with their promises, but only made them as an excuse for arming themselves against one another. Maximilian gave every encouragement to the Rennaissance in Germany, but unlike Albrecht Dürer, many of whose priceless works we owe to his patronage, he failed to realise the significance of the Reformation. He had a poor opinion of English arms, but the highest regard for English crowns, as he proved on many occasions in the course of his impecunious career, especially when he served under Henry VIII. as a common soldier at one hundred crowns a day. Nobody, as Dr. Gairdner has said, ever settled anything with Kaiser Max without ready money.

Frank A. Mumby.

ESSAYS IN REBELLION.*

In Mr. Wells's "Time Machine" there is a vision of a world from which strife, danger and rebellion have been eliminated, a world in which peace is secure and lasting and man released at last from standing guard over his life and well-being. The people who inhabit it, having no longer any need for initiative and fortitude, have degenerated upon a fragile physical beauty and a childish ineffectuality; the race has been pampered to its undoing. In Mr. Nevinson's view, as set forth in his "Essays in Rebellion," it is the function of the rebel, working in the social body like leaven in the dough, troubling it with its demoniac commotion, to avert from mankind the danger and degradation of so sluggish a tranquillity. To justify and explain his rebel, Mr. Nevinson has written the admirable parable of the cat-fish—that devil of the seas which the wise fisherman used to introduce into his tank to stimulate and enliven the cod, that else would have rotted and become unmarketable.

In the course of a career whose active and varied interest is known to most readers of newspapers, Mr. Nevinson has been a spectator of—and, for all I know, a participant in—many rebellions; he has seen streets closed by barricades and the current of a city's life dammed with violence and slaughter; but he is far from limiting his use of the word rebellion to these mere crises and culminations of the rebel idea. Hardly shall you find, in casual paragraphs scattered through his pages, an admission that he knows at first hand whereof he writes; there never was a less boastful book. The rebels he esteems for the efficacy of their rebellion are such as Carlyle, Swift, Rousseau, Byron and Cardinal Vaughan; he sets their names beside those of Garibaldi, Mazzini, the revolutionaries of Russia, and the reservists whose refusal to embark for Melilla brought about the Barcelona rising. "It has been an age of rebels in letters as in life," he says, with a tone of congratulating the age upon this point in its character. "Rebellion has been the characteristic expression of its most vital self." There is even a whisper of hope that the immediate future will not lack its rebellious quality.

"During a generation or so, people have looked to the Government to mitigate the oppression of poverty, but some different appeal now seems probable. For many despair of the goodwill or the power of the State, finding little in it but hurried politicians, inhuman officials, and the 'experts' who docket and label the poor for 'institutional treatment.'"

The Catalan reservists who refused to serve in the Morocco campaign in 1909 furnished a precedent which Mr. Nevinson considers "the greatest gain ever yet won for the cause of peace." The war was an ignoble one; none stood to gain by it save a few speculators in Paris and Madrid. The working people, the class that supplied the reservists, for once in a way saw through the martial pomp that veiled the miserable truth of the matter, and rather than embark, set Barcelona in a blaze and held the city for nearly a week. Men of all countries have long since refused to fight for mere dynasties; "if they refuse to fight in the ordinary Government wars, either war will cease or it will rise to the higher stage of war between class and class." The latter alternative suggests to Mr. Nevinson possibilities even of a world-war between the classes.

"That would take the form of a civil war extended throughout Europe, and perhaps America and the highly-developed parts of Asia. The allied forces in the various countries would then strike where the need was greatest, the French or English army corps of working-men going to the assistance of Russian or German working-men against the forces of despotism or capital."

Mr. Nevinson's range is a wide one: he is a cat-fish in many tanks. "Institutional treatment" of the poor, "Imperial" methods of governing, the "masculine oligarchy" against which the advocates of female suffrage battle so valiantly—these are but a few of the things established against which he stands in rebellion. But I should fail to convey the sense and flavour of him if I allowed it to appear that his rebel, his cat-fish, his leaven, were always and merely political, factors in an eternal opposition set "agin the Government." Man is something more than a voter—something more than a reformer, too, for that matter. In "The Iron Crown," Mr. Nevinson takes for a text the case of Cardinal Vaughan, that fastidious and courtly Prince of the Church, who moved in an entourage of state and worldly circumstance, who was occupied with the arts, who was accepted in exalted social circles, whose life had the cast of dignity and sumptuous equipment—from whose arm, when he lay dead, there was filed the iron bracelet he had worn for many years, with its spikes turned inward to lacerate his flesh. Here is another fashion of rebellion, and another side to Mr. Nevinson's mind. "The Priest of Nemi" is another most memorable paper in Mr. Nevinson's best manner; yet another is "The Underworld of Time."

"Essays in Rebellion" is more than an engrossing and strongly imaginative book; to read it is to add to one's mental equipment. It is the expression of a frank and courageous mind, which to a wide reading has added an unusual range of human experience, and of a spirit which has been active for many years in the cause of liberty.

Perceval Gibbon.

* "Essays in Rebellion." By Henry W. Nevinson. 6s. net. (Nisbet.)

ITALY IN NORTH AFRICA.*

The great adventure of Italy in Tripolitania has been largely forgotten, or at least obscured, by the more tremendous conflict in Europe itself that followed the Italian enterprise. Yet one was practically the logical and foreseen outcome of the other. Lord Salisbury in 1890 declared that "on the day when the *status quo* in the Mediterranean shall suffer any alteration whatever Italy's occupation of Tripoli will become an absolute necessity," and again, that "an attack on Tripoli by Italy would be the signal for the dismemberment of Turkey." The *status quo* in the Mediterranean was certainly altered in 1911: there was a strong rumour that Germany had designs upon Tripoli, Italy found that the decisive moment had come. The curious scrambling campaign ended with the treaty of Lausanne, and, as Salisbury prophesied, was followed by the Balkan War. Now Italy is left with Tripoli on her hands, and is faced with the problem of making the best of her bargain. It is an immense territory, mostly waste and unproductive, and occupied, if at all, by Arabs. Yet anciently it was a fertile land, and the modern descendants of the great Roman people may restore the province to something of its old prosperity. Italians are magnificent cultivators—a circumstance hardly sufficiently realised—and very well understand irrigation and dry farming. Italy will have a

* "Italy in North Africa." By W. K. McClure. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

great task to develop the resources of Tripoli, but she will succeed in the end with energy and patience. Mr. McClure's book is a *résumé* of the events of the recent war, with some reflections upon the country and its circumstances. Frankly pro-Italian in its point of view, it is moderate in tone and in statement, and if it praises not merely directly, but also " with faint blame," it is now of no good purpose to revive unhappy controversies.

THE PLEASANT LAND OF FRANCE.*

It is the more pleasant to come across this book by Mr. Goldring in that it is such an improvement on another of his travel books which we lately read. Here are, indeed, a few references to adventures amorous, but one feels that they actually happened, and, therefore, never need to be forgiven, while his other adventures in a more distant scene were too palpably unreal. Here Mr. Goldring is a far more leisured traveller, he stays for many days in town after town—at Nevers he stood in some peril of remaining too long for his own comfort. We picture him lying, at each successive place, in bed, with a Baedeker on the floor, and afterwards he will rise, will furtively glance through this admirable author, and will be honest enough to praise him when he is not irritated by the thought of personally-conducted and other tourists who use him likewise. Then he will go forth and will describe very well and vividly and amusingly the various human and architectural matters of interest. It is rather surprising that while Mr. Henry James is rightly quoted on several occasions, yet at Angers there is no mention of M. René Bazin who, we fancy, lives there, and at any rate has often made that district his literary scene. Mr. Collins's illustrations, in colour and in black and white, are very attractive, though they all seem to have been done in weather more monotonously fine than that which Mr. Goldring encountered. We hope that books of this enjoyable, rambling sort will henceforth come from Mr. Goldring, who persistently eschews the ways of Augustus Hare and gives us his own meditations without requesting us to arrange our own. When he arrived at Muarces of the magnificent cliffs, we wish he had gone a couple of miles from the river—he had already tramped many score in search of various objects—because at La Seilleraye he would have found in a delightful old château, not only souvenirs of Madame de Sévigné, who used to stay there but, very probably, ourselves; and, anyhow, his book will go there now and it will give great pleasure, we are sure.

Mr. V. C. Scott O'Connor is an Indian official who, on a holiday, visited the Pyrenees, and now has given us an excellent account of his explorings, both physical and of the spirit. This is very clearly a book which gave its author a great pleasure to write, and he completely takes us with him. That part of it which deals with the famous miniature republic—if republic be the word—of Andorra one naturally turns to first, and it is interesting to see that Mr. O'Connor is not one of those blind followers of the picturesque, to whom all that is exotic is laudable. It is the more interesting to read his remarks as to independence of a state when we remember that he helps to adminster a part of our Indian Empire. And from the Andorran chapters, with their neat strokes and admirable observation, we see at once that no matter where Mr. O'Connor may travel we shall always be delighted to travel with him. Andorra is, no doubt, a rather sordid and mean commonwealth of smugglers, but if on his way from India the author should some day get off at Rimini and write a book about the Apennines, we hope that our own ideas as to San Marino will not be shown to be equally a delusion. There, at least, the executive is not so complicated, and the population appear to be devoted more to agriculture than to smuggling. With regard to the other regions of which Mr. O'Connor writes, we may refer to Perpignan, over whose faded glory he laments and then characteristically gives us an excellent sketch of the present Bishop, for whom he has much admiration. This prelate is, as we see, a scholar, and at the same time the inventor of a very profitable liqueur; also he has built his own tomb in the abbey. The old castles of the Pyrenees, the quaint inhabitants, Catalan or otherwise, the scenery—all are depicted to our great entertainment, and the line drawings are even more satisfactory than the photographs and the coloured reproductions, which is saying a good deal

* "The Loire." By Douglas Goldring. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)—"Travels in the Pyrenees." By V. C. Scott O'Connor. 10s. 6d. net. (Long.)

THE HOMER OF INSECTS.*

Many years ago there appeared a small book on insect life entitled " The Population of an Old Pear-tree." It was written in popular language and treated the insects almost as if they were human beings. Yet there was nothing superficial about it. Every page bore the marks of the keenest observation, as well as the most entire sympathy with the joys and sorrows of the insects. The illustrations brilliantly carried out the spirit of the book, and even added a touch of poetry and fancy all their own. Through this fascinating channel the work of the great French naturalist was introduced to English readers without their knowing it. Now, by the industry of Dr. Legros, they know their benefactor, and at the same time, plunge far deeper into the amazing world, the doors of which he has opened to us. With a cleverness which commands our admiration, the biographer has brought out all the most salient points, the most picturesque revelations, the most pregnant discoveries of the humble schoolmaster of the South of France, and at the same time has unveiled for us a character of rare charm.

There is a vague impression abroad that Fabre is merely a peasant with a genius for patient observation. There is an element of truth in this. He is by origin a peasant. In the home of his childhood " the only light, of an evening, came from a splinter of pine, steeped in resin, which was held by a strip of slate stuck into the wall; in times of severe cold his folk shut themselves in the byre to save a little firewood." Undoubtedly, too, he had a genius for patient observation—unfortunately, we must say " had," for he is now past work. For no less than forty years he was observing the habits of the Scarabæus Sacer. But Fabre is far more than this. He has been a professor of physics; he is a first-class mathematician, lying awake at nights while absorbed in contemplation of some newly-discovered properties of a curve. This knowledge adds enormously both to his value and to his enthusiasm. It enables him to describe the hunting-net of the Epeira spider, whose " terribly scientific " combinations realise the spiral logarithm of the geometers. He applies the infinitesimal calculus of Leibnitz to the " transcendant spirals " of the snail. He has composed a beautiful lyric in honour of Number. The man is a poet as well as a scientist, a poet who has sung the praises of the Hyperbola, " the desperate curve which plunges into space in infinite tentacles." Poetic imagination and sympathy pervades his work, makes dull facts burn with a glowing beauty. Never has there been a naturalist better equipped for interpreting to the multitude the marvels and mysteries of Nature.

The marvels: here is the Cerceris wasp hiding its larva in a tunnel and providing it with a larder of meat that keeps fresh for months. How is this possible? The sting of the Cerceris is plunged exactly into the seat of those invisible nervous ganglions which make movement possible. The victim is paralysed, but lives on until the larva is ready for its meal. Another marvel: the Sphex compresses the brain of its victim so as to produce a passing stupor; the glow-worm anæsthetizes the snail, in order to immobilise it before devouring it. The Philanthus wasp, after capturing the honey-bee, " outrages the dying insect " by squeezing

* " Fabre, Poet of Science." By Dr. C. V. Legros. Translated by Bernard Miall. 10s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

honey out of it. Why? because the Philanthus knows instinctively that honey, which is her ordinary fare, is, by a mysterious "inversion," a mortal poison to her larvæ.

This brings us to the mysteries unravelled by Fabre, or partially unravelled. His experiments showed him that what is poison to an adult is harmless to the larva—"a fresh proof that metamorphosis modifies the substance of the organism to the point of changing its most intimate properties." Then the great mystery of instinct. Fabre proves how mechanical it is. The Pelopæus continues to store away spiders for a larva that has been removed; the mason bee continues to fill a cell already provisioned with all the honey its larva wants. Then the mystery of sacrifice, the submission of the grasshopper before the Praying Mantis, of the Tarantula before its almost despicable enemy, the Pompilus. Fabre accounts for it by supposing a Providential law of renunciation, of self-sacrifice for the collective interest.

Very interesting is Fabre when he comes to attack Darwinism, and demonstrates, for instance, that the supposed striking mimicry of wasps by the Volucella fly is baseless, that its brown and yellow bands do not provide it with a pass into the enemy's country, but that it is actually welcomed as an invaluable scavenger. Most interesting of all is this great naturalist when he deals with general principles, such as the equilibrium of Nature, the task appointed to every insect, the mercy of Nature and the imprint everywhere of a great eternal Power. This biography will have done invaluable service if it sends Englishmen to the study of the works of this great and fascinating naturalist.

W. A. F.

THE DIARY OF LADY SHELLEY.*

It is hardly surprising that the first volume of Lady Shelley's diary (which was published in the Spring of last year) met with so unqualified a success. The popularity of this book was well deserved, for its pages were lively and amusing, and they treated of people and events (belonging to that fascinating period of Nelson and Napoleon) that are just beyond the recollection of people now living. In journalistic phrase our author would probably be described as "a link with the past," because she touched life at so many vital points of modern history, kept a journal, and put into it much of what she had seen and heard. Lady Shelley died in 1873, not so long ago that there must be many now surviving who will have heard from her own lips some of the stories that are related in this book.

A second and final volume compiled from these diaries of Lady Shelley by her grandson, Mr. Richard Edgcumbe, has just made its appearance. It begins in April, 1818, concludes with the year of her death, and it hardly contains a dull page. Mr. Richard Edgcumbe deserves to be commended for his skill in selecting the material of which the two volumes are composed, and congratulated on having completed his task. As an editor he leaves nothing to wish for. Lady Shelley wrote up her journal with exemplary regularity, and evidently it was with a sense of genuine pleasure that she recorded every event of interest, and any amusing chit-chat of the day. Her dry humour is reflected in the stories that she has preserved. Anything whimsical, odd or incredible appealed to her fancy and was set down with exclamation marks. But her diary also reveals a generous and charming personality, a nature which proved so attractive to her irresponsible husband, to her friends and not least to the old Duke of Wellington. We are told in the first volume of Sir John Shelley's gaming proclivities; in the present volume we are able to follow his successes and losses on the turf, and to read of his passion for field sports. Lady Shelley's devotion to her husband never abated, and his interests remained to the end the chief concern of her life. But her natural inclinations were towards politics: she followed all public events closely and criticised every promising aspirant to parliamentary honours. Married to a statesman she might have made a great figure in the world of politics. As it was Lady Shelley shared the political creed of the Duke of Wellington, who was ever ready to discuss his views with her, and the most genial side of his character is revealed in this correspondence; for every event in her life brought a letter from him with its old fashioned courtesy in neatly turned, clear cut phrases. It is interesting to compare his letters with the Duke of Rutland's pompous and wordy epistles: they both treat of political events and social news, but Wellington always remembered that he was addressing a woman of spirit, and he chatted entertainingly; whereas her other correspondent never forgot that he was His Grace of Rutland, and he succeeded in proving himself a sad bore.

The Duke of Wellington's duel with Lord Winchelsea is an old story, but it loses nothing in its telling by Lady Shelley.

She continued to entertain, till the Duke's death, an admiration for him almost amounting to idolatry. But her friendship with Wellington was not to endure without a cloud. The hero of Waterloo had singled her out for marked attention, and had, years before, ridden with her over the scene of his victory within a few weeks of the great battle; had permitted her the great honour of mounting his famous charger Copenhagen, and for many years had been on terms of close intimacy with herself and Sir John Shelley. In January, 1847, the Duke of Wellington wrote a long private letter to Sir John Burgoyne on the defenceless state of England, which he allowed Lady Shelley to see, and she with the most patriotic intentions exerted herself to make its contents generally known. It was a very grave fault, and it was the cause of an estrangement between herself and the Duke, who would not accept from her any explanation. This state of things lasted till 1850, when Sir John Shelley happened to meet Wellington at a party. "Good evening, Duke," said Sir John in his most winning manner. "Do you know it has been said, by someone who must have been present, that the cackling of geese once saved Rome? I have been thinking that perhaps the cackling of my old Goose may yet save England!" This wholly unexpected sally proved too much for the Duke, who burst into a hearty laugh. "By God, Shelley," said he, "you are right; give me your honest hand." Thus Lady Shelley was once more made happy.

In 1819 the Shelleys visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. This was before he had acknowledged the Waverley Novels, but despite his denial of having written them, their authorship was a stock topic of conversation wherever Scott went.

Mr. Edgcumbe tells the following amusing story about his mother, who was Lady Shelley's daughter. "One day" says Lady Shelley, "I gave a small 'breakfast,' which Scott attended. When most of the people had gone, my daughter Fanny stole up to Walter Scott, and, while the great man was intent on his conversation, she cut off a lock of his hair!" The lock of hair is still in Mr. Edgcumbe's possession.

Lady Shelley had no literary pretensions, and she did not cultivate the society of authors. She confesses, in 1819, that she had no means of judging of the gifts of her husband's young kinsman, Percy Shelley, as she had seen none of his "productions," but she was told that "he seemed to possess great talent" by Walter Scott. The following extracts are from a most interesting letter from Scott to Percy Shelley preserved by Lady Shelley; it is undated but apparently written when Shelley was beginning to write poetry. The elder poet breaks through his habitual rule never to advise young authors, and with much modesty offers some sound counsel:

"Above all, sir, I must warn you against suffering yourself to suppose that the power of enjoying natural beauty and poetical description is necessarily connected with that of producing poetry. The former is really a gift of Heaven, which conduces inestimably to the happiness of those who enjoy it; the record

* "The Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley, 1818–1873." Edited by her Grandson, Richard Edgcumbe. Vol. II. (Murray.)

has much more of knack in it than the pride of poets is always willing to admit, but at any rate is only valuable when combined with the first. These are considerations which may serve to reconcile you, sir, to any failure which you may have experienced in your attempt to imitate verses that pleased you, or to celebrate scenes by which you have been delighted. . . . With respect to the idylls of which you have favoured us with copies, they seem to me to have all the merits, and most of the faults, of juvenile compositions. They are fanciful, tender, and elegant, and exhibit both command of language and luxuriance of imagination. On the other hand, they are a little too wordy, and there is too much the air to make the most of everything: too many epithets, and too laboured an attempt to describe minute circumstances. . . . Upon the whole, I think your specimen augurs very favourably of your talents, and that you have not any cause for the apprehensive dejection you have experienced, and which I confess I do not think the worst symptom of your powers: since it is a frequent attribute of genius to distrust its own powers. . . . But, above all, be in no hurry to publish—a name in poetry is soon lost, but it is very difficult to regain it."

In 1840 Lady Shelley went to reside at Lonsdale House, Fulham, where she gave for nearly thirty years those morning parties which became one of the features of the London Season. Here she received some of the most notable people of the day, such as Gladstone, Matthew Arnold, Monckton Milnes, Abraham Hayward, and Samuel Rogers. In her eighty-second year the lease of Lady Shelley's place at Fulham expired, and she thereupon moved to East Cowes where she built a house. During her residence there she was honoured by the personal friendship of Queen Victoria. Mr. Edgcumbe tells us that towards the end of her life Lady Shelley "conceived the idea of collating her various journals with a view to their publication after her death." She made, however, but little progress in this work, which has now, forty years after her death, fallen into the hands of so able an editor.

ROGER INGPEN.

SIX POETS.*

Mr. Flecker believes that poets and critics to-day need a theory to redeem poetry from "formlessness" and "didactic tendencies." His preface and his own practice recommend the theory of the French Parnassian, whose "desire in writing poetry is to create beauty; his inclination is toward a beauty somewhat statuesque." The Parnassian was saved from being Augustan only by having in his veins Romantic blood. Mr. Flecker is saved, and that very barely, by having not only Parnassian theory, but some modern blood. He will have to show still more modern blood if his theory is to make headway. It is not enough to be hard in outline, lucid in atmosphere, and to have subjects which a Royal Academician would be bound to recognise as beautiful. Messrs. A. E. Housman, Lawrence Binyon, Gordon Bottomley, Sturge Moore, Lady Margaret Sackville, Mrs. Rachel Annand Taylor, and others, have done as well, and often better, without reproaching the age or drawing attention to themselves. But Mr. Flecker maintains a high level, spirited if uninspired, and reminds us of Leconte de Lisle in passages like the following:

> Behind, the plain's floor rocks: the armies come:
> The rose-round lips blow battle horns: the drum
> Booms oriental measure. Earth exults.
> And still behind, the tottering catapults
> Pulled by slow slaves, grey backs with crimson lined,
> Roll resolutely west.

Of their kind, Mr. Flecker's poems are all but flawless, but is "blue-shadow-sweeping" the right word for a plain that blue shadows sweep over?

Mr. Fletcher is less certain of himself and less certain in technique; he has broader notions of beauty, if that word troubles him. But he also has gone to foreign sources, to Baudelaire and Verhaeren, for example, for his potions. He expresses himself through images that are largely sinister, shadowy, gaunt, terrific, disastrous, desperate, and in "Golgotha" says:

> Christ only once trod Golgotha:
> Christ only knew one day of woe.
> Through life I feel my agony,
> And life is slow.

He will not have "patented magic casements, and copyright nightingales," but satisfies his sincerity by saying to a woman: "I cannot love you but for an instant only," and of his art:

> Welcome each sorrow with full heart,
> As freely as you welcome bliss;
> Never to flinch is the best art,
> And to receive all, giving is.

"The Dominant City" contains his best work. He is still experimenting, both in technique and in moods, so that his "dominant city," London, might be any huge city in the presence of a solitary, sensitive questioner. But already his words and his solemn or tortured feelings seem to promise an achievement that should satisfy readers, if not himself.

Mr. Ralph Hodgson cares nothing for Parnassian or any other theory. The difference between his chap books and Messrs. Flecker and Fletcher's bound volumes is the difference between a spinning wheel and a factory. But his spinning wheel is a genuine survival, not a revival. His is a blithe, truly lyric gift, swift and sweet, matchable to-day only in the best work of Messrs. Charles Dalmon and James Stephens. He is one of the few authors to whom it would be a pure compliment to say that they pipe but as the linnet sings, and as Tennyson didn't sing. Truly, as Mr. Hodgson says in a sententious moment:

> God loves an idle rainbow,
> No less than labouring seas.

And the form of the little book, twenty-four small cut pages, with a few lines to each page and a decoration dropped on to it by Mr. Lovat Fraser, is perfect. They go into the pocket like a letter, and come out more easily. They invite reading. If Barnfield, Sedley, Prior, some of the "Oxford sausage" makers, Peacock, T. E. Brown, the early Masefield, were printed in this form—not to speak of Ben Jonson, Herrick, Blake, Christina Rossetti—a very large number of people would spend sixpence (again and again) on poetry of certain kinds. Mr. Hodgson's work is born for this form: how many kinds are not will be at once apparent to purchasers of the yellow-covered "Eve." Another poet born for this form is a Mr. Richard Honeywood, whose work is similarly decorated, and has the title of "The Two Wizards" on its green cover.

EDWARD THOMAS.

* "The Golden Journey to Samarkand." By James Elroy Flecker. 2s. 6d. net. (Max Goschen.)
"Fire and Wine." By John Gould Fletcher. 2s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)
"Visions of Evening." By John Gould Fletcher. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)
"The Dominant City." By John Gould Fletcher. 3s. 6d. net. (Max Goschen.)
"Eve and Other Poems." By Ralph Hodgson, and "The Two Wizards." By Richard Honeywood. 6d. each. (At the Sign of the Flying Fame, 45, Roland Gardens, S.W.)

MR. STOPFORD BROOKE ON SHAKESPEARE.*

"It is always a new wonder," says Mr. Stopford Brooke, in the last of these ten more of his lectures, "how close Shakespeare is to human nature." That is not, to be sure, itself a wholly new or particularly wonderful saying. It may, very conceivably, have been said some few times already. When one reads, however—or, better still, listens to—any of Mr. Stopford Brooke's lectures, one is as an ancient Athenian exclaiming, as he listened to a Demosthenes, not "What an orator!" but "Let us march against Philip!" It is not the lecture itself, but its object, that appeals the more directly to everyone. No one can move people better to think and feel with him, in literature, about the immediate subject on which he is lecturing. And thus it is that in this series of addresses, which are now published as essays, he brings the reader directly to that ultimate source of "new wonder" in Shakespeare—his humanity.

It is of no use, he writes, to say that the poet is an

* "Ten More Plays of Shakespeare." By Stopford A. Brooke. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

artist dealing in independence with his materials, with men's passions and principles. "He writes in a passion of pity for men, in a passion of resentment for their pains." That is the thought which recurs in these essays. It is brought out, in one or other of its phases, in each of the three great stages—in the comedies, tragedies, and the so-called "romantic" plays; and it is wonderful how, as the writer traces out this course of the poet's "passion of pity," the style of the writing reflects the successive moods of those moments. Indeed, in its fine quality of responsiveness, in the nimble turn of the thoughts and fancies, and in the central hold on main issues, Mr. Stopford Brooke's criticism is something akin to creation. The reader is, so to speak, sitting at an ideal spectacle, held spell-bound by the acting. On no real stage, certainly, was ever presentment so moving. "I repeat," runs the essay on "Othello," "that Shakespeare was not in these tragedies the impersonal artist. He chose these grim, awful, piteous and fierce subjects because his mood towards humanity was grim with pain; because the questioning of mortal doubt and trouble which he did represent in 'Hamlet' had left him without an answer to give to the problem of misery and evil." It is, however, when he goes on to show the essential sanity and healthfulness of true artistry that Mr. Stopford Brooke is at his finest. He is on ground which puts him simply above criticism when he points out that, if Shakespeare did falter once in his faith, and his sympathy, to that very extent also his power as an artist faltered. "Measure for Measure," "Troilus and Cressida," "Timon of Athens," are they not plays in which the "hand wavers" and "the view of the situation is not inevitably right?"

But as genius may suffer, so also is it given to it to shake itself free of mere torments and, after treading the Inferno, to mount and behold once more the stars.

"In natures not nobly built, who have not a solid foundation of healthy humanity, to whom cheerfulness and joy and love of human nature are not native, such cynicism when it comes is cherished, grows and finally masters them. . . . But in natures that are of an opposite character—noble, healthy, joyous, loving,—such cynicism is transient. It is like a close and gloomy cloud-veil, which after violent storm, makes grey the landscape and is silent from the exhaustion of the forces which preceded it. It broods like a curse over the land and takes all colour out of everything. Then a clear wind arises from the west; the black vapour thins, breaks upwards into soft cloud-flakes sun-smitten into tender beauty; and in the quiet sky the evening sun is shining with a lovely and delicate light, more lovely and delicate than was its radiance in the morning."

These ten essays do not present, in its fulness, this beautiful twilight impression; for they do not deal directly at all with those last lovelinesses, "The Winter's Tale," "Cymbeline," "The Tempest." What they do give, however, of the gay and gracious, as well as of the grave, mood in Shakespeare is always equal in treatment, and attests the same quality of sympathy in Mr. Stopford Brooke's insight. Amongst pure comedies, the book includes essays on "Much Ado About Nothing" and "Twelfth Night," while amongst histories it embraces "Henry IV.," Parts I. and II., thus bringing in "the wave-crest of good humour" on which Shakespeare was being borne along when he created Falstaff. "A triumph of imaginative and executive genius" Mr. Stopford Brooke further calls that creation; and the triumph which he means by that is not a triumph of art only, but of science also—of the science of true history.

"What Shakespeare did (in thus adding common life to history) for the ideal of true history was not realised by historians for some centuries. . . . Only lately have some historians begun to realise that the doings, thought, and daily life of the burghers and the working classes and the poor of the country itself, their ways and speech, and above all what the literature of England was and made were also history, and not rarely more important history than the doings of statesmen and armies."

They might have learnt that lesson earlier, Mr. Stopford Brooke adds, from Shakespeare's "Henry IV." and "Henry V." They might also have learnt it, one may venture oneself to add, if they had considered certain of the actual characters who are more immediately in their special field of vision. Was it not Marlborough—or Chatham?—who took his history from Shakespeare? No doubt either of those two would have worn his historical knowledge with some difference from the way in which Mr. Stopford Brooke means that historians ought to have worn it. It is, however, distinctively instructive to find personages who have themselves contributed to real history turning for their own knowledge of times past, and for their analysis of motive and of character in other great actors in that drama, to that source which, as Aristotle has it, is even truer than true history—namely, Poetry.

Beaumont Fletcher.

Novel Notes.

Shallows. By Frederick Watson. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Frederick Watson has taken an excellent romantic theme for his new novel, "Shallows," and has handled it in the right glamorous spirit of romance. There have been stories enough of the "Young Pretender" in the days when he was young; but Mr. Watson takes him at the less known, less obviously picturesque period of his career when he was living obscurely in France, a discredited, dissipated,

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. Frederick Watson.**

broken, prematurely aged man. His identity is kept a secret from all but a faithful few, and one of the most tensely dramatic moments in the book is that when he is deterred from making insulting advances to Ethlena Murdoch, touched by her singing of a sad, gallant old ditty of Prince Charlie and the days of '45, and in a rush of shame and remorse, confesses, "I was Prince Charlie!" Even a realisation of his true character and the gross depths into which he had sunk cannot shake Ethlena's loyalty to her ideal of the banished king and in the futile rising that a very miscellaneous, variously-actuated remnant of his followers plan in his favour, she plays to this middle-aged, degenerate pretender the part that Flora Macdonald played to the Bonnie Prince Charlie of years gone by. The character of the Prince in all its pitiful weakness is drawn with unsparing realism; he makes a sorry, squalid figure for a hero of romance; but in the loyal faithfulness of Ethlena and the best of his adherents, the perils they face, the adventures they experience, the intriguing and outlawry in which they are involved for his sake there is no lack of romance that is full of colour and stirring incident. The pictures of Highland life and character are admirable. The love that awakens in Ethlena for the subtle Carmichael, before she learns that he is a spy, can have no happy ending and the grim tragedy of the close is in keeping with the shadow of thwarted hopes and inevitable misfortune, the sense of vain striving in a lost cause that haunts one all through the book. Most romances achieve the romantic by leaving out the fallible human element; Mr. Watson's men and women move in the very atmosphere of romance but retain their faulty mortal qualities, and it is this that gives their story its freshness and poignancy of interest. "Shallows" is a picturesque tale, well imagined and well constructed, and the power and pathos of it are heightened by the artistic restraint with which it is written.

THE SPANISH MARRIAGE. By Helen Mary Keynes. 6s. (Chatto & Windus).

This is the first novel of a very young writer, and as such it deserves high praise. The construction of the story, perhaps, betrays a lack of experience, but the style is decidedly not that of an amateur. The ill-fated excursion into Spain of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and Prince Charles makes capital groundwork for an historical novel. Miss Keynes acted wisely in setting her story in the Stuart period, for she is sure of a welcome from the lovers of historical novels. Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite variety of the Stuarts, and the glamour of their misdeeds shows no signs of waning. The Duke of Buckingham becomes a most lovable man in Miss Keynes' hands, and contrasted with the boorishness of James the First and the sullenness and sensuality of Baby Charles, he stands, hero-like, head and shoulders above his masters. Whether it is a faithful portrait is a moot point. The author works up her climaxes well, particularly in the story of Buckingham's departure for Spain with Prince Charles. You can almost hear the clatter of the horses' hoofs upon the Dover road, and feel the intenseness of the adventure when the rumble of coach wheels breaks in upon their ears; and at Rochester when the royal travellers are charged as conspirators, it is with a sigh of relief that you read of the resourceful "Steenie" saving the situation. To use a North Country phrase, Miss Keynes "will do," and we shall look forward to her more mature work.

THE ROAD TO VICTORY. By Rose Schuster. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Miss Schuster has chosen a very difficult subject and made an excellent historical romance out of it. Her young hero is Frederick the Great: she studies his character with the carefulness of a historian and the insight of an imaginative writer, and though she keeps close to facts, her work is as full of movement and excitement as a piece of pure fiction. It is a tale of the conversion of an arrogant young fop into the hardest-headed man of business that ever sat on a throne. And interwoven with this theme is the problem of the transformation of a princely apostle of peace—the Carnegie of his age—into the most unscrupulous and successful of Royal robbers. It would perhaps be too much to say that Miss Schuster succeeds in making Frederick into a sympathetic character: even Carlyle could not do that, at the height of his genius and enthusiasm for the disciple of Voltaire. But she does humanize him a little, and his strange, enigmatical personality fascinates the reader, even if it does not win his admiration. Altogether "The Road to Victory" is one of those rare historical novels which are both good novels and good historical studies.

THE BRAT. By Mrs. H. H. Penrose. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

Three of the most outrageously naughty and impudent children that one is likely to meet with between the covers of a book are to be found in Mrs. Penrose's lively and entertaining story, "The Brat." Callous and cruelly mischievous, they yet contrive to win the affection of all they come in contact with, and secure much undeserved forgiveness through their powerful and astounding sense of honour. The poor governess is the chief target for their torment; she is faded, broken-spirited, and middle-aged, and the pathos of a shattered love affair in her youth lends a grey background to a number of bright, amusing incidents. Strangely enough, her greatest tormentor, the Brat, is the one who unconsciously brings into her drab life a long-postponed happiness, and the story ends amid general rejoicings. Lightly told, but distinctly interesting, it makes excellent reading, and the unique children, with their pranks and daring, form splendid material for any quantity of unusual situations—material of which the author has taken full advantage.

BOTH SIDES OF THE ROAD. By B. A. Clarke. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

A FORTUNE AT STAKE. By Nat Gould. 6s. (Long.)

Mr. Clarke's book consists of a series of rather loosely-connected sketches and stories dealing with the people who live in the vicinity of Trafalgar Road—which is two miles of the London end of the Great North Road. On the east live the working classes, whose stories, as retailed by Mr. Clarke, are invariably pathetic and sometimes tragic. Here the author is seen at his best. He handles his material with assurance and sympathy; his humour is unforced, and his sentiment never degenerates into sentimentality. On the west of Trafalgar Road are the middle-classes, which make good but less satisfactory material for the writer, who by the way shows himself to be quite at home on the cricket-field. In this second part, in fact, Mr. Clarke is best as a humorist pure and simple. But, although we prefer certain portions, the whole book well deserves to be read.

"A Fortune at Stake" is an astonishing contrast, though its characters are equally true to type. They seem to be interested only in their own amusements, with which even their love affairs are almost inseparably bound up. The hero is a millionaire who must surely be also one of the most successful amateur jockeys ever heard of. He spends his time solely in winning "classic" races and getting through his enormous fortune; he is not edifying, but he is perfectly harmless—a thorough "good fellow." Mr. Nat Gould can draw this sort of character with a precision which is almost alarming, and he has also an easy faculty for the invention of appropriate complications with which to pad out and make interesting his rather uninspired accounts of races. In fact, "A Fortune at Stake" is a typical Nat Gould story, breezy, innocuous, and very nice for people who like that sort of thing. It is published experimentally at six shillings in the hope that lady readers will borrow it from the libraries. Perhaps they will, for there is no reason at all why Mr. Gould's admirers should all be men.

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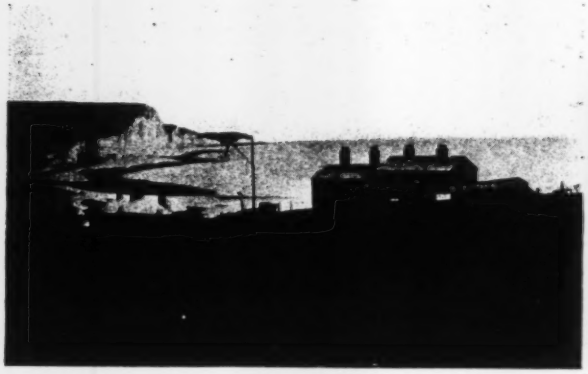
Mr. Gilbert Littlestone is much more deliberate than Mr. Dawe, and his new novel is if anything too long for rather an ancient plot. The hero is heir to an estate which the heroine enjoys, but he refuses to press his claim in order that the girl may get to love him for himself alone. His little plan very nearly fails, but the heroines of melodrama are not often normal human beings, and Miss Mary Dashwood Mallory is no exception to the rule. So after a good deal of trouble with another and fraudulent claimant she falls happily into the hero's arms in the last chapter of a book of which it would be very ungracious to say that it is unreadable



The Seven Sisters and Coastguard Station, Seaford, where Verity and Adam met.

"The Snake Valley." On the left, Hindon Hill, down the slope of which Adam rolled Dan O'Beady.

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BELOW STAIRS. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. 6s. (Methuen.)

We question whether the romance of the kitchen has ever been transcribed before; at any rate it is new to us, and after reading Mrs. Sidgwick's new book we do not advise novelists to dig with too much diligence in this quarry. This is not to imply that Mrs. Sidgwick has not succeeded, but rather that she has done so well as to preclude other novelists from doing better. It is a real achievement to write a story of some three hundred pages about a servant girl and her experiences in different houses without having recourse to extraordinary events and situations, and yet at the same time gain the reader's sympathy and attention. Priscilla Day was the daughter of John Day, who totally lacked business foresight and ascribed his failure to bad luck, and of Mrs. Day, a capable woman who had been in service in good houses and desired nothing better for her daughter than a similar career. The misfortunes of John Day necessitate a removal into a ramshackle old cottage in the village, with some disreputable folk of the name of Spillers as neighbours. Polly Spillers is the evil genius of the story, and appears at a critical time in London when Priscilla had lost a situation. Priscilla " sees life " with Polly, but her innate good sense saves her from disgrace. Priscilla's heart is eventually won by an old love on her native heath, where she returns after many vicissitudes in London. Mrs. Sidgwick's story makes a timely appearance in these domestically troubled days and will find favour alike with mistress and maid.

THE BROKEN HALO. By Florence L. Barclay. 6s. (Putnam.)

As not a few novelists have shown pertinacity in adhering to one locality as a background for their study of character, so Mrs. Barclay has not hesitated to use once and again the same situation as the inspiration of her sentiment. In the present instance we have some hesitation in describing the book as a love story, for Dr. Richard Cameron, in the course of his professional duties as a *locum tenens* in the country, developed a tender attachment for one of his patients, the Little White Lady, a widow for the second time, and old enough to be his mother. When Thomas Atkins has committed a misdemeanour he is said by his comrades to have " dirtied his ticket." In more polite and suitable language, Dr. Cameron " broke his halo " by his unpardonable curiosity in making some research at Somerset House into the state of the Little White Lady's finances. Like the kind mother Nature intended her to be, the Little White Lady overlooked the offence, married Dr. Richard, and—lost no time in fading out of the story, in order to make way for the true love in the background, who was also a widow, it is true, but of junior standing. The manner of Dr. Richard's breaking of his halo will put him beyond the forgiveness of many readers; but many more will doubtless yield themselves gladly again to the glamour of Mrs. Barclay's " pretty way."

Mrs. Florence Barclay.

LILY MAGIC. By Mary L. Pendered. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

There is hardly an unpleasant character in " Lily Magic," but were it choke-full of them and Amaryllis Whyte (or Mryll) remained, it would still leave a good taste in the mouth. It is no exaggeration to say that in the figure of her heroine Miss Pendered has drawn one of the most attractive girls we have met in fiction for a very long time, and considering the difficulties of making of a charming book-character really charming, it would be enough to recommend " Lily Magic " on Mryll's account alone. And in other respects, to tell the truth, the book, although exceedingly readable, is not particularly striking. The plot is rather thin and it strikes us as improbable, notwithstanding the author's assurances to the contrary, and the minor characters are mainly conventional. The background—a Northamptonshire village—is particularly well done, however, and it —always, of course, with Mryll—makes the book one that will dwell long in the memory as one of the pleasantest and most fragrant that 1913 has given us.

TIDE MARKS. By Margaret Westrup. 6s. (Methuen.)

The strangeness and novelty of Mrs. W. Sydney Stacey's story are likely to please a large number of readers. The opening chapters struck us as being thin in quality, owing to the authoress having failed to realise her characters. Happily the minor poet and the gipsy woman soon disappear, and their daughter, who is a typical flapper, occupies the scene. Her audacity is equal to her inexperience, and she enters into the most extraordinary adventure with a lightheartedness that appals her friends. She marries a man on the condition that she shall only be his housekeeper—the man himself being forced to agree to this arrangement in order to prevent the girl from marrying an old cad of a professor on the same terms. The wilful irresponsible flapper is of course a maid of remarkable beauty, and her husband, passionately in love with her, has at first a tragic time of it. For until love touches her in turn she is a thing without a soul, who plays with burning coals as if they were bits of cold stone. Mrs. Stacey takes her strange heroine rather too seriously, yet draws her character so well that the story for all its strangeness remains a transcript from modern life. For one feels, in the wildest part of the tale, that a flapper of the new school would do just what Phillipa Hamilton does in the circumstances. She is a creature of secondhand emotions, versed in all the " advanced " thought of this age of moral anarchy, but afraid to trust her own feelings. Treated realistically, the story would have ended in a miserable tragedy; but Mrs. Stacey transforms it into a pretty idyll of the awakening of love in the heart of a wilful, fascinating girl.

THE NIGHT OF MEMORY. By Edmund B. d'Auvergne. 6s. (Laurie.)

THE MAN IN THE CAR. By Alan Raleigh. 6s. (Long.)

Mr. d'Auvergne's hero is a distinguished aviator and inventor, apparently an American, who has survived an eruption on the island of Palmiste, in the West Indies, at the cost of his memory. He knows neither his name nor his antecedents, but he works hard, and at the beginning of this story he is in the pay of the German Government. He runs across the beautiful Rhona Melrose, the daughter of an English officer who has been found guilty of treachery and has died in disgrace, and, though not an impressionable young man, he falls in love with her. Rhona accepts him on conditions, the most important of which is that he helps her to clear her father's reputation. The remainder of the book consists of a very skilful account of the enquiries made by Rhona and her lover and the gradual piecing together of the evidence collected. Mr. d'Auvergne is a vivacious writer with a sense of character, and his first novel shows that he has more—and just as efficient—strings to his bow than the " library biographies " which he has written hitherto. " The Night of Memory " is a love-story with a detective interest, but " The Man in the Car " is a detective-story with a love interest. Mr. Alan Raleigh understands the second type of story very well, and his book is one of the most ingenious murder mysteries we have read for a long time. It would be grossly unfair to the author to give away any portion of a very excellent plot, which is most carefully and interestingly worked out. The best thing we can do is to recommend everybody to read the book for themselves. It is almost, but—and here is the art of the detective story —not quite impossible for the reader to discover the true solution of the mystery before the author supplies his own explanation of it.

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THE LOVE THAT LASTS. By G. B. Burgin. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A prominent figure in this entertaining story is a Conservative Hertfordshire squire who, with his brother the vicar, insists that the old order changeth not, or that if it does, it has no business to change. Squire Paulet, as becomes an aristocrat of the old school, has nothing but contempt and hatred for Jews and tradesmen and rabble in general; he can tolerate Quakers, however, in moderation. The story tells how a Jew and a Quaker arrived in Leigh Occleton, and ruffled the self-satisfied equanimity of the squire's household. The Jew is a wealthy provision merchant with an adopted son, whose task it is in the novel to humble the pride and win the heart of the squire's superior daughter. These people are all admirably sketched, but the outstanding character of the story is Reba, the Quaker—a charming maid and a fully qualified lady doctor withal; Mr. Burgin has painted her gentle yet forceful personality in the most winning and delicate colours. In the smoothing-out of Beatrice Paulet's troubled love-story Reba plays a noble part, and at the end of the novel the reader is left more sad by reason of Reba's sorrow than glad for joy of Beatrice's happiness. There is an amusing tramp in the story, and his opinion of Reba, after he has become reformed, is worth quoting as an example of the genial and tender vein which characterises the book: "She's got a knack of getting 'old of people, Miss. The love they 'as for 'er is the love that lasts. It's a wonnerful thing, the love that lasts, Miss. I've 'ad four wives in my time and I ought to know. A wonnerful thing, Miss."

THE RED COLONEL. By George Edgar. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)

In the matter of sensation and colour Mr. George Edgar's new novel easily exceeds the lurid promise of the wrapper. Highly sensational, however, as the story is, there are no signs of crudity or lack of skill in the telling. "The Red Colonel" is an excellent crime story of the breathless non-stop order, containing a succession of swift, powerful scenes. Mr. Edgar's criminals have a dash and glitter about them which is irresistible. The Red Colonel, for instance, in everyday life is a wealthy man of fashion, received in the most exclusive society, shooting, hunting, running his own coach on the Brighton Road, finding time also to dabble in politics and philanthropy. This is one side of the picture. When you get to know him better you realise that he is the head and front of a mysterious band known as the Red Four, whose brains and fingers have manipulated many a famous jewel robbery and who have a pretty way of marking the foreheads of the victims of their vengeance with a gash in the form of a cross. The hero of the novel is a young doctor who falls in love with the step-daughter of Paul Copeland, one of the terrible Four. Copeland, who goes in terror of the other Three with whom he has quarrelled, is himself sufficiently awe-inspiring in appearance. Here is a part description of his face: "Long and lean it was, yellow as the parchment of an old will, crinkled, faded, colourless. One eye was sightless. Where the eye should have been was a puckered slit in the skin, a little discoloured. You thought of that eye as having been torn out, violently, in some ruthless moment of brutality. The other eye was a pale, cold, shining grey. . . ." The plot thickens with the murder of Copeland, when the young doctor becomes possessed of a clue to the hiding-place of the stolen treasures belonging to the surviving members of the Red Four. Their attempts to wrest the secret from him provide as thrilling and animated a story as has been written of recent years.

DRUM'S HOUSE. By Ida Wild. 6s. (Constable.)

Drum's House is a strange and romantic old building inhabited by some amusing and interesting folk of the name of Millincoe who, having spent most of their lives at the gaming tables, resolve to retire to their lonely ancestral residence for the sake of two attractive daughters. The Millincoes are delightful company, and their family conversation promises well in the first few chapters. Papa and Mamma are an amiable couple, and the reader will probably settle down in his chair with an expectant smile on his face. The county families refuse to countenance the Millincoes, but Papa rises to the occasion and renovates the ancient parish church, the disuse of which has compelled the inhabitants to worship at a distant shrine. One begins to anticipate some amusing situations, particularly when the choice of the new Vicar is being made. Suddenly, however, the story turns to tragedy. Barbara, the most winsome of the Millincoes, who has already been secretly wedded to a rather unromantic farmer, falls a victim to the charms of the new Vicar (a self-conscious prig) who has married a Professor's daughter. Eventually they are found dead in each other's arms in a burned chapel. The *dénouement* leaves us entirely unmoved, we are sorry to say. Barbara is far too charming a heroine to have succumbed to the Rev. Ernest Crawshay. We feel that Miss Wild might have written a clever and captivating society novel, but unfortunately her gifts are not displayed to advantage in this strangely constructed story.

Photo by Alfred Douglas, Pall Mall. **Mr. George Edgar.**

The Bookman's Table.

LORD LISTER: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By G. T. Wrench, M.D. 15s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Among all biographies one would perhaps expect that of a medical man to be the most technical; and particularly so when the author belongs to the same profession as his subject. Those readers who take up Dr. Wrench's book in anticipation of finding in it a good deal of "shop" will be justified. Seeing also that Lord Lister gave to the world the antiseptic method in its highest form, readers will probably look for much about decay, gangrene, and such terms of evil import. Here again they will be correct. Yet anyone who, on account of these expectations, refused to open "Lord Lister: His Life and Work" would miss an interesting volume. It is well worth while to struggle

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"His wise, rare smile is sweet with certainties,"

said of him Henley, one of his first Edinburgh patients, in his sonnet "The Chief." No better armour could be found for a medical hero than certainty. It is strange that an idea has flourished—perhaps still flourishes—that Lister was a Scot. Dr. Wrench narrates that "only recently one of the most distinguished surgeons of our time summed up his impression of Lister to me as a man who, chancing on a great discovery, pushed it with the pertinacity of a Scotchman." And, all the time, Lister was born in Upton Lane, West Ham, being the son and grandson of London wine-merchants. The Listers were also Quakers, and to the combination of profession and religion was due that atmosphere in which the boy was brought up, of "comfortable affluence, earnest faith, and practical goodwill." It is worthy of note that his early days were unusually happy and serene, in comparison with the popular idea about the beginnings of genius. Joseph Lister brought his troubles upon himself later, when he started to battle for the theory which, at the age of fifty-two, he forced the world to accept.

LOVE LETTERS OF A WORLDLY WOMAN. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. New Edition. 2s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

It is not often that one can give so cordial a welcome to a book republished after twenty years as is due to "Love Letters of a Worldly Woman." Mrs. Clifford has unlocked the secrets of the heart of early womanhood with a sure understanding and with an almost ruthless frankness. We admit that girls, at a certain stage in their development, are in love with love before ever they have met with a lover and, in that uncritical period, they are liable to invest an unworthy material object with the qualities for which their hearts crave. But, with all respect to Mrs. Clifford, the spirit of romance is just as strong, though possibly not so concentrated in the heart of the young man as in that of the young woman. He has, or rather had, at the time this book was first published, more distractions and less leisure to indulge in love's young dream than his sister, who had not then discovered how greatly she could vary the monotony of her life by abandoning her traditional dependence and seclusion. Mrs. Clifford deals chiefly with the waste and disillusionment of girlhood's devotion before that girlhood has developed into worldly womanhood. The author is passionately on the side of her sex, and small blame to her if she have chosen unfavourable specimens of men. Here is a bit taken at random, but fairly representative of the whole:

She—"We had our summer day, dear, and it was good to live through; but now, go to your cousin Nell, contest Carpeth, see to your tenants and good-bye. Yes, good-bye, dear Englishman. Only our own country could have grown you; and in a measure I am proud of you as I am of all its other goodly products. But for warmth and sunshine one goes to other lands than ours. For love and happiness I at least must go to other hearts than yours. Better for you that it is so, for I should have tried you sorely."

He—"I think you are vexed with me because I told you frankly that if you would not have me I should try my luck with Nell. But you can't expect me to keep single because you don't think me lively enough to marry yourself. I am getting on—thirty-six next January—quite time that I settled down. I feel that I ought to do so; besides, if I wait too long no one will have me. Of course, it is easy enough to talk as you do; but, take my word for it, your feelings are not what is wanted for daily life. They are all very well in the books you have got yourself into the habit of reading, but they won't work outside the covers in which you find them. I don't believe in Darwin, as you know. Not that I ever read much of him, I confess, but I made out what he was up to pretty well, etc."

THE CATHEDRALS OF SOUTHERN SPAIN. By C. Gasquoine Hartley (Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan). 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan is an authority on Spain as well as on the Woman question; and this is by no means her first book about that country and its art features. "Things Seen in Spain," "Spain Revisited," and "Moorish Cities in Spain" are all well known and deservedly popular works, and this latest book from her is characterised by the charm and grace of its predecessors. Mrs. Gallichan writes well; and she has the power to arouse enthusiasm on the subjects about which she herself is an enthusiast. To generate interest and enthusiasm in the cathedrals of Southern Spain on the part of one who has never seen them is not an easy task, but Mrs. Gallichan succeeds in this, as she doubtless also succeeds in interesting and informing those who have studied the entrancing subjects at first hand. The work is comprehensive, dealing not only with

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the history and the architecture of the cathedrals but giving particulars as to the bishops, rulers, and others personally identified with them. These particulars are never dull, and they are conveyed in an easy manner far removed from that of the sheer informer. An Introductory Sketch outlines the scope of the work, and has many noteworthy remarks. A point is that the cathedrals are, almost without exception, so hemmed in with buildings that it is difficult to approach them. To many this may seem a disadvantage; but the Spaniard has no understanding of the northerner's love of solitude, and the churches are placed in the midst of the towns. Mrs. Gallichan says that if this difficulty of view is to be deplored, it may yet be said that it is not of such disadvantage as at first it would appear to be. In Spain the church buildings are always in harmony with the landscape. Almost all the towns are dramatically built upon a hill, and the prominent feature presented by the outline of the cathedral at a distance causes it to appear as a crown to the buildings around, which form, as it were, a pedestal to its rising steeples and domes. The steeples with which almost every Spanish church is adorned are externally their finest features, and they give a character to the appearance of the town as beautiful as it is truly native and Spanish. The Spanish cathedrals are open all day. They still are, in a very special sense, the churches of the people. The book is illustrated by admirable photographs.

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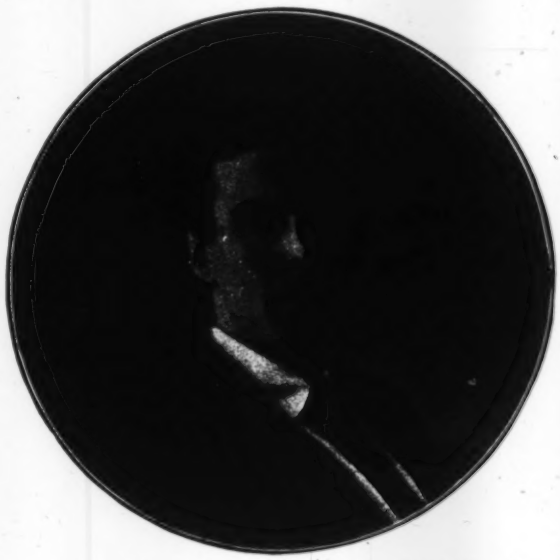
Mr. Kenney explains at the outset that he has written this book from "a desire to state the case for a more rational treatment of railway problems in the hope that it will lead to a more humane treatment of railwaymen." His own personal experience in bygone days as a railway worker in four years spent "in capacities varying from that of stable boy to shunter" not only explains Mr. Kenney's standpoint, but is responsible for some very vivid descriptions of the hardship and dangers attendant on yard shunting by means of capstans (driven by hydraulic pressure) and hempen ropes. The official rules for protection against accidents were systematically disregarded. "I broke the rules every day and all day," writes Mr. Kenney. "We had to accomplish a certain amount of work in a given time, and to do this it was impossible to keep them." On one occasion the capstan was worked, "on a most dangerous crossing, part of the time in a blinding snowstorm, from six o'clock on Friday morning to two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, without a break except for meals. I was then getting 19s. for a week's work of seventy-two hours, and overtime paid for at ordinary time rate." No wonder Mr. Kenney, with these memories, contends so stoutly for the welfare of railwaymen. But



Mr. Rowland Kenney.

the personal element, if the most interesting, is the smallest part of "Men and Rails." The book is really a tremendous indictment of railway management, and of the attitude from the first of Parliament and the nation towards the railways. Statistics are given by railwaymen's hours and wages, and of the numbers—workmen not passengers—killed and maimed on the line. There are several historical chapters dealing with Railway Origins in England, the formation of the railwaymen's trade union, and the recent strikes. The way out of the present distress is, in Mr. Kenney's view, not so much railway nationalization as "Guild Socialism"—the ownership of the railways vested in the State, while a guild—covering the whole of the labour required for railway working—"would be responsible for the carrying on of the industry." But this admittedly is "too big for present achievement."

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previously attained the sinewy strength of diction and the depth of thought which is shown in his fine poem "The Madness of Launcelot." It is Tennysonian only in the remote sense that any one who follows Malory and can tell a story admirably may be somewhat absurdly called a follower of Tennyson. The Arthurian legends are our great national storehouse and it would be little short of a calamity if others were to be deterred from using them for fear they may be called imitators of Tennyson. The story of Launcelot's madness has, moreover, not been dealt with by Tennyson, and, full of human passion and of fine adventure though it is, is less known than most of the stories. Launcelot was led unknowingly into an offence against the Queen, and she in her rage forbade him ever to come into her sight again. Launcelot losing his reason for very grief, left the Court and wandered over the land. And then those about the Queen—"the silk ones with the jungle eyes"—

> ". . . sought the morrow morn to read unread,
> The Queen's deaf, dumb, and passion-burying face,
> And failing, spread abroad the latest tale
> Of Launcelot's golden guilt; then vied to add
> The coloured circumstance, as is the wont
> Of those who paint adultery with desire."

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